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THE

RÁMÁYANA OF TULSI DÁS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HINDI

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Ac.

BOOKS III.—VI.

III. THE FOREST.
IV. KISHKINDHYÁ.
V. THE BEAUTIFUL.
VI. LANKÁ.

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PREFACE.

THE very favourable reception that has been accorded to the first instalment of this translation—a second edition of which is now passing through the Press—has encouraged me to continue the work. I labour, however, under a serious disadvantage, writing in a thoroughly Muhammadanized district like Bulandshahr, where it is impossible to obtain any assistance, every subject connected with Hindu literature or scholarship being almost as incongruous with my environment as it would be in England. I have corresponded by letter on several occasions with Pandit Bihári Lál, Chaube, of the Ránchi Normal School, to whose suggestions I had been indebted in the revision of Vol. I; and, before going to Press, I had Pandit Benche Lál over from Mathurá for a few days to consult on some passages of special difficulty. For the rest, I can only hope that my familiarity with my author has been sufficiently long and intimate to save me from falling into many serious misconceptions of his meaning.

In the four Books included in this volume the narrative is generally more rapid than in the earlier part of the poem and several incidents are so casually mentioned that, without the explanatory references to the Sanskrit Rámáyana, which I have given in the notes, a literal rendering would convey no meaning to the ordinary reader. Of the two current recensions of the older poem, the one generally followed by Tulsi Dás is the Bengal, which is the text given by Gorresio in his handsome edition. It is to some extent a literary defect that he so often drops the rôle of poet for that of theologian, and the frequent hymns to Ráma, who is apostrophized under every conceivable name that can help to realize to the mind the mystery of incarnate divinity, soon become wearisome. But the object that he had in view is his sufficient excuse. By the course that he has adopted, fitting his special doctrines of faith, individual immortality and the like into the familiar framework of ancient legend, instead of inculcating them by a more strictly didactic method, he has succeeded in popularizing his views to a far greater extent than any of the rival Hindu Reformers, who

flourished about the same period. It was their object also to simplify the complications and correct the abuses of existing practice, but the only result of their preaching was to establish yet another element of dissension and augment the disorder which they hoped to remove. Tulsi Dás alone, though the most famous of them all, has no disciples that are called after his name. There are Vallabhácháris and Rádhá Vallabhis and Malúk Dásis and Prán-náthis and so on, in interminable succession, but there are no Tulsi Dásis. Virtually, however, the whole of Vaishnava Hinduism has fallen under his sway; for the principles that he expounded have permeated every sect and explicitly or implicitly now form the nucleus of the popular faith as it prevails throughout the whole of the Bengal Presidency from Hardwár to Calcutta.

The translation of the 7th and last book, known as the Uttar-kánd, or 'the Sequel,' is already complete, with the exception of a few pages; but several passages require reconsideration, and I have therefore decided upon delaying its publication for the present. In the course of next year, or so, it is my desire to re-issue the entire translation in one handsome volume, illustrated with photographic landscape views of some of the principal places mentioned in the poem and with reproductions of the best Hindu pictures that I can procure, exhibiting the old conventional treatment of some of the most celebrated incidents. The Mahárája of Benares has already promised me some negatives from a splendidly illuminated copy of the Rámáyana that he has in his library; and—when my project becomes known—I have little doubt that some other Chiefs will also be glad to assist me in carrying it to completion. They will thus associate their names with the first English version of a poem, which is not only their national epic, but has also this further merit, that it depicts the faith and character of their countrymen in the most truthful and at the same time the most engaging light, so that a knowledge of it cannot but correct many false European prejudices on the subject and conduce to a greater sympathy between the two races.

BULANDSHAHR:
8th August, 1880.

F. S. GROWSE.

ERRATA.

PAGE 2, line 5 from bottom of note, *for* 'Gonesio' *read* 'Gorresio.'
„ 4, line 8 from bottom of note, *for* 'India' *read* 'Indra.'
„ 6, line 5 *for* 'Sunat' *read* 'Sanat.'
„ 28, line 2 from bottom of note, *for* 'Gonesio' *read* 'Gorresio.'
„ 35, last line but one of note, *for* 'Nárads'' *read* 'Nárad's.'
„ 85, line 9 *for* 'Sumera' *read* 'Sumeru.'

BOOK III.

THE FOREST.

THE RÁMÁYANA
OF
TULSI DÁS.

BOOK III.
THE FOREST.

Sanskrit Invocation.

I REVERENCE the Brahmanic race; the very root of the tree of piety; the full moon of the sea of intelligence; the joy-giver; the sun of the lotus of asceticism; the destroyer of sin; the dispeller of darkness; the healer of distress; the most auspicious conjunction in the high heaven of wisdom, which scatters the thick clouds of delusion; the sin cleansing; the beloved of king Ráma.

I worship him, whose body resembles a cloud teeming with abundant delights; the yellow-apparelled; the beautiful; the hero with bow and arrows in hand and a well-fitted quiver gleaming by his side; with the large lotus eyes; the long tresses of whose hair are bound into a knot on his head, all glorious to behold; the way-farer accompanied by Síta and Lakshman, the charmer of charmers.

Soraṭhá 1.

O Umá, the saints, who are learned in Ráma's mysterious qualities, enjoy peace of mind; but fools, who are Hari's enemies and have no love for religion, reap only delusion.

Chaupái.

I have sung to the best of my ability the incomparable and charming affection shown by the citizens and Bharat: hearken now to the all-holy acts of the Lord, that he wrought in the forest, to the delight of gods, men and saints. Once upon a time Ráma picked some lovely flowers and with his own hands made a wreath,

with which he reverently decked Sita. As she sat in her glory on the crystal rock, the son of the king of the gods[1] took the form of a crow and wickedly thought to make trial of Rama's might, like an ant so imbecile of mind as to attempt to sound the depths of ocean. With its beak it bit Sita in the foot and flew away, the foolish crow, in its utter stupidity. The blood flowed; Raghunáyak saw it and made ready his bow and arrow, fashioned merely of reeds.[2]

Dohá 1.

The All-merciful Rama, ever full of compassion for the poor, even he it was, upon whom the wicked wretch came and played this trick.

Chaupái.

The divine arrow, winged with a charm, sped forth; the crow in terror took to flight and assuming his proper form went to his father, who would not shelter him, as he was Rama's enemy. He was in despair, and as panic-stricken in soul as was the Rishi Durvásas by the terror of Vishnu's discus. Weary and worn with fear and remorse, he traversed the realm of Brahma, the city of Siva and every other sphere; but no one even asked him to sit down: who can befriend an enemy of Rama's? Hearken, Garur: his own mother becomes his death; his father is changed as it were into the king of the infernal regions;[3] ambrosia turns to poison; a friend does him all the harm of a hundred enemies; the Ganges is converted into the Vaitarani,[4] and all the world burns hotter than fire—mark me, brother—when a man opposes Rama. When Narad saw Jayanta's distress, being tender-hearted and good, he took pity on him and sent him straight to Rama. There he cried 'Save me, O thou that art the suppliant's friend!' In terror and confusion he went and clasped his feet, crying "Quarter, quarter, O merciful Raghurái! Thy might is immeasurable and immeasurable thy majesty; in ignorance of mind, I knew thee not. I have reaped the fruit of my own actions; now my Lord,

[1] Jayanta, the son of Indra.

[2] In the Sanskrit Rámáyana this incident of the crow forms the subject of the 10th canto of the Ayodhyá Kánd, Gouesio's edition.

[3] *Yamaka*, 'the destroyer,' here denotes Yama, the Indian Pluto.

[4] The Vaitarani is the Hindu Styx, or river of hell, which the dead have to cross before entering the infernal regions. It is represented as an impetuous and filthy torrent, full of blood, hair and bones and every kind of impurity.

succour me, for to thee I have come for refuge." When the Merciful heard this most piteous appeal, he dismissed him, Bhaváni, with the loss of one eye.

Soratha 2.

Although in his infatuation he had committed such an offence that death was his due, the Lord had compassion upon him and set him free; who is so merciful as Rághubír?

Chaupái.

Ráma stayed on at Chitra-kút and performed many acts that were like the scriptures or ambrosia for excellence. At last, he thought to himself—'There will be a crowd here, now that every one knows of me.' So the two brothers with Síta took leave of all the saints and went on their way. When the Lord drew near to Atri's hermitage, the holy man was rejoiced at the news and quivering in every limb he sprang up and ran to meet him. On seeing him, Ráma advanced hurriedly and was falling to the ground before him, but the saint took him to his bosom. Both wept tears of affection. At the sight of Ráma's beauty his eyes were gladdened and he reverently conducted him to his cell, where doing him every honour he addressed him in gracious terms and offered him roots and fruits such as his soul relished.

Soratha 3.

As the Lord took his seat, the great saint supremely wise, gazed with streaming eyes upon his beauty, and joining his hands in supplication he thus hymned his praise.

Chhand 1.

"I reverence thee, the lover of the devout; the merciful, the tender-hearted; I worship thy lotus feet, which bestow upon the unsensual thine own abode in heaven. I adore thee, the wonderously dark and beautiful; the mount Mandar to churn the ocean of existence; with eyes like the full-blown lotus; the dispeller of pride and every other vice; the long-armed hero of immeasurable power and glory; the mighty Lord of the three spheres, equipped with quiver and bow and arrows; the ornament of the solar race;

the breaker of Siva's bow; the delight of the greatest sages and saints; the destroyer of all the enemies of the gods; the adored of Kámadev's foe (*i. e.* of Siva) the reverenced of Brahma and the other divinities; the home of enlightened intelligence; the dispeller of all error; Lakshmi's lord; the mine of felicity; the salvation of the saints. I worship thee with thy spouse and thy brother, thyself the beloved younger brother of Sachi's lord.[1] Men, who unselfishly worship thy holy feet, sink not in the ocean of existence tost with the billows of controversy. They who in the hope of salvation, with subdued passions, ever delightedly[2] worship thee, having discarded every object of sense, are advanced to thy own sphere in heaven. I worship thee, the one, the mysterious Lord, the unchangeable and omnipresent power, the eternal governor of the world, the one absolute and universal spirit; the joy of all living creatures, far beyond the reach of false believers, but the very tree of paradise to thy own followers, adorable of all men day after day. I reverently adore thee, the king of incomparable beauty, the lord of the earth-born Síta; be gracious to me and grant me devotion to thy lotus feet." They who reverently repeat this hymn, full of faith in thee, will undoubtedly attain to thy heaven.[3]

Dohá 2.

Again with bowed head and folded hands the saint made supplication and cried, 'Never, O Lord, may my soul abandon thy lotus feet.'

Chaupái.

The amiable and modest Síta clasped Anasúyá[4] by the feet with frequent embraces. The soul of the Rishi's wife was filled with joy; she gave her her blessing and seated her by her side. Then arrayed her in heavenly robes and jewels which remained ever bright and beautiful. In simple and affectionate phrase the

[1] This epithet is a peculiar one; but it would seem to be intended simply as a periphrasis for Upendra, 'the lesser Indra,' a well-known title of Vishnu, who in the dwarf incarnation, was born as a son of Kasyapa; Indra, here called 'Sachi's lord,' being accounted the eldest of Kasyapa's sons.

[2] *Mudá* is here the instrumental case of *mud* 'delight.'

[3] The whole of this Chhand is in loose and occasionally ungrammatical Sanskrit, like the language of the Gáthas in Buddhist literature.

[4] The interview with Atri and Anasúyá is narrated at the end of the Ayodhyá Kánd in one recension of the Sankrit Rámáyana.

saintly dame spoke and instructed her in matters of wifely duty. "Hearken, royal lady; mother, father, brethren and friends are all good in a limited degree; but a husband, Vaidehi, is an unlimited blessing; and vile is the woman who worships him not. Courage, virtue, a friend and a woman are four things that are tried in the time of adversity. Though her lord be old, diseased, impotent and poor, blind, deaf, passionate and utterly vile, yet even so the wife who treats him with disrespect shall suffer many torments in hell. Her one duty, her one fast and penance consists in a devotion of body, word and thought to her husband's feet. There are four kinds of faithful wife in the world, as the Vedas, Puránas and saints all say. The best is so firmly settled in mind that she could not even dream of there being any other man living; the next regards another's husband as her own brother, or father, or son; she who is restrained by thought of duty and consideration for her family is said in the scriptures to be a woman of low character; but reckon her the very lowest of all, who is restrained only by fear and want of opportunity. She who deceives her husband and carries on an intrigue with another man shall be cast for a hundred ages into the hell called the terrible. Who such a wretch as she, who for a moment's pleasure considers not the torment that shall endure through a hundred million lives? Without any difficulty a woman attains to salvation, if only without guile she adhere to her duty as a faithful wife; while she, who lives to despite her spouse, becomes a widow while still a girl.

Soratha 4.

An utterly wicked woman, who is faithful to her husband has a happy fate when she dies; so sing the four Vedas and so too in these days sings Hari's poor friend, Tulsi. Hearken, Síta; a woman will be kept faithful, if she invoke your name; for you love Ráma like your own life; these words that I say are for the good of the world."

Chaupái.

On hearing this Jánaki was overjoyed and reverently bowed her head at her feet. Then the All-merciful said to the saint, "With your permission I would go to some other wood. Continue

to be ever gracious to me and knowing me to be your servant, cease not your kindness." On hearing this speech of the Lord, the champion of righteousness, the wise saint affectionately replied: "O Ráma, you are he whose favour is desired by Brahma, Siva, Sunat-kumára, and the other gods and by all the preachers of salvation; the passionless, the kindly, the friend of the helpless, who thus modestly bespeak me. Now I understand the cleverness of Lakshmi, who has left every other god and worships you alone. Of a truth there is none your equal; how then could your goodness be other than it is? How can I, my lord, tell you what wood to visit? Say, master, for you read the heart." Having thus spoken, the saint strong-minded as he was, trembled in every limb and his eyes streamed with tears as he gazed upon the Lord.

Chhand 2.

Trembling exceedingly in every limb he fixed his loving eyes upon his lotus face: "It is the reward of prayer and penance that I have beheld the Lord, who transcends the senses and every faculty of thought and reason." By prayer and meditation and religious observances men attain to the crowning virtue of faith; therefore day and night Tulsi Dás sings the holy acts of Raghubír.

Dohá.

Ráma's praises remove the pollution of this wicked age, subdue the soul, are the source of beatitude; and Ráma continues gracious to all who reverently hear them.

Soraṭhá 5.

Grievous is the burden of the sin of the world; nor religion, nor knowledge, nor meditation, nor penance avails against it; they are wise who discard trust in all else and worship Ráma only.

Chaupái.

The lord of gods and men and saints, after bowing his head at the lotus feet of the sage, proceeded to the wood. Ráma first and after him his brother, in the garb of hermits all full and complete. Between the two, the incarnation of Lakshmi shone

forth, like Máya between God and the soul. The rivers and thickets and precipitous mountain passes all recognized their lord and made the way smooth for him. Wherever the divine Raghurái passed, the clouds made a canopy in the heaven. As they went along the road the demon Virádha met them. While he was yet coming Raghúbir overthrew him, then at once he assumed a beauteous form; and Ráma seeing him sorrowful dismissed him to his own sphere.[1] Then the All-beautiful with his brother and Jánaki visited the sage Sarabhanga.

Dohá 4.

At the sight of Ráma's lotus face the bee-like eyes of the saint reverently drank thereof; blessed indeed was Sarabhanga to have been born.

Chaupái.

Said the saint: "Hearken, gracious Raghubír, the swan of Sankara's lake. I had taken my departure to the halls of the Creator,[2] but I heard say that Ráma is coming into the forest. Day and night I have been watching the road; now I have seen my lord and my heart is at rest. I am deficient, my lord, in all that is good, but you have graciously acknowledged me as your humble servant. Now, sire, I have no request to make; I have accomplished my vow, O ravisher of the soul of the faithful, to wait in expectation of the suppliant's friend till I saw you and then to discard my body. I have practised meditation, sacrifice, prayers, penance and fasting, and have received the gift of faith as a boon of the Lord. In this manner with his funeral pile all ready prepared, saint Sarabhanga has sat and waited, with a heart freed from every attachment.

Dohá 5.

May the Lord, whose body is dark of hue as a sombre rain-cloud, incarnate in form as the divine Ráma, dwell for ever in my soul together with Sítá and his brother!"

[1] The encounter with Virádha, which is here so very baldly told, occupies more than a hundred lines in Válmiki's poem.

[2] Válmiki represents Indra as having come with his chariot and horses to carry off the sage to Brahma's sphere at the very time of Ráma's arrival,

Chaupái.

When he had thus said, the fire of his devotion consumed his body, and by Ráma's favour he ascended to Vaikunth.[1] The saint was not absorbed into the divinity for this reason, that he had already received the mysterious gift of faith.[2] When the assembled Rishis saw the great saint's translation, they were mightily rejoiced at heart and all broke forth into hymns of praise, 'Glory to the champion of the humble, the fountain of mercy.' Then Raghunáth went on further into the forest, and a great company of holy men with him. Seeing a heap of bones, he asked the saints about them and was moved with much compassion. "I know, but why ask, Master? You have seen all and know even our thoughts. These are all the saints whom the demon hosts have devoured." On hearing this, Raghubír's eyes filled with tears.

Dohá 6.

He raised his arms and vowed to rid the earth of demons: then gladdened the saints by visiting them all in turn at their hermitages.

Chaupái.

Saint Agastya had a learned disciple, by name Sutíkshna, devoted to God; in thought, word and deed one of Ráma's faithful servants, who had never even dreamt of any other hope or divinity. When he heard of the Lord's approach, he rushed out hurriedly, full of longing desire: "O God, the compassionate Raghurái will be gracious to even a wretch like me. The holy Ráma and his brother will receive me as their own servant. I have no assured confidence of heart, no faith, nor command over self, nor wisdom of intellect; no communion with saints, no practice in meditation, prayer, or vigil, and no steadfast devotion to his lótus-feet; only the promise of the All-merciful. 'He is my friend who goeth to none other.' To-day my eyes will be blest with the sight of the lotus-faced, the

[1] According to Válmíki it was not Vaikunth, but Brahma's sphere, to which he was translated. III. 9. 36.

[2] The reward of faith (*bhakti*) is the admission to the actual presence of the divinity in the sphere where he specially reigns. Absorption into the divinity implies the extinction of individual existence and individual consciousness, and therefore, though the *summum bonum* of many Hindu sects, it is not so of those who cherish a personal love for any particular incarnation, a love which can only be satisfied by a consciousness of the presence of the beloved.

deliverer from the bondage of existence." The saint, philosopher as he was, was so utterly overwhelmed with love that his state, Bhaváni, was beyond all description. He could not see his way either in this direction or in that, nor remember who he was, or where he was going; at one time he would turn and go back, at another would dance and sing songs of praise. The saint's love and faith waxed yet more vehement as the lord watched him stealthily from behind a tree. Then Raghubír, who removes all the troubles of the world, after witnessing his exceeding devotion, manifested himself in his soul. The saint was struck motionless in the middle of the road, and his body bristled like the jack-fruit with every hair on end. Then Raghunáth drew near, rejoicing to witness the emotion of his servant. Though he tried many ways to rouse him, he neither awoke nor derived any happiness from the vision; till Ráma doffed his kingly guise and mentally revealed himself as the four-armed god. The saint thereupon started up in alarm, like a poor snake that has been robbed of its jewel; and seeing before him the dark-hued Ráma with Síta and his younger brother, the abode of delight, he fell like a log at his feet, drowned in love and supremely happy. With his strong arms he took and lifted him up and clasped him to his bosom with the utmost affection. As he embraced the saint, the All-merciful showed forth like a *tamála* tree clasped by a tree of gold: and the saint as he gazed in Ráma's face stood so still that you would take him for a figure painted in a picture.

Dohá 7.

At last the saint growing bolder at heart, after again and again clasping his feet, conducted the Lord to his hermitage and did everything in his honour.

Chaupái.

Said the saint: "Hearken, Lord to my supplication; but how can I hymn thy praise? Thy greatness is immeasurable and my wit is scant, as ineffectual as a fire-fly in the presence of the sun. I adore without ceasing the divine Raghubír, with body dark of hue as a string of lotuses, with his knotted hair for a crown and

an anchorite's dress for his robe, with bow and arrows in hand and quiver by his side. A fire to consume the dense forest of delusion, a sun to animate the lotus growth of the saints, a lion against the elephant herd of demons, a hawk to scatter the birds of metempsychosis, may he ever protect us with eyes bright as the lotus; apparelled with glory; the moon of Sita's partridge-like eyes: the swan in the lake of Siva's soul; the broad-chested, strong-armed Rama, him I adore. A Garuf to devour the serpents of doubt; the queller of violence, wrangling and pain; the conqueror of death; the delight of the company of heaven: the home of compassion, may he ever protect us. At once bodiless and embodied, like and unlike, endowed with form and formless; transcending all thought, speech and perception; pure, all-pervading, faultless, illimitable, Rama, the loosener of earth's burdens, him I adore. A forest of trees of Paradise for his faithful people; the dispeller of passion, avarice, pride and lust; the All-beautiful; the bridge to cross the ocean of life, the champion of the solar race, may he ever protect us. With unlimited might of arm, the home of strength; the true disperser of the manifold impurity of this iron age; the shield of righteousness; the giver of delights, the assemblage of all good qualities; may he, my Rama, ever grant us prosperity. Though he be passionless, all-pervading, eternal, and ever dwelleth in the hearts of all; yet in his character of the wood roaming conqueror of Khara, with his brother and bride, may he abide in my thoughts. They who understand, know him to be the Lord, though embodied, the bodiless ruler of the soul, the lotus eyed sovereign of Kosala; then make thy abode in my heart, O Rama. Never be this sentiment forgotten: I am his servant and Raghupati is my Lord." Rama was pleased at heart on hearing the saint's speech, and in his delight pressed him again to his bosom: "Know, O Saint, that I am highly gratified: ask any boon and I will grant it you." Said the saint: "I have never begged a boon nor can I discern between true and false. Whatever seems good to you, O Raghurai, that bestow upon me, for you are your servant's benefactor." "I give you steadfast faith, self-control, and wisdom, and make you a storehouse of all virtue and knowledge." "I have received, my lord, the boon that you have given, now grant me my own wish.

Dohá 8.

O my lord Ráma, with your brother and Jánaki, yourself equipt with bow and arrows, for ever and ever abide like the moon in the heaven of my soul."[1]

Chaupái.

'So be it,' said Lakshmi's lord, as he joyously started on his visit to the Rishi Agastya. "It is a long time since I last saw my *guru* and since I came to live in this hermitage; now, my lord, I will go and see him with you; I am not putting you under any obligation.' The fountain of mercy saw through the saint's craftiness, and both brothers smiled as they took him with them. Discoursing on the way on the excellence of faith in himself, the king of the gods arrived at the saint's hermitage. Sutikshna at once went to the guru and after prostrating himself thus addressed him: "My lord, the son of the sovereign of Kosala, the refuge of the world, has come to see you, even Ráma, with his brother and Vaidehi, to whom the gods make their prayer night and day." As soon as he heard this, Agastya started up and ran, and at the sight of Hari, his eyes filled with tears. The two brothers fell at the saint's holy feet, but he took and clasped them to his bosom with the utmost affection. After courteously enquiring of their welfare, the holy sage conducted them to a seat and then again did all homage to his lord, saying: 'There is no other man so blessed as I am.' So long as the other hermits stayed, their delight was to gaze upon the root of joy.

[1] Tulsí Dás's theory as to the principle that should regulate man's prayers to Heaven, is enforced by the example of the famous sages and ascetics, whom he so frequently brings before his readers and whose aspirations refer exclusively to spiritual blessings. An exact parallel is afforded by the teaching of the great English moralist of the last century as inculcated in the following lines:—

"Yet when the scene of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervour for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned,
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,
For faith, that—panting for a happier seat—
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat."

Detachment from the world, subjugation of the passions, love for the divinity, patience under suffering and, to crown all, an unhesitating faith, are the highest boons that man can secure: the last being followed after death by the beatific vision of the godhead, a joy for all eternity.

Dohá 9.

As he sat in their midst with their eyes all fastened upon his person, they seemed like a bevy of partridges gazing on the autumnal moon.

Chaupái.

Then said Raghubír to the saint: "My lord, nothing is hid from you; you know why I have come, and therefore, sire, there is no need to inform you. Give me now some charm by which I may destroy the persecutors of the saints." The sage smiled when he heard the lord's speech: "You ask me, sire; but what do I know? By virtue of my devotion to you, O destroyer of sin, I understand a little of your greatness. Your delusive power is a vast fig[1] tree, its clustering fruit the countless multitude of worlds; while all things animate and inanimate are like the insects that dwell inside, and think their own particular fig the only one in existence. This fruit is devoured by harsh and inexorable fate, but even he trembles in fear of you. You, sire, are the sovereign of all the spheres, and you ask of me, as though you were only a man. O fountain of mercy, I beg this boon; dwell in my heart with Lakshmi and your brother, and grant me steadfast faith, piety, fellowship with the saints, and unbroken love for your lotus feet. Though you are the supreme spirit, indivisible and eternal, beyond the reach of perception, the adoration of the saints, yet I declare and recognize your incarnation, and again and again adore the embodiment of Brahm and Rati. You always exalt your own servants, and this, Raghurái, is the reason why you consult me. There is, my lord, a very charming and holy spot called Panchavati. Sanctify the whole Dandaka forest, in which it is, and relieve it of the saint's grievous curse[2], by taking up your abode there, Ráma; and thus show mercy to all the saints." On receiving his permission, Ráma set out and quickly arrived at Panchavati.

[1] The word in the text is *Dúmri*, which represents the Sanskrit *udumbara*, the *ficus glomerata*. It bears large clusters of fruit, and every single fig swarms with insects.

[2] The curse had been pronounced by Bhárgava, whose daughter Abjá had been violated by Danda, son of Ikshváku, who was then king of the country. His populous realm at once became a wild forest waste, inhabited only by wild beasts and demons.

Dohá 10.

After meeting the king of the vultures[1] and warmly renewing old friendship, Ráma stayed near the Godávari, where he made himself a thatched cottage.

Chaupái.

From the time that Ráma took up his abode there, the saints lived happily and without fear. The mountains, woods, rivers and lakes were suffused with beauty, and day by day grew yet more exceedingly lovely. The many birds and deer were full of joy and the bees added a charm by their sweet buzzing. Not even the serpent-king would be able to describe the forest, in which the glorious Ráma had manifested himself. One day, as the Lord was sitting at ease, Lakshman most humbly addressed him thus: "Sovereign of gods, men and saints, and of all animate and inanimate creation, I have a question to ask of you as of my own special master. Speak, sire, and answer it for me, for I have left all to serve the dust of your feet. Explain to me knowledge, self-governance, and the delusion of Maya; tell me what is that faith, to which you extend mercy.

Dohá 11.

Instruct me, my lord, in all the difference between God and the soul, that I may be entirely devoted to your feet and free from grief, ignorance and error."

Chaupái.

"I will explain the whole matter in brief; hearken brother, with attention of mind and soul. It is from ego-ism and distinctions between mine and thine, that the illusion is produced which has subjugated all classes of existence. The senses and the objects of the senses, as far as the mind can reach, are all a delusion, brother; understand that. Now learn its divisions; knowledge is infinite, but ignorance is twofold; the one utterly bad and calamitous, which forces the principle of life down into

[1]The interview with the vulture-king Jatáyu, thus briefly despatched in two lines, occupies the whole of the 20th canto in the Sanskrit Aránya-kánd. It was on this occasion that he made the promise to protect Sita, which subsequently cost him his life.

the pit of transmigration; the other, the power by which the world is created after its own likeness, sent by God, and having no strength of itself. Knowledge, in which there is no particle of self-consciousness, sees the supreme spirit equally in all things; and he, brother, is to be reckoned chief of stoics, who abandons fortune, and the three elements of which the universe is composed, as if of no more account than a blade of grass.

Dohá 12.

That is to be called soul which through the power of delusion does not recognize itself as being really God,[1] God the giver of bondage and of deliverance, the head of all things, the sender forth of delusion, the one goal.

Chaupái.

After piety, asceticism; and after ascetic meditation, knowledge; and knowledge, as the Vedas declare, is the giver of salvation. But that at which I melt more quickly, brother, is faith, which is the blessing of my votaries; it stands by itself without other support, and is above all knowledge whether spiritual or profane. Faith, brother, is an incomparable source of happiness, and only to be acquired by the favour of a saint. But I will explain the means towards it, the easy path by which men may find me. In the first place, an exceeding devotion to Bráhmans and in every action a close adherence to scriptural prescription. Secondly, the fruit of this will be detachment from the world, and then will spring up a delight in my worship. The nine kinds of faith as exercised by the ears, &c., will strengthen; there will be an exceeding love in the soul for my manifestations, a great affection for the lotus feet of the saints, a persistency in prayer—in deed and in heart as well as in tongue—and faithfulness in service done to one's guru, or father and mother, or family, or lords and masters, knowing it to be really done to me. While singing my praises the body quivers, the voice trembles, the eyes flow with tears; and neither lust, pride nor deceit finds a place in the soul; I am ever, brother, at the command of such a one as this.

[1] Or it may be thus translated: 'That is to be called soul, which doubts regarding itself whether it be a delusive manifestation or really God.'

Dohá 13.

I take up my abode for ever in the lotus heart of those who in thought, word and deed make their fervent prayer to my incarnation."

Chaupái.

On hearing the doctrine of faith and devotion[1] thus expounded, Lakshman was greatly rejoiced and bowed his head at his lord's feet. In this manner several days were spent in discourses on asceticism, wisdom, virtue and morality. One day Rávan's sister Súrpa-nakhá, foul-hearted and venomous as a serpent, came to Panchavati and was excited by the sight of the two princes. A woman, Garúr, will only look at a handsome man, whether he be brother, father or son.[2] In her excitement she could not contain herself, like the sun-stone that melts at the sight of the sun. Having assumed a beautiful form, she went to the Lord and with many smiles thus addressed him: "There is no other man like you, nor woman like me; this is a match that God has taken some pains to make. I have searched the three spheres, but have not found any where in the world a man of beauty to equal mine. And for this reason I have till now remained a virgin, but now that I have seen you I am fairly satisfied." The lord looked at Sita and said in reply: "My younger brother is a bachelor." The demon's sister took the hint and went to Lakshman. He looked to his lord and said in gentle tones: "Hearken, fair lady, I am his servant; it is not right that you should be in subjection to any one. My lord is the mighty king of Kosala, and whatever he does is all done at his own pleasure. A servant who expects to take his ease, a beggar who expects honour, a spendthrift who hopes for wealth, a profligate who hopes for heaven, or an avaricious man who expects renown, these are four dreamers, men who

[1] *Yoga*, the word here rendered 'devotion'; is one of the six systems of Hindu philosophy. Its chief aim is to teach the means, by which the human soul may attain complete union with the Supreme Being. It is defined by Patanjali, the founder of the school, as 'the prevention of the modifications of thought by the practice of self mortification and by keeping the mind constantly unaffected by all external influences.' The final beatitude, which is held out as the reward of such devotion, consists in the cessation of all idea of self and of any distinction between matter and spirit.

[2] That is to say apparently, whatever his age may be, whether he be of the same age, or old enough to be a father, or young enough to be a son.

would expect milk from milking the air." Again she turned and came to Ráma, but he sent her back once more to Lakshman. Said Lakshman, "The bridegroom for you must be a man lost to all sense of shame." Then in a fury she went to Ráma, revealing herself in a shape of terror. Raghurái, seeing that Síta was frightened, made a sign to his brother;

Dohá 14.

And Lakshman with the greatest ease struck off her nose and ears; her hands he sent to Rávan in defiance.

Chaupái.

Without nose and ears she was as hideous to look upon as a mountain flowing with torrents of red ochre. She went moaning to Khara and Dúshan; "A curse, a curse, I say, on your manhood and strength, brother." They questioned and she told them all. When they had heard, the demons gathered an army and a swarming multitude of fiends rushed forth like so many winged mountains of darkness, on diverse vehicles, of diverse shapes, armed with diverse weapons, terrible and beyond number. At the head went Súrpa-nakhá in hideous guise, without ears and nose. Many fearful omens of ill occurred, but the host heeded them not, being all death-doomed. They shouted, they defied the enemy, they leaped in the air, their captains inspected the ranks and rejoiced exceedingly. Said one. 'Take the two brothers alive and then take and kill them and carry off the bride. The vault of heaven was filled with the dust of them. Ráma called his brother and said: "Take Jánaki away to some mountain-cave; a terrible array of demons has come; remain on your guard." Obedient to his lord's command he took his bow and arrows in hand and led Síta away. When Ráma saw that the hostile force had drawn near, he smiled as he strung his massive bow.

Chhand 3.

As he strung his massive bow and bound up his long hair in a knot on his head, he seemed as it were a sapphire rock encircled with flashes of lightning and with two snakes entwining its summit. As the lord girded up his quiver by his side and clasped the bow in

his mighty arm and fitted the arrow to the string, he glared with the glance of a lion on a herd of elephants.

Soraṭhá 6.

The warriors came on with a rush, shouting. 'seize him, seize him,' for they saw that he was alone: the demons closed round upon him, but he stood as the rising sun,

Chaupái.

and at the sight of his majesty they could not discharge their arrows; the whole demon host became powerless. Khara and Dúshan summoned their ministers and said: "This ornament of the human race must be some king's son. Nágas, demons, gods, men and saints of all sorts I have seen, conquered and slain; but in the whole of my life—mark me, my brethren all—I have never seen such beauty. Though he has disfigured my sister, so incomparable a hero is not worthy of death. 'At once put away and surrender your bride and return home alive, you and your brother.' Declare to him this that I have said and quickly come back with his answer." The heralds went and told Ráma. He smiled to hear them and said: "I am a warrior by caste and am hunting this wood; wretches like you are the game that I am tracking. I am not dismayed at the sight of the enemy's strength, but am ready to do combat with death himself. Though a man, I am the exterminator of the race of demons; and though a mere child, I am the protector of the saints and the destroyer of the wicked. If there is no strength in you, turn and go home; I will never turn my back upon the battle. If you have come up to fight, show now your cunning and dexterity; mercy to an enemy is the height of weakness." The heralds immediately went and repeated all this: Khara and Dúshan's heart was on fire when they heard it.

Chhand 4.

Their heart was on fire and they cried: "Rush upon him and seize him, ye mighty demon warriors, with your bows and arrows, clubs, pikes, spears, scymetars, maces and axes." The lord gave

his bow one twang; in a moment at the awful and terrible sound the demons were deafened and dismayed, they had no sense left in them.

Dohá 15.

When they had recovered themselves they made a rush, for they knew the strength of their foe; and shafts and weapons of all kinds began to rain upon Ráma. But Raghubír cleft them in twain making them of no more account than so many sesamum seeds, and then drawing the bowstring to his ear he let fly his own arrows.

Chhand 5, 6.

Then the terrible arrows sped forth, hissing like many serpents. The holy Ráma waxed wrath in battle; his arrows flew of exceeding sharpness. When they saw his shafts so keen, the demon leaders turned to flight; but the three brothers became furious: 'Whoever runs from the field I will slay with my own hand; let him stay then and make up his mind to die.' Weapons of diverse kinds beat upon him from the front, and the lord perceiving that the foe was exceedingly furious fitted an arrow to his bow. He let fly the huge bolts; the hideous demons were cut to pieces; bodies, heads, arms, hands and feet were scattered about all over the ground. The shrill arrows struck; the earth grew mountain high. The leaders had their bodies cut into a hundred pieces, yet they stood up again by power of magic. Many arms and heads flew through the air and headless trunks ran to and fro. Kites, crows and jackals made an awful and horrible wrangling.

Chhand 7.

Jackals wrangled; ghosts, goblins and demons made cups of the skulls; more warlike devils clasped skulls together for music, and witches danced. Raghubír's mighty arrows smote off the leaders' bodies, arms and heads; they fell on every side, but stood up again to fight with terrible cries of 'strike, strike.' Vultures flew away with men's entrails in their claws, goblins scampered off with hands that they had seized; one might fancy all the children of Battle-town were flying kites. The mighty champions lay dead and vanquished, with mangled bodies. Seeing their army routed, Khara and Dúshan, with Trisira and the other champions,

stood at bay, and all at once demons innumerable hurled furiously against Raghubír arrow and spear, club, axe, javelin, and dagger. In the twinkling of an eye the lord had warded off all his enemies' missiles and sent forth his own arrows, slaying all the demon leaders with ten shafts planted in the breast of each of them. Though they fell to the ground, they rose again in their valour and joined in the fray, and would not die, but made the strangest sight. The gods feared, when they saw the demons fourteen thousand in number, and the king of Avadh alone; till the lord, perceiving the alarm of gods and saints, and having power over all illusion, wrought a prodigy, and while they were yet looking at one another he finished the battle, and the army of the enemy all perished fighting,

Dohá 16.

crying Ráma, Ráma, as their soul left their body; they thus attained beatitude. In a moment the fountain of mercy slew all his enemies by magic. The gods in their joy rained down flowers, instruments of music sounded in the air, and with cries of 'Glory, glory', they all departed, each in his own splendid carriage.

Chaupái.

When Raghunáth had vanquished his foes in the battle, gods, men and saints were all relieved from fear. Lakshman then brought back Sita. As she fell at her lord's feet, he took and rapturously clasped her to his bosom, and she fixed her gaze upon his dark and delicate form, but so vehement was her love that her eyes could never be satisfied. Thus the blessed Ráma stayed at Panchavati, delighting gods and saints by the deeds that he did. But Súrpanakha, when she saw the defeat of Khara and Dúshan, went and called Rávan. In tones full of fury she cried: "You have lost all thought of realm and treasure; you drink and sleep day and night, and do not consider that the enemy is at your gate. A kingdom without policy, wealth without religion, consecration to Hari without good works, knowledge without discretion, these all bring no fruit save trouble to the student, the doer, or the possessor. An ascetic is quickly undone by attachment, a king by ill-counsel, wisdom by conceit, modesty by drinking, friendship by want of consideration, and good sense by pride; so goes the saying.

Soraṭhá 7.

An enemy, sickness, fire, sin, a master and a serpent are never to be accounted trifles." So saying and with much lamentation beside she set to weeping.

Dohá 17.

In her distress she threw herself down in the midst of the assembly with many tears and cries, "O Rávan, to think that you should live and see me thus treated!"

Chaupái.

When they heard this, the assembly rose in confusion and took her by the hand and lifted her up and consoled her. Said the king of Lanká: "Why do you not tell me what has happened? who has cut off your nose and ears?" "The sons of Dasarath, the lord of Avadh, very lions of men, have come to hunt the forest. I understood what they were about; they would rid the earth of demons. Relying on the might of their arm, O Rávan, the saints roam the woods without any fear. They are children to look at, but in fact resistless as Death himself, the most intrepid of archers, with many strings to their bow.[1] Both brothers are glorious with incomparable might and have devoted themselves to the extermination of the wicked and the relief of gods and saints. Ráma—for such is his name—is the very perfection of beauty, and with him is a dark complexioned girl, whom the Creator has made the loveliest of the sex: a hundred million Ratis would be no match for her. It is his younger brother, who cut off my ears and nose and made a mock of me, when he heard I was your sister. When Khara and Dúshan were told of this, they gave him challenge; but in an instant he slew the whole of their army." When he heard of the defeat of Khara, Dúshan, and Trisirá, the Ten-headed was on fire all over.

Dohá 18.

After consoling Súrpa-nakhá and forcing himself to say much to her, he went to his palace in a great state of anxiety and had no sleep all night.

[1] In the word *guna-nána*, *guna* is intended to be understood in its two senses of 1st, a virtue, 2ndly, a bowstring.

Chaupái.

"Among gods, men and demons, serpents and birds, there is none who can withstand my servants; and Khara and Dúshan were my own equals in strength; who can have killed them, unless it be God himself? If God has become incarnate in order to rejoice the saints and relieve earth of its burden, then if I go and fight against him and lose my life by an arrow of the lord's, I shall escape further transmigration; prayer will not do for one like me of demon form; this is the plan upon which I am absolutely determined. If he is only some earthly king's son, I shall conquer them both in battle and carry off the bride." He mounted his chariot and went off alone to the spot where Márícha was living by the sea-shore. Hearken now, Uma, to the delectable account of the device that Ráma invented.

Dohá 19.

When Lakshman had gone into the wood to gather roots, fruits and herbs, the gentle and joyous god said with a smile to Janak's daughter:

Chaupái.

"Hearken, most lovely and amiable of faithful wives, I am going to act a fantastic human part. Be you absorbed into fire until I have completed the destruction of the demons." As soon as Ráma had finished speaking, she pressed her lord's feet to her heart and entered into the fire, leaving only an image of herself, of exactly the same appearance and the same amiable and gentle disposition. Lakshman did not know this mystery or that the god had taken any action. The Ten-headed approached Márícha and bowed his head, the selfish and contemptible wretch. When a mean thing stoops, it is only to give more pain, like an elephant-goad, a bow, a snake, and a cat; the friendly speech of a churl is as portentous, Bhawáni, as flowers that blossom out of season.

Dohá 20.

After doing him homage, Márícha respectfully enquired of him his business: "What is the cause, my son, that you have come so disturbed in mind and all alone?

Chaupái.

Rávan put the whole matter before him and added presumptuously—the wretch—"Do you for the purpose of deception assume the form of a deer, and by this means, I shall be able to carry off the princess." He replied:—"Hearken, Rávan; though in form as a man, this is the lord of all animate and inanimate creation; there is no fighting against him, my son; if he kills, you die, and if you live, it is he who gives you life. He is the prince Raghupati, who when he went to protect the saint's sacrifice, smote me with a pointless arrow, and in an instant I was driven a distance of a hundred leagues[1]: it is not well to quarrel with him. Wherever I look, I see these two brothers, and my senses are utterly bewildered, like a fly fascinated by a spider. Even if he be only a man, my son, he is a tremendous hero, and opposition to him will do no good.

Dohá 21.

But can he possibly be a man, who was strong enough to vanquish Táraká and Subáhu and broke Siva's bow and slew Khara, Dúshan and Trisira?

Chaupái.

"Consider the welfare of your family and go home." When he heard this, he was furious and abused him soundly: "You fool, you take upon yourself to teach me, as if you were my master! Tell me where is there in the world any warrior my equal?" Márícha then thought to himself: "There are nine whom it is not good to make enemies; an armed man, a confidant, a king, a villain, a rich man, a physician, a panegyrist, a poet, or a man of special ability." Either way he saw he must die; but he reflected that Ráma would be his sanctuary. So he answered: "You will be the death of me, poor wretch; for how can I escape when smitten by Raghupati's shaft?" With these thoughts at heart, he accompanied Rávan, staunch in his devotion to Ráma's feet and with an exceeding gladness of heart that he would not show: "To-day I shall behold my best beloved.

[1] See Vol. I., page 119.

Chhand 8.

My eyes will be rewarded with the sight of my best beloved, and I shall be happy. I shall imprint upon my soul the feet of the All-merciful with Síta too and his brother. Hari, the ocean of beatitude, whose very wrath confers salvation, who gives himself up entirely to the will of his worshippers, will with his own hands fit an arrow to the string and slay me.

Dohá 22.

As he runs after me to seize me with his bow and arrows, I shall ever and again turn and get a sight of my lord: there is none else so blessed as I am."

Chaupái.

When the Ten-headed drew near to the wood, Márícha took the form of a deer, so beautifully spotted as to defy description, with a body of gold, all bespangled with jewels. When Síta saw this wondrously beautiful creature clothed with loveliness in its every limb, she cried: "O Raghubír, hearken, kind Sir, this deer has a most charming skin; slay it then, most truthful lord, and bring me the hide." Thereupon Ráma, who understood the meaning of it all, arose with joy to execute the purpose of the gods. Having marked the deer, he girded up his waistbelt, took his bow in his hand and trimmed his shapely arrows. Then the lord cautioned Lakshman: "Many demons, brother, roam the forest; take care of Síta with all thought and consideration and with force too, if occasion requires it." The deer, seeing the lord, took to flight: Ráma pursued with ready bow: even he, to whom the Veda cannot attain, nor Siva is able to contemplate, hastened in pursuit of a mimic deer. Now close at hand, now fleeing at a distance, at one time in sight, at another hid, alternately showing and concealing itself and practising every kind of wile, in this manner it took the lord far away. At last Ráma aimed and let fly the fatal shaft; *it* fell to the ground with a terrible cry, taking first of all Lakshman's name, but afterwards mentally invoking Ráma. As life ebbed, he appeared in his natural form and affectionately invoked Ráma's name; who in his wisdom recognizing his inward love, gave him such a place in heaven as saints can scarcely attain to.

Dohá 23.

The gods rained down abundant flowers and hymned the lord's high virtue: "Raghunáth, the suppliant's friend, raises to his own sphere even a demon!"

Chaupái.

As soon as he had slain the monster, Raghubír returned; the bow gleaming in his hand and the quiver by his side. When Síta heard the agonizing cry, she called to Lakshman in the greatest alarm: "Go in haste, your brother is in some sad strait." Lakshman answered with a smile: "Hearken, mother; he, by the play of whose eyebrows the world is annihilated, cannot be imagined as having fallen into any difficulty." But when Síta urged him with taunting words, Lakshman's resolution—for such was Hari's will—was shaken; he made over charge of everything to the forest and its gods, and went after the Ráhu of the moon-like Rávan. When the Ten-headed saw the ground vacant, he drew near in the guise of an anchorite. He, for fear of whom gods and demons trembled and could neither sleep by night nor eat food by day, even that Rávan, came looking this side and that, as furtively as a cur, bent on thieving. After he had turned his steps, Garúr, to this vile course, not a particle of his majesty, or intellect, or strength of body was left in him. After repeating a variety of legends and moral sentiments, he had recourse to threats and blandishments. Said Síta, "Hearken, reverend Father; what you say is hateful to me." Then Rávan showed himself in his proper form; and she was terror-stricken when he declared his name. But plucking up all her courage she said: "Wretch, stay as you are; my lord is at hand. Since you have treated Hari's wife like an outcast, you must die, demon king." On hearing this speech the Ten-headed was furious, though in his heart he delighted to adore her feet.

Dohá 24.

Rávan angrily seized her and seated her in his chariot. As he took his way through the air, he was so agitated with fear that he could scarcely drive.

Chaupái.

"Ah! gallant Raghurái, sovereign of the universe, for what fault of mine have you forgotten mercy? Ah! reliever of distress,

health-giving sanctuary, sun of the lotuses of the Raghu race. Ah, Lakshman! this is no fault of yours; I have reaped the fruit of the temper I showed." Manifold were the lamentations that she uttered. "My affectionate and loving lord is far away; who will tell him of my calamity; that an ass is devouring the oblation intended for the gods!" At the sound of Sita's woeful lament every created being, whether animate or inanimate, was made sad. The vulture-king, too, heard her piteous cry and recognized the wife of the glory of Raghu's line, whom the vile demon was carrying away, as it were the famous dun cow that had fallen into the hands of some savage. "Fear not, Sita, my daughter, I will annihilate this monster." The bird darted forth in its fury, like a thunderbolt launched against a mountain. "Stop, you villain, how dare you go on thus and take no heed of me." Seeing him bearing down upon him like the angel of death, Rávan paused and considered: "Is it mount Mainaka[1] or the king of the birds! anyhow they both know my might, as also do their lords."[2]

When he perceived that it was poor old Jatáyu, he cried, "he shall leave his body at the shrine of my hands."[3] At this, the vulture rushed on in a fury, crying: "Hearken, Rávan, to my advice; surrender Jánaki and go home in peace; if not, despite your many arms it will turn out thus; Ráma's wrath is like a fierce flame, and your whole house will be consumed in it like a moth." The warrior demon gave no answer. Then the vulture rushed on in a fury and clutched him by the hair and dragged him from his chariot so that he fell to the ground. Again, having sheltered Sita, the vulture turned and with his beak tore and rent his body. For nearly half an hour the demon was in a swoon, then gnashed his teeth with rage and drew his monstrous sword and cut off Jatáyu's wings. The bird fell to the ground, calling upon Ráma, and doing marvellous feats of courage. Then Rávan again seated Sita in the chariot and drove off in haste in no little alarm. Sita was borne through the air lamenting, like a frightened fawn in the power of a huntsman. Seeing

[1] Mainaka is the only peak which is said to have retained its wings when Indra clipped those of the other mountains.

[2] Mainaka's lord is the ocean, which Rávan and the other demons had churned; and Garur, 'the king of the birds,' has Vishnu for his lord, with whom Rávan had always been at war.

[3] That is to say 'as a man goes to a place of pilgrimage in order to die there, so has he come to me to die by my hand.'

the monkeys sitting on the rocks, she cried out Hari's name and dropt her scarf. In this manner he went off with Sita and put her down in the Asoka forest.

Dohá 25.

Though he tried every kind of threat and blandishment, the monster could not succeed, and at last after exhausting all his devices he left her under the Asoka tree. With Ráma's beauteous form impressed upon her heart, as he appeared when pursuing the mimic deer, Sita was incessantly invoking his name, 'O Hari, Hari!'

Chaupái.

When Raghupati saw his brother coming, he was seized with a new and greater fear: "O brother, have you left Sita alone and come here against my order, though so many demons roam the forest? My mind misgives me that Sita is not at the hermitage." Lakshman clasped his lotus feet and cried with folded hands: "Hearken, my lord, it is no fault of mine." When he saw the hermitage bereft of Sita, he was as agitated as any common man. "Alas! Jánaki, my precious Sita, so beautiful and amiable, so divinely pious and devoted!" Lakshman did all he could to comfort him. As he went along, he questioned all the trees and flowers by the way: "O ye birds and deer, O ye swarms of bees, have you seen the fawn-eyed Sita? The wagtails, parrots, and pigeons; the deer and fish; the swarming bees and clever cuckoos; the jasmine and pomegranate flowers; the lightning, the lotus, the autumn moon; the gliding serpent, the meshes of Varuna, the bow of Kámdeva; the swan, the elephant, and the lion can now hear themselves praised; the cocoanut, the champa, and the plantain can now rejoice, without any doubt or misgiving at heart.[1] Hearken, Jánaki, now that you are away, they are all as glad as if they had gotten a kingdom. How can I endure this cruelty at your hands; why do you not at once disclose yourself, my beloved?" In this manner the Lord searched and lamented, like a fond lover

[1]The different objects here mentioned form the Hindu poet's stock in trade, upon which he invariably draws for comparisons, when he wishes to describe the charms of a lovely woman, with clustering hair like swarms of bees, teeth white as buds of jasmine, lips like the pomegranate, eyes bright as flashes of lightning, breasts swelling like cocoanuts, a waist like a lion's, a gait like an elephant's, &c., &c., Now that Sita is gone, who excelled each of them in the very point on which they most prided themselves, they may again hear themselves quoted as perfect.

distressed by separation. Ráma, who has no wish unsatisfied, the perfection of bliss, the uncreated and the everlasting, acted the part of a man. Further on he saw the vulture-king lying, with his thoughts fixed on the prints of Ráma's feet.

Dohá 26.

The compassionate Raghubír laid his lotus hands upon his head. At the sight of Ráma's lovely face all his pain was forgotten,

Chaupái.

and the vulture recovered himself and spoke as follows: "Hearken, Ráma, remover of life's troubles. My lord, this is Rávaṇ's doing; he is the wretch, who has carried off Janak's daughter. He took her away, sire, to the south, crying as piteously as an osprey. I have kept alive, my lord, only to see you; now, O most merciful, I would depart." Said Ráma: "remain alive, father." He smiled and answered: "He, by the repetition of whose name at the hour of death the vilest sinner, as the scriptures declare, attains salvation, has come in bodily form before my eyes; what need is there, sire, for me to live any longer? Raghurái's eyes filled with tears as he replied: "Father, it is your own good deeds that have saved you. There is nothing in the world beyond the reach of those who devote their soul to the good of others. When you pass out of the body, father, ascend to my sphere in heaven. What more can I give you, your every wish is gratified." Dropping the form of a vulture, he appeared in all the beauty of Hari, bedecked with jewels and in gorgeous yellow attire, with dark-hued body and four mighty arms, and with his eyes full of tears he chanted this hymn of praise:

Chhand 9.

"Glory to Ráma of incomparable beauty; the bodiless, the embodied; the veritable source of every bodily element; who with his mighty arrows has broken the might of the arm of the ten-headed demon; the ornament of the earth. With his body dark as a rain-cloud, with his lotus face and his eyes large as the lotus flower, I unceasingly worship Ráma, the merciful, the mighty-armed, the dispeller of all life's terrors; of immeasurable strength; without beginning and unborn; the indivisible; the one; beyond the reach of all the senses; the incarnate Govinda; the annihilator of

duality; the profound in wisdom; the supporter of the earth; an everlasting delight to the soul of the saints, who practise the spell of Ráma's name. I unceasingly worship Ráma, the friend of the unsensual, the destroyer of lust and every other wickedness. He, whom the scriptures hymn under the name of the passionless Brahm, the all-pervading, the supreme spirit, the unbegotten; to whom the saints attain after infinite study and contemplation, penance and abstraction; he the all-merciful, the all-radiant, the unapproachable, has now become manifest for the delight of the world. He who is at once inaccessible and accessible, like and unlike, the essentially pure, the unfailing comforter, whom ascetics behold only when they have laboriously subdued their mind and senses; even Ráma, the spouse of Lashkmi, who is ever at the command of his servants, though the lord of the three spheres, may he abide in my heart, the terminator of transmigration, whose praises make pure."

Dohá 27.

After asking the boon of perfect faith, the vulture departed for Hari's sphere. Ráma with his own hands performed his funeral rites with all due ceremony.

Chaupái.

The tender-hearted and compassionate Raghunáth, who shows mercy even on the undeserving, bestowed upon a vulture, an unclean flesh-eating bird, such a place in heaven as the greatest ascetics desire. Hearken, Umá; the most miserable of men are they who abandon Hari and become attached to objects of sense.

The two brothers in their search for Síta visited and examined many woods, tangled with creepers, dense with trees, and swarming with birds, deer, elephants and lions. As they went on their way they overthrew Kabandha, who declared the whole history of the curse. "Durvásas[1] cursed me, but now that I have seen my

[1]The reference to Durvásas is obscure. According to the legend as told by Válmíki, Kabandha was a beautiful youth by name Danu, who as a reward for penance had obtained from heaven the boon of a long life. On the strength of this promise he ventured to challenge Indra to battle, who launched his thunderbolt against him and drove his head and shoulders down into his body, which was thus made a horrible headless shapeless trunk. To keep him from starving, since he needs must live, his arms were made a league long; and a huge mouth was opened in his belly. In the text, as translated by Griffith, there is mention of a sage Sthúla-Siras (Great-head) who had been annoyed by Danu and therefore cursed him: but the passage has rather the air of an interpolation, and does not appear in Gonesio's edition. The meaning of the word *kabandha* is 'a headless trunk.'

lord's feet, my sin has been blotted out." "Hearken, Gandharva; those who trouble Bráhmans are displeasing to me.

Dohá 28.

They who without guile in thought, word and deed do service to the gods of earth, subdue unto themselves Bráhma, Siva, myself and every other divinity.

Chaupái.

A Bráhman, though he curse, beat and abuse you, is still an object of reverence; so declare the saints. A Bráhman must be honoured though devoid of every virtue and merit; but a Sudra never, though distinguished for all virtue and learning." So saying, he instructed him in his doctrine and was pleased to see his devotion to his feet. When the beneficent Ráma had given him beatitude, he passed on to the hermitage of Savari.[1] When she saw that Ráma had come to her abode she remembered the saint's promise and was glad of heart. With lotus eyes, mighty arms, hair fastened up in a knot on their head, and a garland of wild flowers upon their breast, one dark of hue the other fair, stood the two brothers. Savari fell and embraced their feet. She was so drowned in love that no speech came to her lips, but again and again she bowed her head at their lotus feet, then reverently brought water and laved their feet and finally conducted them to a seat of honour.

Dohá 29.

Then she brought and presented to Ráma the most delicious fruits and herbs and roots, and the lord graciously ate of them, again and again thanking her.

Chaupái.

She stood before him with folded hands and as she gazed upon the lord her love waxed yet more vehement. "How can I hymn thy praises, seeing that I am of meanest descent and of dullest wit; the lowest of the low and a woman to boot; nay among the lowest of women the one who is of all most ignorant, O sinless god."

[1] *Savara*, in the feminine *savari*, is strictly speaking not the distinctive name of any one particular person, but of a whole savage tribe. The word is probably connected with *sava*, 'a corpse.'

Said Raghupati: "Hearken, lady, to my words: I recognize no kinsmanship save that of faith; neither lineage, family, religion, rank, wealth, power, connections, virtue, nor ability. A man without faith is of no more account than a cloud without water. I will explain to you the nine kinds of faith, hearken attentively and lay them up in your mind. The first step in faith is communion with the saints; the second a love for the legends relating to me;

Dohá 30.

The third,—an incalculable step—devotion to the lotus feet of the guru; the fourth, singing my praises with a guileless purpose.

Chaupái.

The fifth, as the Vedas have expounded, prayer and the repetition, with an assured confidence, of my mystic spells; the sixth, self-governance, kindness, detachment from the world and in every action a loving and persevering piety; the seventh, seeing the whole world full of me, and holding the saints in yet greater account than myself; the eighth, contentment with what one has, without ever a thought of spying out fault in others; the ninth, a guileless simplicity towards all, and a hearty confidence in me without either exultation or dejection. Verily, lady, whoever possesses any one of these, whether he be man or woman, rational or irrational, is my friend; and you have them all in the highest degree. The heavenly prize, which the greatest ascetics scarcely win, is to-day within your easy reach. The result of seeing me is something most marvellous; every creature at once attains its proper consummation. But lady, have you any tidings of Jánaki; tell me, fair dame, all that you know." "Go, Raghurái, to the river Pampá; there make friends with Sugríva;[1] he will tell you all. You know it already my god Raghubír, yet have the patience to ask him." After again and again bowing her head at the lord's feet, she lovingly repeated the whole story.

Chhand 10.

After repeating the whole story, as she gazed on Hari's face and imprinted his lotus feet on her heart, she left her body in the sacrificial fire and became absorbed in Hari's feet beyond return.

[1] According to the Sanskrit Rámáyana it was not Savari, but Kabandha, who directed Ráma to apply to Sugríva.

O men, abandon all your religious observances, which are unrighteousness, and your many sects, which yield only sorrow, and with all confidence (says Tulsi Dás) lovingly embrace the feet of Ráma.

Dohá 31.

He gave salvation to a woman of such low descent and so altogether born in sin as even this Savari was: foolish indeed are they who desire peace of mind after forgetting such a lord.

Chaupái.

When they had left this wood, they went on their way, Ráma and his brother, two lions among men, of immeasurable strength. The lord, like a bereaved lover, kept making lamentation and turning his discourse to many topics: "Observe, Lakshman, the beauty of the forest; whose heart is not moved to see it? The birds and deer, all accompanied by their mates, seem to laugh and jeer at me. 'When the deer see me and would scamper away, the does cry: 'Have no fear, enjoy yourselves, for you are genuine deer, and it is only a golden deer that these people have come to look for'. The female elephants, as they take aside their lords, seem to be giving me this caution; 'The scriptures, however well studied, must be read over and over again; a king, however well served, is never to be depended upon; and a woman, like the scriptures and the king, though you cherish her in your bosom, is never thoroughly mastered'. See, brother, how beautiful the spring is; yet to me without my beloved it is frightful.

Dohá 32.

Love, finding me tortured by separation, powerless and absolutely alone, has made a raid upon me with the bees and birds of the forest. After hearing his spy's report. 'He has looked and gone on with his brother,' the amorous god has, as it were, resolutely encamped against me with his army.

Chaupái.

The huge trees and tangled creepers are as it were the diverse pavilions that he has spread; the plantains and stately palms his pennons and standards, that none but the stoutest could see without amazement; the many kinds of different flowering shrubs

are his warriors, arrayed in all their various kinds of panoply; the magnificent forest-trees, that stand here and there, are the separate encampments of warrior chiefs; the murmuring cuckoos are his infuriated elephants, and the herons his bulls, camels and mules; the peacocks, chakors and parrots are his war horses, the pigeons and swans his Arab steeds; the partridges and quails his foot soldiers; but there is no describing the whole of Love's host. The mountains and rocks are his chariots, the waterfalls his kettle-drums, the *chátaks* the bards that sing his praises, the garrulous bees are his trumpets and clarions, and the three kinds of wind his scouts. With an army complete in all its four branches, he goes about and exhorts every one. O Lakshman, they who can see Love's battle array and stand firm, they are men of mark in the world. His greatest strength lies in woman, any one who can escape her is a mighty champion indeed.

Dohá 33.

Brother, there are three evils of surpassing strength, love, anger, and greed: in an instant they upset the souls of the wisest philosopher. The weapons of greed are desire and pride; of love nothing but woman; while anger's weapon is harsh speech; so thoughtful sages have declared."

Chaupái.

O Umá, Ráma is without attributes, the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, and knows all secrets; yet he exhibited all the distress of a lover no less than the detachment and steadfastness of a philosopher. Anger, love, greed, pride, delusion, all are dissipated by the grace of Ráma, and the only man superior to all this jugglery is he to whom the great conjuror has shewn favour.[1] I tell you, Umá, what is my conclusion; the worship of Hari is real and all the world a dream.

The lord went on from there to the shore of the deep and beautiful lake called Pampá; its water as clear as the soul of the saints; with charming flights of steps on each of its four sides; where beasts of differents kinds came as they listed, to drink of the flood, like crowds of beggars at a good man's gate.

[1] That is to say, whom he has taken behind the scenes.

Dohá 34.

Under its cover of dense lotus-leaves the water was as difficult to distinguish as is the unembodied supreme spirit under the veil of delusive phenomena. The happy fish were all in placid repose at the bottom of the deep pool, like the days of the righteous that are passed in peace.

Chaupái.

Lotuses of many colours displayed their flowers; there was a buzzing of garrulous bees, both honey-makers and humble bees; while swans and waterfowl were so noisy, you would think they had seen the lord and were telling his praises. The geese and cranes and other birds were so numerous that only seeing would be believing, no words could describe them. The delightful voice of so many beautiful birds seemed as an invitation to the wayfarers. The saints had built themselves a house near the lake with magnificent forest-trees all around, the *champa*, the *málsari*, the *kadamb*, and *tamála*, the *pátala*, the *kathal*, the *dhák* and the mango.[1] Every tree had put forth its new leaves and flowers and was resonant with swarms of bees. A delightful air, soft, cool and fragrant, was ever in delicious motion, and the cooing of the cuckoos was so pleasant to hear that a saint's meditation would be broken by it.

Dohá 35.

The trees laden with fruit bowed low to the ground; like a generous soul whom every increase of fortune renders only more humble than before.

[1]The *champa*, or *champaka*, is the Michelia champaka, a handsome tree with sweet-scented golden flowers.

The *málsari*, called in the text by another of its Sanskrit names, *vakula*, is the Mimusops Elengi. Its fragrant star-shaped flowers are much used by Hindus for garlands and supply the native silversmiths with a very favourite pattern.

The *kadamb* is the nauclea cadamba, a large and handsome forest tree, which grows wild in the Mathurá district and figures in many of Krishna's pastoral adventures.

The *tamála* is a tree with dark bark and white blossoms.

The *pátala* is the Bignonia or stereospermum suaveolens, a large tree common in South India, with dark dull-crimson, exquisitely fragrant flowers.

The *kathal*, called in the text by its Sanskrit name *panasa*, is the artocarpus integrifolia, or jack-tree. The fruit is an important article of food in South India and Ceylon.

The *dhák*, called in the text by its Sanskrit name *palása*, is the Butea frondosa, a tree with scarlet flowers, which precede the new leaves, and when in full bloom make a striking sight, like a fire on the horizon. Hence the vernacular name, *dhák*, from the Sanskrit *dagdha*, 'on fire.'

Chaupái.

When Ráma saw this most beautiful lake, he bathed in it with great delight and then with his brother sat down in the shade of the magnificent trees. There all the gods and saints came once more to hymn his praises and then returned each to his own home. The All-merciful rested in supreme content and addressed his brother in edifying discourse. When Nárad saw the Lord God thus sorrowing for the loss of his beloved, his soul was much disturbed. "In submission to my curse[1] Ráma endures all this weight of woe. I must go and visit so noble a lord, for I may never have such an opportunity again." Having thus reflected, Nárad with his lute in his hand[2] approached the spot where the lord was sitting at ease. In dulcet tones he sang his acts, affectionately dwelling upon them in all detail. As he prostrated himself, Ráma took and lifted him up, and again and again clasped him to his bosom and asked him of his welfare and seated him by his side. Then Lakshman reverently laved his feet.

Dohá 36.

Perceiving that his lord was well pleased, Nárad made much supplication and clasping his lotus hands addressed him in these words.

Chaupái.

"Hearken, most generous Raghu-náyak, beautiful and beneficent, at once unapproachable and easy of approach, grant me, my lord, the one boon that I ask; though you know it without my asking, since you know the secrets of all hearts." "Reverend father, you understand my character; can I ever turn away my face from any one of my worshippers? There is nothing I hold so dear that you, most excellent of saints, may not ask it of me. There is nothing of mine that I would refuse to a believer; never allow yourself to abandon this confidence in me." Then Nárad was glad and said: "This is the boon that I presume to ask. Though my lord has many names, each more glorious than the other, as declared

[1] For the explanation of Nárads' curse see Book I, page 79.
[2] Nárad is the reputed inventor of the vína, or Indian lute.

in the scriptures, may the name RÁMA, sire, surpass all names, exterminating the whole brood of sin as when a fowler ensnares an entire flock of birds.

Dohá 37.

May your name Ráma be as the moon in the bright night of cloudless faith, and your other names as brilliant stars in the heaven of the believer's soul." Raghunáth, the ocean of mercy, said to the saint, 'so be it.' Then was Nárad's soul rejoiced exceedingly and he bowed his head at his lord's feet.

Chaupái.

Seeing Raghunáth so gracious, Nárad spoke again in winning tones: "O Ráma, when you sent forth your delusive power and infatuated me—hearken, O Raghurái—I was anxious to accomplish a marriage; why was it, my lord, that you did not allow me to do so? "Hearken, O saint, and I will tell you, if you will not be angry: If men will abandon all other hope and worship me only, I always keep watch over them as a mother over her infant child. If a child or a calf run to lay hold of the fire or a snake, the mother or the cow at once rescues it; when her son has grown up, the mother does not show her affection to him in the same way, as before. The wise are, as it were, my grown up sons, and humble worshippers my infant children. The latter are protected by my strength, the former by their own, and both have to fight against love and anger. Philosophers know this and worship me, and though they have acquired wisdom, still they do not discard faith.

Dohá 38.

Lust, anger, greed and all other violent passions form a rushing torrent of deception; but among them all the most formidable and the most calamitous is that incarnation of vanity, woman.

Chaupái.

Hearken, O saint, to the teaching of the Puránas, the Vedas and the saints: Woman is like the season of spring to the forest of infatuation; like the heat of summer to dry up the pools and waterfalls of prayer, penance and devotional exercises; like the rains to rejoice the gnats[1] and frogs of lust, anger and pride; like the

[1] *Matsara*, translated 'gnats' also means 'selfishness,' and may be intended in that sense here, as both meanings suit the context equally well.

autumn to revive the lilylike growth of evil propensities; like the winter to distress and deaden all the lotus beds of piety; and lastly, like the dewy season[1] to foster the *jawása* weeds of selfishness. Woman, again, is like a dark and murky night, in which owls and deeds of darkness delight, or like a hook to catch the fish of sense and strength and honour and truth; so say the wise.

Dohá 39.

Wanton woman is the root of all evil, a source of torment, a mine of all unhappiness; therefore, O saint, as I know all this, I prevented your marriage."

Chaupái.

As the saint listened to Raghupati's delightful discourse, his body quivered with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. "Tell me, is there any other lord, whose wont it is to be so kind and considerate to his servants. All, who will not abandon their errors, nor worship such a lord as this, are indeed dull and witless fools." Nárad the sage reverentially enquired further: "Hearken, Ráma, versed in all wisdom; tell me, my lord Raghubír, lightener of earth's burdens, what are the marks of a saint?" "Listen, reverend Sir, and I will tell you what are the qualities of the saints, by virtue of which they hold me in their power. They have overcome the six disturbing influences;[2] are sinless, passionless, and imperturbable; have no worldly goods, but live a life of chastity and contentedness; their wisdom is immeasurable; they are without desires and temperate in enjoyment; oceans of truth, inspired bards, practised in meditation; circumspect; void of pride and arrogance; persevering and eminently wise in the mystery of salvation;

Dohá 40.

Mines of virtue, free from the troubles of the world and with all their doubts solved; who rather than abandon my lotus feet, account neither life nor home precious;

[1] *Sisira*, 'the dewy season,' consists of the two months Mágh and Phálgun, that come between the winter and the spring.

[2] According to the Sánkhya philosophy there is an original eternal germ, or primal source of all things, except soul, which is called Prakriti. From it are evolved certain *vikáras*, or productive products, or modifications, which occasion all the diversity of material phenomena, and which may therefore be designated 'disturbing influences.'

Chaupái.

Who are abashed, when they hear themselves praised and exceedingly glad to hear the praises of others; who are always equable and calm, consistent in virtuous practice, honest and kindly disposed to all men; distinguished for prayer, penance, religious observances, temperance, self-denial, and performance of pious vows; for devotion to their guru, to Gobinda and to Bráhmans; for faith, forbearance, charitableness and compassion; for a rapturous love of my feet, a superiority to all material delusions, an absolute composure, discrimination, humility and knowledge, and for doctrine in strict accordance with the Vedas and Puránas; who never display ostentation, arrogance, or pride, nor ever by any chance set their foot on the way of wickedness; who are always either hearing or singing my acts and have no selfish object, but are devoted to the good of others; in short, reverend Sir, the characteristics of the saints are so numerous that not even Sáradá or the scriptures could tell them all.

Chhand 11.

Not Sáradá nor Sheshnág could tell them." Hearing this, Nárad clasped his lotus feet, crying, "Thus the friend of the suppliant, the all-merciful, has with his own mouth declared the characteristics of his worshippers." After again and again bowing his head at his feet, Nárad returned to the city of Brahma. Blessed, says Tulsi Dás, are all they who abandon other hope and attach themselves to Hari.

Dohá 41.

People who hear or recite the sanctifying praises of Rávan's foe, even without asceticism, prayer and meditation, are rewarded with steadfast faith in Ráma. Woman is like the flame of a candle, let not your soul be as the moth, but discard love and intoxication, worship Ráma and hold communion with the saints.

[*Thus endeth the Book entitled* THE FOREST, *composed by Tulsi Dás for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continence; being the third descent into 'the holy lake of Ráma's deeds,' that cleanses from every defilement of the world.*]

BOOK IV.

KISHKINDHYÁ.

THE RÁMÁYANA

OF

TULSI DÁS.

BOOK IV.

KISHKINDHYÁ:

Sanskrit Invocation.

BEAUTIFUL as the jasmine or the lotus, of surpassing strength, storehouses of wisdom, all glorious and accomplished bowmen, hymned by the Vedas, benefactors of cows and Bráhmans, may they who appeared in the form of mortal men as the two noble sons of Raghu, the champions of true religion, the wayfarers intent on their search for Sita, may they grant us faith.

Blessed are the pious souls, who ever imbibe the nectar of holy Ráma's name; nectar, the product of no ocean, but of Brahm himself, the utter exterminator of all the impurities of this sinful age, the imperishable, the quintessence of the beauty of blessed Sambhu's moonlike face, the ever glorious, the remedy for all the diseases of life, the exquisitely sweet, the life of blessed Jánaki.

Soratha 1.

How is it possible not to reverence Kási, the home of Sambhu and Bhaváni, knowing it to be the earthly birthplace of salvation, a treasury of knowledge and the destroyer of sin. Dull indeed of soul is the man who worships not him, who, when all the hosts of heaven were in distress, drank up the deadly poison; who is so merciful as Sankara?

Chaupái.

Ráma again proceeded on his way and drew near to the mountain Rishyamúka.[1] There Sugríva dwelt with his ministers, who seeing them approach in all their immeasurable strength, was exceedingly alarmed and cried: "Hearken, Hanumán; take the form of a young Bráhman student and go and see who these two

[1]The mountain Rishyamúka derives its name from *rishya*, a kind of antelope.

heroes are, of such remarkable strength and beauty, and when you have ascertained make some sign by which I may know also. If that wretch Báli has sent them, I must leave this hill and flee at once." The monkey assumed the form of a Bráhman and went to the place; there bowed his head and thus questioned them: "Who are you two knights of warrior mien, who roam this wood, one dark of hue, the other fair. The ground is rough for your soft feet to tread. What is the reason, my masters, that you visit this forest? Your body is too delicate and exquisitely beautiful to be exposed to the intolerable sun and wind of these wild regions. Who are you? A Person of the Trinity; or the two great gods Nara and Náráyan?[1]

Dohá 1.

Or has the lord of all the spheres become incarnate in your human form for the good of the world, to bridge the ocean of existence and relieve earth of its burdens?"

Chaupái.

"We are the sons of Dasarath, the king of Kosala, and have come into the forest in obedience to our father's command, Ráma, the name of one brother and Lakshman of the other. With us was my young and beautiful bride, the daughter of the king of Videha. But some demon here has stolen her away; and it is she, O Bráhman, whom we are trying to find. We have told you our affairs, tell us now your own story." He recognized his lord and fell, and clasped his feet with a joy, Umá, beyond all description. His body thrilled with emotion and all words failed his tongue, as he gazed upon the fashion of their ravishing disguise. At last he collected himself and burst forth into a hymn of praise with great joy of heart, for he had found his lord. "I asked, sire, in my

[1] Nara, the original or eternal Man, the divine imperishable spirit that pervades the universe, is always associated with Náráyana, which, as a patronymic from Nara, means 'the Son of the original Man.' In Manu, I. 10, Nara is apparently identified with Náráyana; the waters, it is said, being called Nárá as produced from Nara, the eternal Spirit, or Paramátma, which is also styled Náráyana, as having its first place of motion on the waters. In the more systematic theology Nara and Náráyana are distinct, the former being regarded as a sage or patriarch, while the latter is a god. In epic poetry they are the sons of Dharma by Múrti, or Ahinsá, and are emanations of Vishnu, Arjuna being identified with Nara and Krishna with Náráyana. In some places Nara and Náráyana are called *devau*, 'the two gods', or *purva-devau*, 'the two original gods', or *rishi* 'the two sages', or *puránav rishi—sattamau*, 'the two most ancient and best of sages', or *tápasau*, 'the two ascetics,' or *mahá-munî*, 'the two great munis.' —*Monier Williams*, sub verbo.

ignorance; but why should you ask, as though you were a mere man. Under the influence of your delusive power I wandered in error, and therefore I did not at once recognize my lord.

Dohá 2.

In the first place I was a bewildered dullard, ignorant and perverse of soul, and then my gracious lord God himself led me astray.

Chaupái.

Although, sire, my faults are many, yet a servant cannot anyhow be above his master. All created things are first fettered by your delusive power and then again set free by your grace. Therefore I make my cry to Raghubír, and know no other saving mode of prayer. As a servant that has confidence in his master, or a child in its mother, so one dwells secure under the protection of the Lord." So saying, he fell in much agitation at his feet, and the love that filled his soul shewed itself in every part of his body. Then Raghupati raised him up and took him to his bosom, while his own eyes were flooded with tears of joy. "Hearken, O monkey; do not account yourself vile; you are second to Lakshman only in my affection; every one says that I have no respect of persons; any servant is beloved of me, and has a rank in heaven second to none.

Dohá 3.

For he, Hanumán, is second to none who never wavers in this faith, that he is the servant of the Lord God who is manifested in creation."

Chaupái.

When the son of the wind (*i.e.*, Hanumán) saw his lord so gracious, he rejoiced at heart, and every anxiety was at an end. "The king of the monkeys, Sire, lives on this rock, Sugríva by name, a servant of yours. In return for his submission you should make friends with him and set his mind at rest. He will have Síta tracked; for he will despatch millions of monkeys in every direction." In this manner he told them all the particulars and took them both with him and gave them stools to sit upon. When Sugríva saw Ráma, he thought it a great blessing to have been born. He

reverentially advanced to meet him and bowed his head at his feet; and Raghunáth and his brother returned his courtesy. The monkey's mind was occupied with this thought, 'If God would only give me such allies!'

Dohá 4.

Hanumán then explained the circumstances of both sides: holy fire was made a witness, and a firm alliance concluded.

Chaupái.

When the alliance had been concluded, nothing was kept in reserve; Ráma and Lakshman told all their adventures. Sugríva's eyes were full of tears as he replied—"The daughter of the king of Mithilá will be recovered. One day when I was sitting here with my ministers deep in thought, I saw some one flying through the air, with a woman in his power, who was weeping piteously and crying 'Ráma, Ráma, O my Ráma!' When she saw me, she dropped her scarf." Ráma at once asked for it; he gave it him; he pressed the scarf to his bosom in the deepest distress. Said Sugríva: "Hearken, Raghubír; be not so distressed, take courage. I will do all in my power to serve you and recover Jánaki."

Dohá 5.

The All-merciful and Almighty rejoiced to hear his friend's speech. "Tell me, Sugríva, the reason why you are living in this forest."

Chaupái.

"My lord, Báli and I are two brothers; our mutual love was past all telling. The son of Maya, Máyávi by name, came to our town. In the middle of the night he shouted at the city-gate. Báli endures no enemy to set him at defiance and sallied forth. Seeing this he fled. Now I too accompanied my brother, and when he had gone into one of the caves of the mountain, Báli said to me: 'Wait for me a fortnight, and if I do not come then, conclude that I have been killed.' I stayed there a whole month, Kharári; a tremendous stream of blood then flowed out; I made sure that Báli had been defeated and that the enemy would come and kill me too. I therefore closed the mouth of the cave with a rock and fled away. When the ministers of state saw the city without

a master, they forced the government upon me, whether I would or no. When Báli, who had slain, the foe, came home and saw me, he was greatly set against me and gave me a severe beating, as he would an enemy, and took from me everything that I had, together with my wife. For fear of him, O merciful Raghubír, I wander forlorn all over the world. The curse[1] prevents him from coming here, and yet I am ill at ease in mind." When the friend of the suppliant heard of his servant's troubles, his two mighty arms were uplifted with a convulsive motion.

Dohá 6.

"Hearken, Sugríva; I will slay Báli with a single arrow; though he take refuge with Brahma even, or Rudra, he shall not escape with his life.

Chaupái.

They, who are not distressed at the sight of a friend's distress, are guilty of grievous sin. They, who do not think it the most natural thing possible to regard as a mere grain of sand their own mountain-like troubles, while a friend's trouble, though really no bigger than a grain of sand, seems to them as weighty as mount Meru; such men are churls, upon whom it is useless to press friendship. To restrain from evil paths and to direct in the path of virtue; to publish all good qualities and conceal the bad; to give and take without any distrust of mind; to be always ready to assist with all one's power, and in time of misfortune to be a hundred times more affectionate than ever; such the scriptures declare to be the properties of a true friend. But one who speaks you fairly to your face, but behind your back is an enemy in the viciousness of his soul, whose mind, brother, is as tortuous as the movements of a snake, such a man is a bad friend, whom it is well to let alone. A dishonest servant, a miserly king, a false wife, and a treacherous friend, are four things as bad as the stake. Cease to distress yourself, friend; I will put forth all my strength to do your business for you." Said Sugríva: "Hearken, Raghubír; Báli is very

[1]When Báli had slain the demon Dundubhi, who had attacked him in the form of a bull, he hurled the body away, and a drop of blood fell near the hermitage of the Rishi Matanga, who thereupon pronounced a curse upon Báli, that if ever he came that way he should at once die.

strong and most resolute in battle," and he showed him Dundubhi's bones and the palm-trees.[1] Without an effort, Raghubír tossed them away. At this exhibition of boundless strength the affection of the monkey king was increased and he made sure of killing Báli. Again and again he bowed his head at his feet, in the greatest delight, knowing him to be the lord. Knowledge sprung up in his soul, and he spoke and said: "By my lord's favour my mind is set at rest; I will abandon pleasure, fortune, home, grandeur, and all, to do you service; for all these things are hindrances to faith in Ráma, as the saints declare who are devoted to the worship[2] of your feet. All the friends and enemies, joys and sorrows of the world, are effects of delusion, and are not eternal realities. Báli is my greatest friend, by whose favour I have met you, O Ráma, destroyer of all sorrow; as when a man dreams that he has been fighting some one, and on waking and coming to his senses is ashamed of his illusion. Now, my lord, do me this favour that I may leave all and worship you, night and day." When Ráma heard the monkey's devout speech, he smiled and said, with his bow in his hand: "Whatever I have said is all true; my words, friend, cannot fail." O Garúr, Ráma, as the scriptures say, is the juggler who makes us all dance like so many monkeys. Sugríva then took Raghunáth away with him, who went with bow and arrows in hand. Then he sent Sugríva on ahead, who drew near and thundered mightily. Báli, on hearing him, sprang up in a fury, but his wife clasped his feet in her hands and warned him: "Hearken my lord: Sugríva's allies are two brothers of unapproachable majesty and might, the sons of the king of Kosala, Lakshman and Ráma, who would conquer in battle even Death himself."

[1] This mention of 'palm-trees' would not be intelligible without a reference to the Sanskrit Rámáyana. There it is told how after Ráma by a slight touch of his foot had sent flying a hundred leagues through the air the giant Dundubhi's enormous skeleton, Sugríva still doubted whether he were a match in strength for Báli, who had hurled the body an equal distance, while it was still clothed with flesh and therefore of much greater weight. To convince him Ráma shot an arrow from his bow, which cleft seven palm-trees that stood in a line one after the other, pierced the hill behind them and sped downwards to the nethermost hell, whence again it returned and dropt into the quiver at Ráma's side, from which it had been taken.

[2] *Avarádhak*, 'a worshipper,' is for *árádhak*, from the root *rádh*, 'to propitiate,' with the intensive prefix *á*. In the Hindi glossaries it is explained by *sevák*, 'a servant,' as if connected with *avara*.

Dohá 7.

Said Báli: "Hearken, you coward; Raghunáth is kind and the same to all; if by any chance he kill me, then you will have another husband."

Chaupái.

So saying, he sallied forth in all his pride, thinking no more of Sugríva than of a blade of grass. The two joined combat; and Báli with a furious bound struck him a blow with his fist, which resounded like a clap of thunder. Sugríva then fled in dismay; the stroke of his fist had fallen upon him as a bolt from heaven. "What did I say, O merciful Raghubír; this is no brother of mine but Death himself." "You two brothers are so much alike that for fear of mistake I did not kill him." He then stroked Sugríva's body with his hands and his frame became as of adamant, and all his pain was gone. Then he put on his neck a wreath of flowers and gave him great strength and sent him back. Again they fought in every kind of way, while Ráma watched them from behind a tree.

Dohá 8.

When Sugríva had tried every trick and put forth all his strength and had given up in despair, Ráma drew an arrow and struck Báli in the heart.

Chaupái.

Struck by the arrow, he fell in dismay to the ground. Again he sat up and saw the lord standing before him, dark of hue, with his hair fastened up in a knot on his head, with inflamed eyes and an arrow fitted to his bow-string. Again and again as he gazed upon him, he laid his soul at his feet and accounted his life blessed; for he recognized his lord. Though his heart was full of affection, the words of his mouth were harsh, as he looked towards Ráma and said: "You have become incarnate, sire, for the advancement of religion, and yet you take my life, as a huntsman would that of a wild beast. I forsooth am an enemy and Sugríva a friend; but for what fault have you killed me, my lord?" "Hearken, wretch; a younger brother's wife, a sister, a daughter-in-law and an unwedded maid are all alike: whoever looks upon one of them with an evil

eye may be slain without any sin. Fool, in your extravagant pride you paid no heed to your wife's warning. You knew that he had taken refuge under the might of my arm, and yet in your wicked pride you wished to kill him."

Dohá 9.

"Hearken, Ráma; I dealt craftily with my lord; to-day, guilty as I am, I obtain, sire, at my death a place in heaven."

Chaupái.

When Ráma heard this most tender speech, he touched Báli's head with his hands: "I restore the soundness of your body; retain your life." Said Báli: "Hearken, All-merciful; the saints are born again and again and labour throughout their life, and yet even to the last Ráma never comes near them. But he, the everlasting, by the virtue of whose name Sankara at Kási bestows heaven upon all alike, has come in visible form before my very eyes; can I ever, my lord, have such a chance again?

Chhand 1.

He has become visible to my eyes, whose praises the scriptures are all unequal to declare, to whom scarcely the saints attain after profound contemplation accompanied by laborious suppression of the breath, abstraction of soul, and control of the senses. Seeing me the victim of excessive pride, the lord has told me to retain my body. But who would be such a fool as to insist upon cutting down the tree of paradise and watering a wild *babúl* tree? Now, my lord, look upon me with compassion and grant me the boon I beg; whatever the womb, in which it be my fate to be born, may I ever cherish a special devotion to the feet of Ráma. O my lord, take this my son, Angad and grant him like discretion, power and prosperity; grasp him by the hand, O king of gods and men, and make him your servant."

[1]The eight means of mental concentration (according to Patanjali, the founder of the Yoga system of philosophy) are *Yama* 'forbearance,' 'restraint'; *Niyama*, 'religious observances'; *Ásana*, 'postures'; *Pránáyáma*, 'suppression of the breath,' or 'breathing in a peculiar way'; *Pratyáhára*, 'restraint of the senses'; *Dhárana*, 'steadying of the mind'; *Dhyána*, 'contemplation' and *Samádhi*, 'profound meditation,' or rather, a state of religious trance.—*Monier Williams.*

Dohá 10.

After making a fervent act of devotion to Ráma's feet, Báli's soul left the body; as placidly as when a wreath of flowers drops from an elephant's neck without his knowing it;

Chaupái.

And Ráma dismissed him to his own heavenly mansion. All the people of the city ran together in dismay, and Tárá with dishevelled hair and tottering frame broke out into wild lamentation. When Raghuráí saw her distress, he imparted to her wisdom and dispersed her delusion. "The body, which is composed of the five elements, earth, water, fire, air and ether,[1] is of no value. The mortal frame, which you see before you, sleeps; but the soul is eternal; why then do you weep?" True understanding sprung up in her mind; she embraced his feet and received the boon that she asked, a perfect faith. O Umá, the lord Ráma dances us all up and down like so many puppets. Then he gave orders to Sugríva and he performed all the funeral rites with due ceremony. Ráma next directed his brother to go and celebrate Sugríva's installation. He bowed his head at Raghupati's feet and went forth, he and all whom Ráma had commissioned to accompany him.

Dohá 11.

Lakshman immediately summoned the citizens and the council of Bráhmans, and invested Sugríva with the sovereignty and appointed Angad Prince Imperial.

Chaupái.

O Umá, there is no such friend as Ráma in the world, neither guru, nor father, nor mother, nor kinsman, nor lord. It is the way with all other gods, men and saints, to make friends for selfish purposes; but the generous Raghubír, from mere natural kindness, made Sugríva king of the monkeys, when he was trembling all day and all night in such fear of Báli that there was no colour left in his

[1] Ákása, 'ether' is the subtle and ethereal fluid, supposed to fill and pervade the universe and to be the peculiar vehicle of life and of sound.—*Williams.*

face and his heart was burnt up with anxiety. I know this, that any man, who deserts such a lord, must needs be caught in the meshes of calamity. Ráma then sent for Sugríya and instructed him in all the principles of state-craft, and added: "Hearken, Sugríva, lord of the monkey race; I may not enter a city for fourteen years. The hot weather is now over and the rains have set in. I will encamp on the hills close by. Do you with Angad reign in royal state; but remain ever mindful of my interests." Sugríva then returned to the palace, while Ráma remained in camp on mount Pravarshana.[1]

Dohá 12.

The gods had beforehand made and kept for him a charming cave in the mountain, knowing that the All-merciful Ráma would come and stay there for some days.

Chaupái.

The magnificent forest was a most charming sight, with the trees all in flower and the swarms of buzzing bees gathering honey. From the time that the lord came, every plant and fruit and every kind of agreeable foliage was forthcoming in profusion. Seeing the incomparable beauty of the hill, the lord and his brother rested there. In the form of bees, birds and deer, the gods, saints and seers came and did service to their lord. From the time that Lakshmi's spouse took up his abode in it, the forest became a picture of felicity. There the two brothers sat at ease on the bright and glistening crystal rock, and the younger was told many a tale inculcating faith, self-governance, state-craft and wisdom. What with the clouds that ever canopied the heavens and the frequent thunder, the season of the rains seemed a most delightful time.

Dohá 13.

"See, Lakshman, how the peacocks dance at the sight of the clouds, like a householder, enamoured of asceticism, who rejoices when he finds a true believer in Vishnu.

[1] 'In the Sanskrit Rámáyana the hill is called Prasravana; but the two words bear much the same meaning. The text might also be translated, remained on the hill during the early rains.'

Chaupái.

Clouds gather in the sky and thunders roar; but my darling is gone and my soul is in distress.[1] The lightning flashes fitfully amid the darkness, like the friendship of the vile which never lasts. The pouring clouds cleave close to the ground, as sages stoop beneath accumulated lore. The mountain endures the buffeting of the storm, as the virtuous bear the abuse of the wicked. The flooded streamlets rush proudly along, like mean men puffed up with a little wealth. The water by its contact with the earth becomes as muddy as the soul when environed by delusion. The lakes swell gradually and imperceptibly, like as when the quality of goodness developes in a good man; and the rivers flow into the bosom of the ocean, like as the soul, that has found Hari, is at rest for ever.

Dohá 14.

The green earth is so choked with grass that the paths can no longer be distinguished, like holy books obscured by the wrangling of heretics.

Chaupái.

On all sides there is a lively croaking of frogs, like a party of Bráhman students repeating the Vedas. All the trees put forth their new leaves, like pious souls that have come to matured wisdom. The *ák* and *jawása* plants lose their leaves: as in a well governed realm the schemes of the wicked come to nought. Search as you like, there is no dust to be seen on the road; like as when religion is put out of sight by passion. The earth under the light of the moon makes as goodly a show as the prosperity of the benevolent. The fireflies glitter in the darkness of the cloudy night, like a mustered band of hypocritical pretenders. The ridges of the fields are broken down by the heavy rains, like women ruined by too much license. The diligent cultivators weed their lands, like philosophers who root up ignorance, vanity and pride. The *chakwá* and other birds are not to be seen, like virtue that has fled at the coming of the iron age. However much it may rain, no

[1] In England a cloudy sky is associated with gloomy ideas and the bright sunshine with everything that is cheerful. But in India it is the reverse. When the clouds gather and thunder is heard, every one rejoices at the prospect of rain.

grass springs up on barren ground ; so dust takes no root in the heart of Hari's worshippers. The earth gleams with swarms of living creatures of every kind ; so the people multiply under good government. Here and there weary wayfarers stay and rest, like a man's bodily senses after the attainment of wisdom.

Dohá 15.

At times a strong wind disperses the clouds in all directions, like the birth of a bad son, who destroys all the pious practices of his family.

Chaupái.

Now the rains are over and the season of autumn has returned ; see, Lakshman, how exquisitely beautiful everything is. The whole earth is covered with the flowering *káns* grass, as though the rains had exposed its old age. The rising of Canopus[1] has dried up the water on the roads, like as greed is dried up by contentment. The surface of every river and lake is as pure and bright as is the soul of the saints devoid of all vanity and delusion ; drop by drop their depths are diminished like as the enlightened gradually lose all notions of self. The wagtails know the autumn season and come out once more, like virtuous deeds in an auspicious time. There is neither mud nor dust ; the earth is as brilliant as the administration of a king, who is well versed in state policy. The fish are distressed by the shrinking of the water, like improvident men of family by the loss of money. The unclouded sky shines as bright as a worshipper of Hari, who has discarded every other patron. Here and there is a slight autumn shower, like the faith of one who is not yet fully persuaded.

Dohá 16.

Kings and ascetics, merchants and mendicants, leave the city and go about with enjoyment, like men in any of the four stages of life,[2] who cease to labour when they have once attained to faith in Hari.

[1] The heliacal rising of the constellation Agastya, *i. e*, Canopus, takes place on the seventh day after the new moon of Bhádon, in the rainy season.

[2] The four stages of life, through which every Bráhman should pass, are 1st, that of the Brahma-chári, or student ; 2nd, that of the Griha-stha, or householder ; 3rd, that of the Vánaprastha, or anchorite ; and 4th, that of the Bhikshu, or mendicant.

Chaupái.

Where the water is deep, the fish are as glad as men who have taken refuge with Hari and have not a single trouble. The lakes, with their flowering lotuses, are as beautiful as the immaterial Supreme Spirit when clothed with a material form. The garrulous bees make a wonderful buzzing, and the birds a charming concert of diverse sounds, but the *chakwá* is sad of soul to see the night, like a bad man at the sight of another's prosperity. The chátak cries out from excess of thirst, like a rebel against Mahádev, who knows no rest. The moon by night subdues the autumnal heat of the sun, like as the sight of a saint expels sin. Flocks of partridges fix their gaze upon the moon, as Hari's worshippers look only to Hari. Mosquitoes and gadflies are driven away by the terrors of winter like as a family is destroyed by the sin of persecuting Bráhmans.

Dohá 17.

Under the influence of the autumn, earth is rid of its insect swarms, as a man, who has found a good teacher, is relieved from all doubt and error.

Chaupái.

The rains are over and the clear season has come, but I have had no news, brother, of Sita. If I could only once anyhow get tidings of her, I would in an instant recover her out of the hands of even Death himself. Wherever she may be, if only she still lives, brother, I would make an effort to rescue her. Sugríva has forgotten all about me, now that he has got back his kingdom and treasure, his city and his queen. Fool that he is, I will to-morrow slay him with the self same arrow with which I slew Báli." He, by whose favour, Umá, pride and delusion are dissipated, could never even dream of being angry. Only enlightened saints can understand these actions of his, who have a hearty devotion to the feet of Raghubír. Lakshman thought his lord was angry, and strung his bow and took his arrows in his hands.

Dohá 18.

Then the All-merciful Raghupati instructed his brother, saying: "Frighten our friend Sugríva and bring him here."

Chaupái.

Now the Son of the Wind had thought to himself, 'Sugríva has forgotten all about Ráma.' So he went near and bowed his head at his feet and reminded him of the four modes of making war.[1] As Sugríva listened, he became much alarmed: "Sensual pleasures have robbed me of all my understanding. Now, O Hanumán, despatch a multitude of spies, legions of monkeys, in every direction and tell them that any one, who is not back in a fortnight, shall meet his death at my hands." Hanumán then summoned the envoys, and showed them all special honour, making use of threats, blandishments and motives of policy. They all bowed their head at his feet and set forth. At that very time Lakshman entered the city. Seeing him to be angry the monkeys all ran away.

Dohá 19.

He twanged his bow and cried 'I will burn the city to ashes.' Then came Báli's son, seeing the distress of the people,

Chaupái.

and bowed his head at his feet and made humble petition till Lakshman assured him he had nought to fear. When the monkey king heard tell of Lakshman's wrath, he was terribly alarmed: "Hearken, Hanumán; take Tárá with you and with suppliant prayers appease the prince." Hanumán went with Tárá and fell at his feet, and hymned his lord's praises, then respectfully conducted him to the palace and bathed his feet and seated him on a couch. The monkey king then bowed his head at his feet and Lakshman took him by the hand and embraced him. "There is nothing, my lord, so intoxicating as pleasure; in a single moment it infatuates even the soul of a saint." On hearing this humble speech, Lakshman was glad and said everything to reassure him, while Hanumán told him all that had been done and how a multitude of spies had already started.

Dohá 20.

Then Sugríva with Angad and the other monkeys went forth with joy, preceded by Lakshman, and arrived in Ráma's presence.

[1] The four *upáyas*, or modes of making war, are, sowing dissension, negotiation, bribery, and open force.

Chaupái.

With folded hands he bowed his head at his feet and cried: "My lord, it has been no fault of mine. Your delusive power, sire, is so strong that only Ráma's favour can disperse it. Gods and men, saints and kings are mastered by their senses; and I am but a poor brute beast, a monkey, one of the most libidinous of animals. A man who is invulnerable by the arrow of a woman's eye, who remains wakeful through the dark night of angry passion, and whose neck has never been bound by the halter of covetousness, is your equal, O Raghurái. It is a virtue not attainable by any religious observances; it is only by your grace that one here and one there can accomplish it." Then Raghupati smiled and said: "You are as dear to me as my own brother Bharat. Now take thought and make an effort to get tidings of Síta."

Dohá 21.

While they were yet thus speaking, the troops of monkeys arrived, of all colours and from all parts of the world, a monkey host marvellous to behold.

Chaupái.

I, Uma, saw this army of monkeys; only a fool would try to count them. They came and bowed the head at Ráma's feet and gazing upon his face found in him their true lord. In the whole host there was not a single monkey to whom Ráma did not give separate greeting. This is no great miracle for the lord Raghurái, who is omnipresent and all-pervading. They all stood as they were told, rank after rank, while Sugríva thus spoke and instructed them: "In Ráma's behoof and at my request go forth ye monkey hosts in every direction. Make search for Janak's daughter, my brethren, and return within a month. Whoever comes back at the end of the time without any news shall die at my hands."

Dohá 22.

No sooner had they heard this speech than all the monkeys started at once in every direction. Sugríva then called Angad, Nila and Hanumán:

Chaupái.

"Hearken, Nila, Angad and Hanumán, and you, O staunch and sagacious Jámbaván; go ye together, all ye gallant warriors, to the south and ask every one for news of Síta. Strain every faculty to devise some scheme by which to accomplish Ráma's purpose. In the heat, turn your back to the sun; in the cold, take a spark of fire to warm your body by, but still work on without making excuses, in complete devotion to your lord: a master must be respected in all his whims without any subterfuges. Discard the unrealities of the world and consider the future; so shall all the troubles connected with existence be destroyed. This is the end, brother, for which we were born, to worship Ráma without any desire for self. He only is truly discriminative, he only is greatly blessed, who is enamoured of the feet of Raghubír." After begging permission to depart and bowing the head at his feet they set out with joy, invoking Raghurái. The last to make obeisance was Hanumán. The lord, knowing what would happen, called him near and with his lotus hands touched his head and gave him his ring off his finger, for he knew his devotion: "Say everything to comfort Síta, telling her of my might and my constancy, and come quickly." Hanumán thought himself happy to have been born and set forth, with the image of the All-merciful impressed upon his heart. Although the Lord knows everything, he observes the rules of state-craft in his character as the champion of the gods.

Dohá 23.

They went forth searching every wood, river, lake, and mountain cave, with their soul so absorbed in Ráma's concerns that they forgot all about their own bodily wants.

Chaupái.

Wherever it might be that they came across a demon, they took his life with a single blow. They looked into every recess of forest and hill, and if they met any hermit they all surrounded him. Overcome by thirst they were dreadfully distrest, and losing their way in the dense jungle, could find no water. Hanumán thought to himself "without water to drink we shall all die." He climbed

a mountain peak and, looking all round about, spied a strange opening in the ground ; with geese, herons and swans on the wing and all kinds of birds making their way into it. Then Hanumán came down from the mountain and took them all and showed them this cavern, and with him to lead the way they lost no time, but entered the chasm.

Dohá 24.

A grove and beautiful lake came in sight with many flowering lotuses and a magnificent temple where a holy woman[1] was sitting.

Chaupái.

From a distance they all bowed the head before her and made enquiry and also declared their own circumstances. She then said: "Take water to drink and eat at will of this luscious and beautiful fruit." They bathed and eat of the sweet fruit and then all came and drew near to her, and told her all their adventures. "I will now go to Raghuráí ; close your eyes and so leave the cave ; you will recover Síta, do not fear." The warriors closed their eyes, and when they again opened then they were all standing on the shore of the ocean. But she went to Raghunáth and came and bowed her head at his lotus feet, and made much supplication. The lord bestowed upon her imperishable faith.

Dohá 25.

In obedience to the lord's commands she went to the Badri forest, cherishing in her heart Ráma's feet, the adoration of the eternal Síva.

Chaupái.

Now the monkeys were thinking to themselves: "The appointed time has passed and nothing has been done." So they all came together and asked one another, "there is no news, brother ; what are we to do?" Angad's eyes were full of tears as he replied: "It is death for us either way. Here we have failed to get tidings of Síta, and if we go home our king will slay us. After my father's death he would have killed me, had not Ráma protected

[1] In the Sanskrit Rám áyana her name is given as Swayamprábhá 'the self-shining'.

me, no thanks to him." Again and again Angad told them all, "It is a case of death without a doubt." When the monkey chiefs heard Angad's words, they could make no answer, tears streamed from their eyes. For a moment they were overwhelmed with despair, but at last they all spoke and said "unless we get news of Síta we will not return, O sagacious prince." So saying the monkeys all went to the sea shore and there sat with blades of grass between their teeth. But Jámbaván seeing Angad's distress, addressed him with a discourse of appropriate admonition: "My son, do not imagine Ráma to be a man; know that he is the invisible god, unconquerable and from everlasting. All we who are his servants are most highly blessed in our love for the eternal God thus made incarnate.

Dohá 26.

Of his own free will the lord has manifested himself on behalf of gods, bráhmans, cows and Earth, and remains in bodily form among his worshippers, having abandoned all the joys of heaven."

Chaupái.

He exhorted him in this wise at great length, and Sampáti from his cave in the mountain heard him. When he came out and saw the multitude of monkeys, he cried: "God has provided me with a feast. I will eat them all up at once; I am dying for want of a meal these many days past. I have never yet had a good belly-full, but to-day God has supplied me for once and all." The monkeys trembled to hear the vulture's words, 'we were right in saying to-day we must die.' At the sight of him they all rose up, and Jámbaván was mightily disturbed at heart; but Angad, after thinking to himself, exclaimed: "glory to Jatáyu, there is none like him, who gave up his life in Ráma's service and, blessed beyond measure, has been translated to Hari's sphere in heaven." When the bird heard these words of mingled joy and sadness, he drew near to the monkeys in alarm and after assuring them of safety began to question them. They told him the whole history. When Sampáti heard of his brother's doings, he gave great glory to Raghúpati.

Dohá 27.

"Take me to the sea shore and make him an offering of sesaman seeds; with the help of my instructions you shall recover her whom you seek."

Chaupái.

When he had completed the funeral rites for his brother on the sea shore, he told them his own history. "Hearken, monkey chiefs; We two brothers in our first youth mounted into the heaven winging our way towards the sun. He could not endure his splendour and turned back, but I in my pride went closer. My wings were scorched by the excessive heat, and I fell to the earth uttering fearful cries. A saint, by name Chandrama,[1] was moved with compassion when he saw me, and instructed me in all kinds of knowledge and rid me of my inveterate pride. "In the Treta age God will take the form of a man, and his spouse will be carried off by the king of the demons. The lord will send out messengers to search for her, and by joining them you will be purified. Your wings will sprout again, fear not, when you have shown them Síta." The saints prophecy has come true to-day. Hearken to my words and set about your lord's business. On the top of mount Trikút is the city of Lanká; there lives Rávan in absolute security and there, in a grove of Asoka trees, sits Síta, a prey to grief.

Dohá 28.

I see her, thought you cannot; a vulture's sight has no bounds. I am now old, or else I would have given you some assistance.

Chaupái.

If any one of you can leap over a hundred leagues of sea, he will do Ráma's business for him very cleverly. Look at me and reassure yourselves; see how my body has been restored by Ráma's favour. Any wretch, who invokes his name, is able to cross the vast and boundless ocean of existence and you are his messengers; have then no fear, but with Ráma's image impressed upon your soul, concert your plans." So saying, Garúr, the vulture left them, and their soul was in the greatest amazement. Each one

[1] In the Sanskrit Rámáyana he is called Nisákara, the night-maker, which also, like Chandrama, is a name for the moon.

vaunted his own strength, but doubted whether he could leap across. Said the king of the bears, "I am now too old and not a particle of my former strength is left in my body; when Kharári took his three strides,[1] then I was young and full of vigour.

Dohá 29.

As he fettered Báli, the lord increased in stature to an indescribable size, but in less than an hour I ran round him seven times."

Chaupái.

Angad said: "I will leap across; but I am rather doubtful above getting back again" then said Jámbaván: "you are quite competent; but why should we send our leader? Hearken Hanumán," added the king of the bears, "why is our champion so silent? You are the son of the wind and strong as your sire, a storehouse of good sense, discretion and knowledge; in all the world what undertaking is there so difficult that you, my son, cannot accomplish it? and it is on Ráma's account that you have come down upon earth." On hearing this he swelled to the size of a mountain, with a body of golden hue and dazzling splendour, as though a very monarch of mountains, and roaring again and again as it were a lion, he cried "I will lightly spring across the salt abyss, and having slain Rávan with all his army, will uproot Trikút and bring it here. I ask you, Jámbaván, what I am to do; give me proper advice." "Only do this, my son, go and see Síta and come back with the news." Then the lotus-eyed, by the might of his own arm, taking with him merely for a show his hosts of monkeys,

Chhand 2.

With his hosts of monkeys, Ráma will destroy the demons and recover Síta, and gods and saints and Nárad and all will declare his glory, that sanctifies the three spheres. Any man attains the highest beatitude who hears, sings, tells or meditates upon the feet of Raghubír's lotus flowers which, like the bee, Tulsi Dás is ever singing.

[1] The allusion is to Vishnu's incarnation as a dwarf, which was the fifth in order, that as Ráma being the seventh.

Dohá 30.

If any man or woman will study the glories of Raghunáth, the panacea for all the ills of life, Siva will make him to prosper in everything that he desires.

Soraṭhá 2.

Hearken then to his praises, with his body dark of hue as the lotus, with more than all the beauty of a myriad Loves, the fowler who sweeps into his net all kinds of sin as it were so many birds.

[*Thus endeth the Book entitled* "KISHKINDHYÁ," *composed by Tulsi Dás for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continence; being the fourth descent into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world.*]

BOOK V.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE RÁMÁYANA

OF

TULSI DÁS.

BOOK V.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Sanskrit Invocation.

I ADORE, under his name RÁMA, the passionless, the eternal, the immeasurable, the sinless; the bestower of the peace of final emancipation; the lord, whom Brahma, Sambhu, and the Serpent-king incessantly worship; the theme of the Vedánta; the sovereign of the universe; the preceptor of the gods; Hari in the delusive form of man; the All-merciful; the princely son of Raghu; the jewel of kings.

O Raghupati, there is no other desire in my soul—I speak the truth and you know all my inmost thoughts—grant me, O Raghu king, a vehement faith, and make my heart clean of lust and every other sin.

I reverence the home of immeasurable strength, with his body resembling a mountain of gold; the fire that consumed the demons as it were the trees of a forest; the first name in the list of the truly wise; the store-house of all good qualities; the monkey chief; Raghupati's noble messenger, the son of the wind.

Chaupái.

On hearing Jámbaván's delectable speech, Hanumán was greatly rejoiced at heart. "Wait for me here, my friends, enduring the discomfort and with only roots, herbs, and fruits for your food, till I return after seeing Síta; I shall be glad, indeed, when my task is done." So saying, he bowed his head to them all and went forth with joy, with the image of Raghunáth impressed upon his heart. There was a majestic rock by the sea shore; he lightly sprung on to the top of it; then, again and again invoking Raghubír, the son of the wind leaped with all his might. The mountain on which he had planted his foot sank down immediately into the

depths of hell. Like Ráma's own unerring shaft, so sped Hanumán on his way. Ocean had regard for Ráma's envoy and told Maináka to ease his toil.[1]

Dohá 1.

But Hanumán merely touched him with his hand, then bowed and said, 'I can stop nowhere till I have done Ráma's business.'

Chaupái.

The gods saw Hanumán on his way and wished to make special trial of his strength and sagacity. So they sent the mother of the serpent-race, Surasá by name, who came and cried: 'To-day the gods have provided me a meal.' On hearing these words, the son of the wind replied: "When I have performed Ráma's commission and have come back, and have given my lord the news about Síta, then I will put myself into your mouth: I tell you the truth, mother, only let me go now." But, however much he tried, she would not let him go, till at last he said: 'You cannot get me into your mouth.' She opened her jaws a league wide; the monkey made his body twice that size. Then she stretched her mouth sixteen leagues. Hanumán at once became thirty-two. However much Surasá expanded her jaws, the monkey made his frame twice as large again. When she had made her mouth a hundred leagues wide, he reduced himself to a very minute form and went into her mouth and came out again: then bowed and asked permission to proceed. "The purpose for which the gods sent me, namely, to make trial of your wisdom and strength, I have now accomplished.

Dohá 2.

Your wisdom and strength are perfect; you will do all that Ráma requires of you." She then gave him her blessing and departed, and Hanumán went on his way rejoicing.

Chaupái.

A female demon[2] dwelt in the ocean, who by magic caught the birds of the air. All living creatures that fly in the air as they look down upon the water cast a shadow upon it; and she was able

[1] Maináka is a rock in the narrow strait between Lanka and the main land.

[2] In the Sanskrit Rámáyana her name is given as Sinhiká, the mother of Ráhu.

to catch the shadow, so that they could not fly away; and in this manner she always had birds to eat. She played this same trick on Hanumán; but the monkey at once saw through her craft and slew her, hero as he was, and all undismayed crossed over to the opposite shore. Arriving there, he marked the beauty of the wood, with the bees buzzing in their search for honey, the diverse trees all resplendent with simultaneous flower and fruit, and multitudes of birds and deer delightful to behold. Seeing a huge rock further on, he fearlessly sprang on to the top of it. But, Umá, this was not at all the monkey's own strength, but the gift of the lord, who devours even Death himself. Mounted on the height, he surveyed Lanká, a magnificent fortress that defies description, with the deep sea on all four sides around its golden walls of dazzling splendour.

Chhand 1.

Its golden walls studded with all kinds of jewels, a marvellously beautiful sight, with market-places, bazárs, quays, and streets, and all the other accessories of a fine city. Who could count the multitude of elephants, horses, and mules, the crowds of footmen and chariots, and the troops of demons of every shape, a formidable host beyond all description. The woods, gardens, groves, and pastures, the ponds, wells, and tanks were all superb; and the soul of a saint would be ravished at the sight of the fair daughters both of men and Nágas, of gods and Gandharvas. Here wrestlers, of monstrous stature like mountains, were thundering with mighty voice and grappling with one another in the different courts, with shouts of mutual defiance. Thousands of warriors of huge bulk were sedulously guarding the city on all four sides; elsewhere horrid demons were banqueting in the form of buffaloes, men, oxen, asses, and goats. Tulsi Dás for this reason gives them a few words of mention, because they lost their life by Ráma's hallowed shafts and thus became assured of entrance into heaven.

Dohá 3.

Seeing the number of the city guards, the monkey thought to himself, 'I must make myself very small and slip into the town by night.'

Chaupái.

Thereupon he assumed the form of a gnat[1] and entered Lanka after invoking Vishnu.[2] The female demon, by name Lankini, accosted him: "How dare you come here in contempt of me? Fool, do you not know my practice, that every thief in Lanka is my prey?" The monkey struck her one such a blow with his fist that she fell to the ground vomiting blood. Recovering herself again, she stood up and with clasped hands made this confident petition: "When Brahma granted Rávan's prayer, the Creator gave me a sign before he left, 'When worsted by a monkey, know then that it is all over with the demons.' My meritorious deeds, my son, must have been very many that I have been rewarded with the sight of Ráma's messenger.

Dohá 4.

In one scale of the balance put the bliss of heaven and the final emancipation of the soul from the body, but it will be altogether outweighed by a fraction of the joy that results from communion with the saints.

Chaupái.

Enter the city and accomplish your task, ever mindful at heart of the lord of Kosala. Deadly poison becomes as ambrosia, foes turn friends, a puddle becomes an ocean, fire gives out cold and the bulk of Sumeru weighs no heavier than a grain of sand, to him whom Ráma deigns to regard with favour." In the tiny form that he had assumed, Hanumán entered the city with a prayer to God. Carefully inspecting every separate palace, he found everywhere warriors innumerable. When he had come to Rávan's court, its magnificence was past all telling. The monkey saw him in bed asleep, but no trace of Síta in the room. He then noticed another splendid building, with a temple of Hari standing apart, its walls

[1] The word *masak*, which I translate 'gnat,' never, so far as I am aware, bears any other meaning. But in one glossary, with reference to this particular passage, it is explained by *bilár* 'a cat,' only—as it would seem—because that is the animal mentioned in the Sanskrit Rámáyana. In both cases the poet has no sooner stated the transformation than he forgets all about it; for all Hanumán's subsequent actions are described as if performed by him in his natural shape.

[2] *Nara-hari* stands for the more common Nara-sinha—*hari* and *sinha* both meaning 'a lion'—and here denotes not that particular incarnation, but Vishnu generally.

brilliantly illuminated with Ráma's name, too beautiful to describe, it fascinated every beholder.

Dohá 5.

The beauty of the chamber emblazoned with Ráma's arms was indescribable. At the sight of some fresh sprigs of tulsi, the monkey chief was enraptured.

Chaupái.

"Lanká is the abode of a gang of demons, how can the pious have any home here?" While the monkey was thus reasoning within himself, Vibhíshan awoke and at once began to repeat Ráma's name in prayer. The monkey was delighted to find a true believer. "Shall I at once make myself known to him? A good man will never spoil any undertaking." Assuming the form of a Bráhman, he raised his voice in speech. As soon as Vibhíshan heard him, he rose to meet him, and bowing low, asked after his welfare, saying, "Tell me, reverend Sir, who you may be; if a servant of Hari, you have my hearty affection; if a loving follower of Ráma, your visit is a great honour for me."

Dohá 6.

Hanumán then told him Ráma's whole history and his own name. At the recital and the recollection of his infinite virtues, both quivered all over the body, while their soul was drowned in joy.

Chaupái.

"Hearken, Son of the Wind; my condition here is like that of the poor tongue between the teeth. But do not suppose, Father, that I am friendless: the Lord of the Solar race will show me favour. The sinful body is of no avail, if there is no love at heart for his lotus feet. Now, Hanumán, I have gained confidence; for it is only by Hari's favour that one meets a good man, and it is the result of his kindness that you have so readily revealed yourself to me." "Listen, Vibhíshan, to my experience of the Lord; he is ever affectionate to his servants. Say who am I and of what noble descent; a wanton monkey, of no merit whatever, a creature the mention of whose name in the early morning makes a man go fasting for the whole day.

Dohá 7.

So mean am I; yet hearken, friend; Raghubír has shown favour even to me." His eyes filled with tears as he recalled his perfection.

Chaupái.

"I know of a truth that any who turn aside in forgetfulness of such a lord may well be miserable." As he thus discoursed on Ráma's excellencies, he felt an unspeakable calm. Vibhíshan then told him of all that had been going on and of Síta's mode of life, then Hanumán cried: "Hearken, brother; I would fain see the august Síta." Vibhíshan explained to him the whole mode of procedure, and the Son of the Wind then took his leave and proceeded on his way. Again assuming the same form as before, he went to the Asoka grove, where Síta dwelt. As soon as he saw her, he mentally prostrated himself in her presence. She had spent the first watch of the night sitting up, haggard in appearance, her hair knotted in a single braid on her head,[1] repeating to herself the list of Raghupati's perfections;

Dohá 8.

Her eyes fastened on her own feet, but with her soul absorbed in the contemplation of the feet of her lord. Hanumán was mightily distrest to see her so sad.

Chaupái.

Concealing himself behind the branches of a tree, he mused within himself: "Come, sir, what ought I to do?" At that very moment Rávan drew near, with a troop of women in various attire. The wretch tried in every way to talk Síta over, by blandishments, bribes, threats and misrepresentations. "Hearken, fair dame," he cried, "I will make Mandodari and all my other queens your handmaids, I swear it, if you only give me one look." Síta plucked a blade of grass, and with averted face, fondly remembering her own dear lord, replied: "Hearken, Rávan; will the lotus expand at the light of a glowworm? Ponder this at heart," cried Jánaki;

[1] To twist the hair in a single braid is a sign of mourning for an absent husband.

"Wretch, have you no fear of Ráma's shafts? Even though absent, Hari will rescue me. Shameless monster, have you no shame?

Dohá 9.

I tell you, you are but a glowworm, while the very sun is only an image of Ráma." On hearing this bold speech he drew his sword and cried in the utmost fury:

Chaupái.

"Sita, you have outraged me; I will cut off your head with this biting blade: If you do not at once obey my words, you will lose your life, my lady." "My lord's arms, Rávan, are beautiful as a string of dark lotuses and mighty as an elephant's trunk; either they shall have my neck, or if not, then your cruel sword. Hearken, wretch, to this my solemn vow. With your gleaming scimitar[1] put an end to my distress, and let the fiery anguish that I endure for Ráma's loss be quenched in night by the sharp blade of your sword; rid me," cried Sítá, "of my burden of pain." On hearing these words he again rushed forward to kill her; but the daughter of Maya restrained him with words of admonition. He then summoned all the female demons and ordered them to go and intimidate Sita; 'if she does not mind what I say in a month's time, I will draw my sword and slay her.'

Dohá 10.

Rávan then returned to the palace, while the demon crew, assuming every kind of hideous form, proceeded to terrify Sita.

Chaupái.

One of them, by name Trijatá, was devoted to Ráma's service, prudent and wise. She declared to them all a dream, how that they for their own sake ought to show Sita reverence. "In my dream a monkey set fire to Lanká, and put to death the whole demon army, and set Rávan on an ass, naked, with his head shorn and his twenty arms hacked off. In this fashion he went away

[1]The word translated 'gleaming scimitar' is *chandra-hás*, which means literally 'deriding the moon,' by reason, that is, of its own greater brilliancy.

towards the south,[1] while Vibhíshan succeeded to the throne of Lanká. The city resounded with cries for mercy in Ráma's name, and the lord then told Síta to go among them. I deliberately warn you that four days hence this dream will be accomplished." Upon hearing her words, they were all dismayed and went and threw themselves at Síta's feet,

Dohá 11.

then dispersed in every direction. But Síta was troubled at heart: 'At the end of a month[2] this vile monster will slay me.'

Chaupái.

With clasped hands she cried to Trijatá: "Mother, you are my helper in distress; quickly devise some plan that I may be rid of life, for this intolerable bereavement is no longer to be endured. Bring wood and erect my funeral pyre and then set fire to it. My affection, reverend dame, will then be approved." Who could bear to listen to such an agonizing cry? When she heard her speech, she clasped her feet and would fain comfort her by reciting the majesty and might and glory of her lord. "Hearken, fair lady; there is no fire to be had at night;" and so saying she went away home. Síta exclaimed: "Heaven is unkind; without fire my pain cannot be cured. I see the heaven all bright with sparks, but not a single star drops to the earth. The moon is all ablaze, but no fire comes from it, as if it knew what a poor wretch I am. Ye Asoka trees,[3] that hear my prayer, answer to your name and rid me of my pain; and you flame-coloured opening buds, supply me with fire to consume my body." A single moment seemed like an age to the monkey, as he beheld Síta thus piteously lamenting her bereavement.

Dohá 12.

After taking thought within himself he threw down the signet ring, as though a spark had fallen from the Asoka. She started up with joy and clasped it in her hand.

[1] The realm of Yama, the god of Death, is supposed to be in the south. For this reason a Hindu will never, when it is possible to avoid it, have the door of his house in that direction. Muhammadans even at the present day are much influenced by the same superstition.

[2] As appears from what follows, it is not death that she dreads, but the long interval of a month, which has to elapse before her death takes place.

[3] The name Asoka is derived from *a* 'without' and *soka* 'pain.' The conceit cannot be preserved in an English translation.

Chaupái.

When she had looked at the lovely ring, beautifully engraved with Ráma's name, she was all astonishment, for she recognized it, and her heart fluttered with mingled joy and sorrow. "Who can conquer the unconquerable Raghurái? This cannot be any trick of Maya." All sorts of fancies passed through her mind, till Hanumán spoke in honeyed accents and began to recount Rámchandra's praises. As Síta listened, her grief took flight. Intently she hearkened with all her soul as well as her ears while he related the whole story from the very beginning. "The tale you tell is so grateful to my ears; why do you not show yourself, friend?" Then Hanumán advanced and drew near. She turned and sunk to the ground in bewilderment. "Noble Jánaki, I am Ráma's messenger; the Fountain of mercy himself attest my truth. I have brought this ring, lady, which Ráma gave me for you as a token." "Tell me how can monkeys consort with man?" He then explained how they had come together.

Dohá 13.

On hearing the monkey's affectionate speech, her soul trusted him, and she recognized him as a faithful follower of the All-merciful.

Chaupái.

On perceiving him to be one of Hari's worshippers, she felt an intense affection for him; her eyes filled with tears, her body quivered with emotion. "O Hanumán, I was sinking in the ocean of bereavement; but in you, my friend, I have found a ship. Tell me now of their welfare, I adjure you; how is the blessed Kharári and how is his brother? Raghurái is tender-hearted and merciful, why, O monkey, should he affect such cruelty? The mere sound of his voice is a delight to his servants. Does he ever deign to remember me? Will my eyes, friend, be ever gladdened by the sight of his dark and delicate body?" Words failed, her eyes swam with tears. "Alas! my lord has entirely forgotten me." Seeing Síta thus distracted by her bereavement, the monkey replied in gentle and respectful tones: "Lady, your lord and his brother

are both well, save that the All-merciful sorrows for your sorrow. Do not imagine, madam, that Ráma's affection is a whit less than your own.

Dohá 14.

Take courage now and listen to Ráma's message." So saying, the monkey's voice failed him and his eyes filled with tears.

Chaupái.

"I will describe to you, Síta, how Ráma suffered. 'Every thing,' he said 'is changed into its opposite. The fresh buds upon the trees burn like fire; night seems as the night of death, and the moon scorches like the sun. A bed of lotuses seems a prickly brake, and the rain clouds drop boiling oil. Every tree gives me pain, and the softest and most fragrant breeze is like the breath of a serpent. Nothing relieves my torture, and to whom can I declare it? for there is no one who will understand. The essence of such love as yours and mine, my beloved, only my own soul can comprehend, and this my soul is always with you. Know such to be the measure of my love.'" As the Videhan princess listened to Ráma's message, she became so absorbed in love as to have no thought for herself. Said the monkey: "Lady, compose yourself, remembering that Ráma is a benefactor to all who serve him. Reflect upon his might, and, as you listen to my speech, discard all anxiety.

Dohá 15.

The demon crew are like moths and Raghupati's arrows as a flame; be stout of heart, madam, and rest assured that they will all be consumed.

Chaupái.

If Raghubír only knew, he would make no delay. Ráma's shafts, like the rays of the rising sun, will scatter the darkling demon host. I would have carried you away at once myself, but, I swear to you by Ráma, that I have not received his order to do so. Wait patiently, madam, for a few days, and he will arrive with his monkeys, will slaughter the demons, and take you away, so that Nárad and the other seers will glorify him in all the three spheres

of creation." "Are all the monkeys, my son, like you? the demon warriors are very powerful, and my soul is sorely disquieted." On hearing this, the monkey showed himself in his natural form, his body in bulk like a mountain of gold, terrible in battle, and of vast strength; then Síta took comfort at heart, and he at once resumed his diminutive appearance.

Dohá 16.

"Hearken, lady; the monkeys have no great strength or wit of their own, but by the Lord's favour even a snake, small as it is, might swallow Garúr."

Chaupái.

As she hearkened to the monkey's speech, so full of glorious faith and noble confidence, her mind became easy; she recognized his love for Ráma and gave him her blessing: "May you abound, my son, in all strength and virtue; may neither age nor death affect your good qualities, and may you be ever constant in your devotion to Ráma, and may the Lord be gracious to you." Hearing these words, Hanumán became utterly overwhelmed with emotion; again and again he bowed his head at her feet, and with clapsed hands spoke thus: "Now, lady, I am fully rewarded; for your blessing is known to be effectual. But hearken, madam, I am frightfully hungry and I see the trees laden with delicious fruit." "Know, my son, that this grove is guarded by most valiant and formidable demons." "I am not afraid of them, mother, if only you will keep your mind easy."

Dohá 17.

Seeing the monkey so strong and sagacious, Jánaki said: "Go, my son, and eat of this pleasant fruit, with your heart fixed on Hari's feet."

Chaupái.

He bowed his head and went and entered the garden and having eaten of the fruit began breaking down the trees. A number of stalwart watchmen were posted there; but some he killed, the others went and called for help: "My lord, an enormous monkey has come and rooted up the Asoka grove; he has eaten the fruit

and broken down the trees, and with many a blow laid the watchmen on the ground." On hearing this, Rávan despatched a number of his champions. At the sight of them Hanumán roared like thunder and overthrew the whole demon host; a few, more dead than alive, ran off shrieking. He then sent the young prince Aksha, who took with him an immense number of his best warriors. Seeing them approach he seized a tree, which he brandished and with an awful roar swept them down with it.

Dohá 18.

Some he hacked, some he crushed, some he laid low in the dust; some got back and cried "My lord, this monkey is too strong for us."

Chaupái.

When he heard of his son's death, the king of Lanká was furious, and he sent the valiant Meghnád. "Do not kill him, my son, but bind him; I would fain see this monkey and where he has come from." Indrajit[1] sallied forth, a peerless champion, full of fury at the tidings of his brother's death. When the monkey saw this formidable warrior draw near, he ground his teeth, and with a roar rushed forward and tore up a tree of enormous size, with which he swept the prince of Lanká from his car. As for the mighty men of war who accompanied him, he seized them one by one and crushed them by his weight. Having finished them off, he closed with their leader. It was like the encounter of two lions. After striking him a blow with his fist, he went and climbed a tree, while for a moment a swoon came over his antagonist. But again he arose and practised many enchantments; still the wind god's son was not to be vanquished.

Dohá 19.

On his making ready Brahma's magical weapon,[2] the monkey thought within himself. "If I do not submit to Brahma's shaft, its infinite virtue will have failed."

[1] Meghnád's name was changed by Brahma to Indrajit, after his victory over Indra.

[2] The weapon had been given to Meghnád by Brahma with a promise that it should never fail. Hanumán therefore submits to it in order that Brahma's promise might not be falsified.

Chaupái.

He launched the magic dart against the monkey, who overthrew a host as he fell. When he saw that he had become unconscious, he bound him with a running noose and carried him off. Observe, Bhaváni; the messenger of the god, by the repetition of whose name wise men cut the bonds of existence, himself came under bondage, or rather in his lord's service submitted to be bound. When the demons heard that the monkey had been bound, they all rushed to the palace to see the sight. The majesty of Rávan's court on the monkey's arrival there struck him as being beyond all description. The gods and regents of the air, standing humbly with clasped hands, were all in dismay, if they saw him frown. But the monkey's soul was no more disturbed at the sight of his majesty than Garúr would be frightened by any number of snakes.

Dohá 20.

When Rávan saw the monkey, he laughed aloud and mocked him; then again he remembered his son's death and his soul grew sad.

Chaupái.

Said the King of Lanká: Who are you, monkey, and by whose might have you wrought the destruction of the grove? What, do not you hear me? I see you are an uncommonly bold varlet. For what offence did you put the demons to death? Speak, wretch; or you have no hope of life left." "Hearken, Rávan; He by whose might Maya creates this universal sphere; by whose might Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva produce, maintain, and destroy the world; by whose might the thousand-headed serpent supports on his pate the mundane egg with its mountains and forests; who assumes various forms in order to befriend the gods and to give a lesson to wretches like you; who broke Siva's stubborn bow and crushed your pride and that of the assembled kings; who slew Khara and Dúshan and Trisira and Báli, in spite of their matchless strength:

Dohá 21.

By the slightest exercise of whose might the entire mass of creation, animate and inanimate, exists; he it is whose messenger I am, and it is his beloved spouse whom you have stolen away.

Chaupái.

I know your power; you had a fight with Sahasra-bhuj, and gained renown in your conflict with Bálí." He heard what the monkey said, but smiled as though he heard not. "I eat the fruit, my lord, because I was hungry, and then like a monkey began breaking the boughs. Every one, master, loves his life more than aught else; those good-for-nothing fellows fell upon me, and I gave them blow for blow. Thereupon your son put me in bonds—bonds that I am in no way ashamed of—for my only object is to accomplish my master's business. Rávan, I implore you with folded hands, abandon your pride and attend to my advice. Have some consideration for your own family; cease to go astray and adore him, who relieves his worshippers from every anxiety. Never fight against him, for fear of whom Death trembles exceedingly; even Death, who devours all else, gods and demons, animate and inanimate creation alike. Give up Síta, as I tell you.

Dohá 22.

Ráma is the protector of suppliants; Kharári is a very ocean of compassion; turn to him for protection, and the Lord will forget your offences and will shelter you.

Chaupái.

Take Ráma's lotus feet to your heart and reign for ever at Lanká. The glory of saint Pulastya[1] is stainless as the moon; do not make yourself a spot in its brightness. Unless Ráma's name be in it, no speech has any charm: Think and see for yourself, apart from pride and vanity. Without her clothes, Rávan, a modest woman, however richly adorned with jewels, is a shameful sight; and so is wealth, or dominion, without Ráma, gone at once, gotten as if not gotten at all. Those rivers, that have no perennial source, flow only after rain and then soon dry up again. Hearken, Rávan; I tell you on my oath, if Ráma is against you, there is none who can save you. Siva, Sesh-nág, Vishnu and Brahma cannot protect you, if you are Ráma's enemy.

[1] Pulastya was Rávan's grandfather.

Dohá 23.

Arrogance is a root fruitful of many thorns ; abandon violence and pride and worship Ráma, the prince of the Raghu race, the Ocean of Compassion, the Lord God."

Chaupái.

Though the monkey bespoke him in such friendly wise, in words full of faith and discretion, piety and sound judgment, he laughed and replied with the highest disdain : "What a sage adviser I have found, and in a monkey too! Wretch, you have come within an inch of death for daring to give me such vile counsel." "It will be contrariwise" said Hanumán ; "you will acknowledge the error of your soul, I know well." On hearing the monkey's words, he ground his teeth in a fury. "Quick, some of you, and put an end to this fool's life." The demons obeyed and rushed forward to slay him, but Vibhíshan and his ministers advanced and bowing the head made humble petition : "It is against all state craft ; an ambassador must not be killed. Punish him in some other way, Sire." All exclaimed to one another, 'this is sound counsel, friend.' Rávan on hearing it, replied with a laugh : "Let the monkey go then, but mutilate him first.

Dohá 24.

A monkey is very proud of his tail" (so he went on to say) "bind it with rags steeped in oil and then set fire to them.

Chaupái.

The poor tail-less wretch can then go back and fetch his master, and I shall have an opportunity of seeing his might, whom he has so extravagantly exalted." The monkey smiled to himself to hear this. 'Sárad, I know, will help me.' Obedient to Rávan's command the demons began making their foolish preparations. Not a rag was left in the city nor a drop of *ghi* or oil, to such a length the tail had grown. Then they made sport of him. The citizens crowded to see the sight, and struck him with their feet and jeered him greatly, and with beating of drums and clapping of hands they took him through the city and set fire to his tail. When Hanumán saw the fire blazing, he at once reduced himself to a very diminutive size, and slipping out of his bonds sprang

on to the upper story of the gilded palace, to the dismay of the giants' wives.

Dohá 25.

That instant the forty-nine winds,[1] whom Hari had sent, began to blow; the monkey shouted with roars of laughter and swelled so big that he touched the sky.

Chaupai.

Of enormous stature and yet marvellous agility, he leaped and ran from palace to palace. As the city was thus set on fire, the people were at their wits end; for the terrible flames burst forth in countless millions of places. "Alas! father and mother, hearken to my cry. Who is it that has now destroyed us. As I said, this is no monkey, but some god in monkey form. This is the result of not taking a good man's advice; our city is burnt as though it had no king." The city was consumed in an instant of time, save only Vibhíshan's house; the reason why it escaped, Bhaváni, was that he who sent the messenger had also created the fire. After the whole of Lanká had been turned upside down and given over to the flames, he threw himself into the middle of the sea.

Dohá 26.

After extinguishing his tail and recovering from his fatigue, he assumed his old diminutive form and went and stood before Jánaki, with hands clasped in prayer.

Chaupái.

"Be pleased, madam, to give me some token, such as Ráma gave me." She unfastened the jewel in her hair and gave it him.[2] The son of the wind received it gladly. "Salute him respectfully for me, my son, with these words; 'my lord, you never fail to fulfil desire, and you support the reputation of being the suppliant's

[1] In the Veda, the Maruts, or winds, are said to be sixty-three in number, forming nine Ganas, or troops, of seven each. In post Vedic literature they are described as the children of Diti, either seven, or seven times seven in number. After Diti's elder sons, the Asuras, had been subdued by Indra, their mother implored her husband Kasyapa, the son of Maríchi, to bestow on her an Indra-destroying son. Her request was granted; but Indra, with his weapon Vajra, divided the child, with which she was pregnant, into forty-nine pieces, which commenced uttering grievous cries, till Indra in compassion transformed them into the Maruts, or Winds.—*Monier Williams* sub-verbo.

[2] In both recensions of the Sanskrit Rámáyana, Síta gives Hanumán the jewel before he destroys the grove and sets the city on fire. The second interview is not mentioned at all in the up-country text.

friend; relieve me then from my grievous distress.' Repeat to him friend, the story of Indra's son,[1] and remind my lord of the might of his arrows. If he does not come within a month, he will never find me alive. Tell me, monkey, how can I keep myself alive; for you now, my son, speak of going, and it is only the sight of you that has given me any comfort: henceforth day and night will seem to me both alike."

Dohá 27.

He did every thing he could to console Síta and inspire her with confidence, and then bowed his head at her lotus feet and set forth to rejoin Ráma.

Chaupái.

As he went, he roared aloud with such a terrible noise that the wives of the demons, who heard it, were overtaken by premature childbirth. Crossing the sea with a bound, he arrived on this side and uttered a cry of joy for the monkeys to hear. At the sight of Hanumán, they were as delighted as if they had been given a new spell of life. "Your face is so glad and your whole body so radiant that you cannot but have accomplished Ráma's commission." All greeted him with as much delight as an expiring fish feels when it gets back into the water. On their way to Ráma it was a pleasure to them to ask again and to relate all that had lately occurred. When they had come into the Madhu-ban, with Angad's consent they began eating the luscious fruit; the watchman tried to stop them, but were beaten off with fisticuffs. They then fled,

Dohá 28.

Crying out that the prince had laid waste the garden. Sugríva rejoiced at the news: "The monkey must have returned after successfully completing his master's business.

Chaupái.

If they had not got news of Síta, how could they have eaten the fruit of the Madhu-ban." While the king was thus reasoning within himself, Hanumán and his party arrived. They at once bowed the head at his feet, and he received them with all possible

[1] The son of Indra, to whom allusion is here made, is Jayanta, who had attacked Síta in the form of a crow.

cordiality and asked of their welfare. "It is well with us since we have seen your feet. By Ráma's favour the business has turned out excellently. Hanumán has accomplished his lord's purpose and has saved the life of us all." On hearing this, Sugríva again embraced him and then went on with the monkeys to where Ráma was. When Ráma saw them coming, he was greatly delighted at the completion of the business. The two brothers were seated on a crystal rock and all the monkeys went and fell at their feet.

Dohá 29.

Raghupati in his infinite tenderness greeted them all with much affection and asked of their welfare. "All is well with us my lord, now that we have seen your lotus feet."

Chaupái.

Said Jámavant: "Hearken, Raghuráya; anyone, my lord, on whom you show favour, will always be prosperous for ever; gods, men and saints will be gracious to him; though victorious he will still remain modest and amiable, and his glory will irradiate all the three spheres of creation. By my lord's favour the task has been accomplished, and to-day we may well say that our life has been worth living. My lord, to tell the whole of Hanumán's doings would be too much for a thousand tongues." Jámavant then proceeded to inform Ráma of Hanumán's principal exploits. The All-merciful was charmed by the recital and again in his joy clasped Hanumán to his bosom. "Tell me, son, how Jánaki is, and how she keeps the life in her body."

Dohá 30.

"Your name is sentinel over her by night and day; your contemplation is as a prison-gate; her own eyes are the fetters for her feet; how then is it possible for her life to flit away?

Chaupái.

When I was leaving, she gave me this jewel from her hair." Raghupati took and clasped it to his heart, his eyes overflowed with tears. "And did Sita send any message also?" "Embrace the feet of my lord and his brother, crying, O friend of the

poor, reliever of the suppliant's distress, in heart, word, and deed, I am devoted to your service, for what offence, my lord, have you deserted me? Of one fault I am myself conscious, in that I still continue to live, though separated from you. But this, my lord, is the fault of my eyes, which prevent my soul from taking flight. The fire of bereavement has rendered my body as light as the air, and in a moment my frame would burn itself out in sighs; but my eyes drop such a flood in self-commiseration that my vile body is not consumed in the flame. Síta's distress is so utterly overwhelming and you are so pitiful that it is better not to describe it.

Dohá 31.

O fountain of mercy, each single moment seems an age in passing. Set out at once, my lord, and with your mighty arm vanquish the miscreant crew and deliver her."

Chaupái.

On hearing of Síta's distress, the lotus eyes of the lord, the abode of bliss, overflowed with tears. "When in thought, word and deed, a believer follows in my steps, what ought he to know of misfortune?" Said Hanumán: "There is no misfortune, my lord, except to forget you and your worship. Of what account are the demons to my lord, who can rout them at once and recover Síta." "Hearken, O monkey; neither god, nor man, nor saint that has ever been born into this world, has been such a benefactor to me as you. What return can I make you? There is none that occurs to my mind. Mark me, my son; I am not free from my obligation to you; I will think and see what I can do." Again and again as the deliverer of the gods gazed upon the monkey, his eyes filled with tears and his whole body quivered with emotion.

Dohá 32.

As he listened to his lord's words and looked upon his face, Hanumán was enraptured, and in an extasy of love fell at his feet, crying, 'save me, save me, O my Lord God.'

Chaupái.

Again and again his lord sought to raise him up, but he was so absorbed in devotion that he would not rise. As he called to mind

the lord with his lotus hands thus placed on the monkey's head, Siva himself was overcome with emotion; but again, restraining his feelings, he proceeded with the charming narrative. After raising the monkey, the lord embraced him and took him by the hand and seated him close by his side: "Tell me, O monkey, about Rávan's stronghold of Lanká, and how you were able in such an off-hand way to burn down his fort." Seeing his lord so gracious, Hanumán replied in terms of singular modesty: "A monkey forsooth is a creature of singular prowess to skip about as he does from bough to bough. When I leaped across the sea, burnt down the golden city, routed the demon host and laid waste the grove, it was all done through your power, Raghurái; it was no strength of mine, my lord.

Dohá 33.

Nothing is difficult for him to whom you are propitious; a mere flock of cotton, were it your pleasure, could burn up the whole submarine fire."[1]

Chaupái.

The lord smiled much to hear these words, and recognized him as indeed a loving servant. "Ask of me a boon, my son, some choice blessing; to-day I will make you happy, for ever." "Faith, my lord, is the greatest of blessings; of your favor grant me this else unattainable boon." On hearing the monkey's pious request the lord, Bhaváni, responded. 'So be it.' O Umá, he who knows Ráma's true nature, can take pleasure in nothing but his worship: and he who takes this truth to heart has attained to the virtue of faith in Ráma. When the assembled monkeys heard the lord's reply, they cried 'glory, glory, glory, to the All-merciful, the All-blessed.' Raghupati then summoned the monkey-chief and told him to make preparations for the march: "What need now for any delay? At once issue orders to the monkeys." The gods, who had witnessed the spectacle, rained down many flowers and returned with joy from the lower air to their own celestial spheres.

[1] *Badavánala*, the submarine fire, is represented in mythology as a being with a body of flame, but the head of a mare (badavá) which sprang from the thighs of the patriarch Úrva and fell into the ocean.

Dohá 34.

In obedience to Sugríva's summons his captains came in troops, of many different colours, but all unequalled in strength, monkeys and bears in abundance.

Chaupái.

They bowed the head at the lord's lotus feet, those roaring bears and gigantic monkeys. Ráma beheld all the monkey host, and turned upon them the gracious glance of his lotus eyes. Each monkey chief was as much emboldened by his favor as Sumera would be by the recovery of his wings.[1] Ráma then sallied forth exulting, and many were the glad and auspicious omens that befell him. It was only befitting that his march should be attended by favorable omens, since in him abide all glory and auspiciousness. Jánaki knew of his departure, for her left side throbbed as if to tell her. Every good omen that befell her was converted into an omen of ill for Rávan. Who could adequately describe the army on the road, with the terrible roaring of the monkeys and the bears, how they marched, brandishing rocks and trees and with their talons for weapons, now in the heaven and now on earth, as the fancy moved them. They bellowed as if with the voice of a tiger; the earth shook and the elephants of the eight quarters trembled.

Chand 1—2.

The elephants of the eight quarters trembled, the earth reeled, the mountains tottered, and the ocean was agitated; the sun and the moon, gods, saints, Nágas, and Kinnars, all rejoiced to know that their troubles were over. Myriads upon myriads of enormous fighting monkeys pressed onwards, snapping and snarling, singing glory to Ráma's conquering might, and hymning the praises of Kosala's lord. The huge serpent king could not support the burden; he staggered again and again, but each time saved himself by clutching in his jaws the hard shell of the tortoise; as though he had

[1] This conceit has a very unmeaning sound when expressed in English. The allusion is to the legend, which represents all the mountains as once having had wings, till they were clipped by Indra; while the word *paksha*, which primarily means 'a wing,' has also the secondary signification of 'favour.'

mastered the stupendous theme of Raghu-bír's glorious expedition, and were inscribing it on the tortoise's back as the most imperishable material to be had.

Dohá 35.

In such wise the All-merciful marched onwards, till he arrived at the sea shore, where the host of bears and fighting monkeys began to devour all the fruit they found.

Chaupái.

On the other side the demons were living in great fear, since the time when the monkey had left, after burning down the city. Every one kept at home thinking to himself: "There is no hope of safety for the demon race; if his messenger was so unspeakably powerful, how can the city escape, when he comes himself." When Mandodari was informed of what the people were saying, she was still more distrest, and with clasped hands fell at her lord's feet and thus besought him, in words full of sound judgment: "O my husband, cease to contend against Hari; take my words to your heart as most wholesome advice. His mere messenger did such deeds that our matrons, on hearing of them, were overtaken by premature labour; if then you desire your own welfare, call your ministers and send him back his wife. As a frosty night comes upon a bed of lotuses, so has Sita come for the ruin of your race. Hearken, my lord; unless you give up Síta, neither Sambhu nor Brahma can help you.

Dohá 36.

Ráma's arrows are like serpents, and the demons host so many frogs; delay not, but do the best you can before they have snapped you up."

Chaupái.

The monster heard her prayer and laughed aloud, his arrogance is known throughout the world. "A woman is naturally cast in a timorous mould, and even in prosperity has a mind ill at ease. If the monkey army comes, the poor wretches will all be eaten up by the demons. The very guardians of the spheres tremble for fear of

me, and it is quite absurd for my wife to be afraid." So saying he laughed and embraced her, and then full of inordinate conceit proceeded to the council-chamber. But Mandodari was troubled at heart, saying, 'Heaven is against my lord.' While he was sitting in court, he received intelligence that the whole army had crossed the sea. Then he enquired of his ministers, 'Tell me what you think best to be done.' They all laughed and replied, "Remain quiet. You have conquered gods and demons without any trouble; of what account can men and monkeys be?"

Dohá 37.

When these three, a minister, a physician, and a spiritual adviser, use fair words, either from fear or hope of reward, dominion, religion, and health are all three quickly destroyed.

Chaupái.

This was all the help that Rávan got; they did nothing but sound his praises. Perceiving his opportunity, Vibhishan came and bowed his head at his brother's feet, then again bowing took his seat on his own throne and after obtaining permission spoke thus: "As you graciously ask of me my opinion, I declare it, Sire, to the best of my ability. If you desire your own welfare and glory, with a reputation for wisdom, a prosperous issue and every other happiness, turn away from the face of another man's wife as from the moon on its fourth day.[1] Though a man were lord of the fourteen spheres, he cannot set himself to oppose the Universal. However amiable and accomplished a person may be, no one will speak well of him if he shows even the slightest covetousness.

Dohá 38.

Lust, passion, vanity, and covetousness are all paths that lead to hell; abjure them and worship Raghubír, whom all the saints worship.

Chaupái.

Ráma, my brother, is no mortal king, but the sovereign of the universe, the Fate of Fate itself, the Supreme Spirit, the imperishable

[1] It is a Hindu superstition that it is unlucky to see the moon on the fourth day. Hence the proverb:—
"Jo dekhe chauthe ká chanda, Bát chalat, lágo pharphanda."

and uncreated God, the benefactor of cows and of Bráhmans, of the earth and of the gods: who in his infinite mercy has assumed the form of humanity, to rejoice his votaries and to break the ranks of the impious, the champion of the Véda and true religion, the saviour of the immortals. Cease to fight against him and humbly bow the head; Raghunáth relieves the distress of every suppliant. O my lord, give him back Síta and worship him with disinterested affection. The lord has never abandoned any one who has fled to him for protection, though he were guilty of having ruined the whole world. Know of a truth, Rávan, that it is the lord, he who has for name 'the saviour from every calamity,' who has now appeared among us.

Dohá 39.

Again and again I lay my head at your feet and utter this my prayer; have done with pride, arrogance, and conceit and worship Ráma. These are the words which Saint Pulastya sent in a message to me, and I have at once taken this opportunity of repeating them to you, Sire."

Chaupái.

One of his wisest counsellors, Mályaván, was greatly rejoiced to hear this speech. "Take to heart, my son, this admirable counsel which your brother Vibhíshan has given you." "These two villains who thus magnify my enemies, is there no one here who will rid me of them?" Mályaván thereupon returned home, but Vibhíshan with clasped hands spoke yet again: "In every one's breast, my lord, so the Vedas and Puranas declare, either wisdom or unwisdom finds a dwelling. Where wisdom dwells, there too is every kind of prosperity; and where unwisdom, there is final destruction. In your breast malignant unwisdom has established herself; you take your friends for enemies and your greatest enemy for a friend, being thus extravagantly enamoured of this Síta, who is the very night of Death for the whole demon race.

Dohá 40.

My brother, I clasp your feet and implore you to take my words in good part; restore Síta to Ráma; it will be much to your advantage."

Chaupái.

Though the words that Vibhíshan spoke were wise and prudent, and supported by the authority of the Vedas and Puránas, the Ten-headed rose in a fury at hearing them: "Wretch, you are within an inch of your death. It is all owing to me, you villain, that you have been able to live at all; and yet, fool as you are, you take the side of my enemies. Can you tell me, wretch, of any one in the whole world, whom I have not conquered by the might of my arm. You live in my capital, but are in love with hermits; you had better go to them, if you want to preach." So saying, he spurned him with a kick; but he still continued to clasp him by the feet. "You are as it were my father; kill me, if you think proper; but, O my lord, to worship Ráma would be far better for you." This is the virtue of the saints, Umá, that they return good for evil. Taking his ministers with him, he went his way through the air, proclaiming aloud to them all:

Dohá 41.

"Ráma is the very soul of truth; your courtiers, my lord, are overpowered by fate; I will now take refuge with Raghu-bír; lay no blame to me."

Chaupái.

After Vibhíshan had left with these words, it was all over with every-one of them. Disrespect to a saint, Bhaváni, brings speedy ruin on the most prosperous undertaking. As soon as Vibhíshan had left Rávan, he lost all his glory and good fortune. But he rejoiced as he went to meet Ráma, and revolved in his mind many agreeable anticipations: "I am about to behold his lotus feet, so roseate, so soft, so beneficent to all who wait upon them; at whose touch the Rishi's wife was delivered from the curse and the Dandaka forest was sanctified; feet that Síta cherished in her bosom, even while they ran to seize the delusive deer; lotus feet in Siva's lake-like heart; how blest am I who am now about to see them!

Dohá 42.

"With these very eyes shall I this day behold the feet, whose shoes even Bharat keeps clasped to his heart."

Chaupái.

With such loving fancies to occupy his mind, he quickly arrived on this side of the ocean. When the monkey saw Vibhíshan coming, they took him to be some special envoy. So they stopt him and went to their chief and told him all the circumstances. Said Sugríva: "Hearken, Raghurái; Rávan's brother has come to see you." The lord replied: "What do you advise, friend?" The monkey king rejoined: Mark my words, Sire; the craft of these demons is past all telling. Why should he come thus of his own accord? The villain's object is to spy out our secrets. My idea is that we ought to keep him prisoner." "Friend, you have reasoned with much worldly wisdom; but I have a vow to befriend all suppliants." Hanumán was delighted to hear these words from the lord, the God who shows compassion on all who flee to him.

Dohá 43.

"The men who abandon a suppliant from suspicion that he may be an enemy, are vile and criminal, and misfortune will keep her eye upon them.

Chaupái.

I would not abandon any one who had fled to me for protection even though he had been guilty of the murder of a million Bráhmans. Directly any creature appears before me, I blot out the sins of all his past lives. No one who is essentially wicked can delight in my service; if he is really bad at heart, how can he come into my presence. Only a man of pure soul can find me; I take no pleasure in hypocrisy, deceit, and vice. Rávan may have sent him as a spy; but even so, O king, we need not fear any loss. All the demons, my friend, that the whole world contains, Lakshman could rout in a single moment. If he has come out of fear, to sue for mercy, I will protect him as I would my own life.

Dohá 44.

In either case bring him here." Thus spake the all-merciful with a smile. "Glory to the lord of mercy" cried the monkey as he went, taking with him Angad and Hanumán.

Chaupái.

The monkeys respectfully escorted him into the presence of the All-merciful Ráma. He beheld from a distance the two brothers, the delight of all men's eyes, the givers of every blessing; then looking again upon Ráma's perfect beauty, he stood stock still, with all his gaze intently fixed upon the long arms, the lotus eyes, and the dark-hued body of the suppliant's friend, his lion-like shoulders and magnificent broad chest and his charming face, that would ravish the soul of Kámadeva himself. With streaming eyes and trembling limbs he at last made bold to speak in accents mild: "My lord, I am Rávan's brother; Champion of heaven, I have been born of demon race, with a savage temperament, as naturally prone to evil as an owl is partial to the night.

Dohá 45.

I have heard with my ears of your glory and have come; O my lord, save me, save me; you who are the deliverer from all life's troubles, the remover of distress, the friend of the suppliant, Raghubír."

Chaupái.

So saying he prostrated himself; but at the sight the lord arose in haste with much delight, being pleased to hear his humble address, and took him in his mighty arms and clasped him to his breast; then with his brother seated him by his side, and to calm his votary's fears spake thus: "Tell me, prince of Lanká, is it all well with you and your family. Your home is in an ill place. How, my friend, can one practise the duties of religion, when encompassed day and night by wicked men? I know all your circumstances, your proficiency in virtue, your aversion to evil. God keep us from evil communications: 'twere better, my son, to live in hell." "Now that I have seen your feet, O Ráma, it is all well with me, since you have recognized me as one of your worshippers and have shown mercy upon me.

Dohá 46.

No creature can be happy, or even dream of rest to his soul, till he worship Ráma, after forswearing lust, that fountain of remorse.

Chaupái.

"So long as the heart is peopled by that villainous crew, avarice, sensuality, selfishness, arrogance and pride, there is no room there for Raghunáth, with his bow and arrows and quiver by his side. The intensely dark night of selfishness, so agreeable to the owl-like passions of love and hate, abides in the soul only until the rising of the sun-like lord. Now I am well, and all my fears are over, in that I have beheld your lotus feet. None of the threefold torments of life has any effect upon him, to whom you in your mercy show favour. I am a demon, utterly vile of nature, who have never observed any pious practices, and yet the lord, to whose vision even the saints have not attained, for all their profound meditation, has been pleased to take me to his heart.

Dohá 47.

"Surely I am blessed beyond measure, and Ráma's grace is most beneficent, in that I behold with my eyes those lotus feet, which even Brahma and Siva adore."

Chaupái.

"Hearken, friend; I will declare to you my characteristics, as known by Bhusundi, Sambhu, and Umá. If a man who has been the curse of the whole world comes trembling and looks to me for protection, if he abjures all his pride and sensuality without guile or subterfuge, I make him at once like one of the saints. Father and mother; kinsfolk, children, and wife; life and property; home, friends and establishment; in short, every object of natural affection is gathered up as the strands of a rope wherewith to attach his soul to my feet. He regards all things as alike, without any preference, and with a soul unmoved either by joy, sorrow or fear. A saint like this is as fixed in my soul as money is in the heart of a miser. Good men like you are my friends, and it is only for their benefit that I have become incarnate.

Dohá 48.

"Virtuous and devoted believers, who are stedfast in uprightness, strict in pious observance, and who love and revere Brahmans, are the men whom I regard as my own soul.

Chaupái.

"Hearken, Prince of Lanká; all these good qualities are yours, and you are therefore very dear to me." On hearing Ráma's speech, all the assembled monkeys exclaimed, 'Glory to the all-merciful!' But Vibhíshan, on hearing such ambrosial sounds, could not contain himself; time after time he clasped his lotus feet, his heart bursting with boundless joy. "Hearken, my God, lord of all creation, friend of the suppliant, reader of men's thoughts; I had erst a wish in my mind, to love my lord's feet; this has come upon me like a river in flood; now in your mercy grant me such pure faith as that which ever gladdens Siva's soul." 'So be it,' said the lord, the valiant in fight, and then at once called for water from the sea. "It was not part of your wish, friend, but the sight of me brings a reward with it all over the world." So saying Ráma marked his forehead with the *tilak*: an infinite shower of flowers rained from heaven.

Dohá 49.

Thus did Raghunáth protect the humble Vibhíshan from Rávan's fiery wrath, fanned by the strong blast of his breath, and gave him secure dominion and all the good fortune which Siva had formerly bestowed upon the ten-headed Rávan.

Chaupái.

Men who forsake such a lord to worship any other, are mere beasts without the tails and horns. All the monkeys were charmed with the lord's amiability, who had recognized a servant and claimed him for his own. Then the All-wise, who dwelleth in the hearts of all, assuming any form at will, though himself formless and passionless, the champion of religion, the friend of men, and the destroyer of all the demon race, spoke and said: "Hearken, monkey-king, valiant monarch of Lanká; how are we to cross the deep ocean, full of alligators, serpents and different kinds of sea-monsters, of fathomless profundity and absolutely impassable." Vibhíshan replied: "Hearken, Raghu-náyak; your arrows could burn up a thousand seas, but still it would be better policy to go and make petition to the god of ocean.

Dohá 50.

"He is your family priest,[1] my lord, and will think of some scheme to tell you, by which the host of bears and monkeys may cross the deep without any trouble."

Chaupái.

"Friend, you have suggested a good idea; let us try whether fortune be with us." This advice did not please Lakshman; he was much annoyed at Ráma's words. "Why trust to fortune, my lord? give vent to your indignation and dry up the ocean. This is the last resource of the timorous or of a sluggard, to be always crying out for luck." Raghu-bír laughed to hear this and said: "I shall do it all the same; but never you mind." So saying he went to the shore of the salt sea and there took his seat on grass that he had strewn. Now after Vibhíshan had joined Ráma, Rávan sent spies of his own,

Dohá 51.

who disguised themselves as monkeys, and so saw all that was going on. In their profound admiration of the lord's generosity and his tenderness to suppliants,

Chaupái.

they loudly extolled his magnanimity and in the intensity of their devotion forgot their disguise. When the monkeys perceived them to be spies from the enemy, they seized them and took them to their chief. Said Sugríva, "Hearken, all you monkeys; just mutilate them and then let them go." On receiving this command, the monkeys ran and paraded them in bonds all through the camp, ill-treating them in every possible way and refusing to let them go for all their prayers for mercy, till they cried: 'We adjure you all by Ráma not to rob us of our nose and ears.' When Lakshman heard this, he called them all to him, and, being moved with compassion, smiled and had them at once set free: "Give this missive into Rávan's hands and say 'Read, destroyer of your race, what Lakshman says.'

[1] King Sagará, by whose sons the bed of the ocean was dug, which is thence called Ságar, was one of Ráma's ancestors.

Dohá 52.

Tell the fool also by word of mouth my emphatic command—'Surrender Síta and submit yourself, or it will be your death.'

Chaupái.

The spies bowed the head at Lakshman's feet and set out at once, praising his generosity. Still repeating Ráma's praises, they arrived at Lanká and prostrated themselves before Rávan. The ten-headed with a smile asked them the news: "Tell me, Suka, I pray, of your own welfare, and then let me hear about Vibhíshan, to whom death has drawn very nigh. The fool left Lanká where he was a king; but now the wretched weevil must be crushed with the wheat. Tell me next what force these bears and monkeys muster, who have come here by command of their evil destiny; though the poor old sea has been soft-hearted enough to spare their lives. Tell me finally about the hermits, whose soul trembles for fear of me.

Dohá 53.

"Did he meet you as a suppliant, or did he take to flight on hearing the report of my renown? Will you tell me nothing about the enemy's might and magnificence? Your wits seem utterly dazed."

Chaupái.

"Of your grace, my lord, be not wrath but take a blunt reply to a blunt question. As soon as your younger brother joined him Ráma bestowed upon him the mark of sovereignty. The monkeys, who had heard that we were your spies, put us in bonds and abused us shamefully. They were about to cut off our ears and nose, when we invoked the name of Ramá and they let us go. You ask, my lord, of Ramá's army; a myriad tongues would fail to tell it: such a host of bears and monkeys of diverse hue and gruesome visage, huge and terrible—the one who set fire to the city and slew your son is the very weakest of them all—champions with innumerable names, fierce and unyielding monsters of vast bulk, with the strength of unnumbered elephants.

Dohá 54.

"Dwivid and Mayand, Níla and Nala, Angad and Gada of the mighty sword, Dadhí-mukha and Kehari, the malignant Nisatha and the powerful Jámbaván.

Chaupái.

"Each of these monkeys is equal to Sugríva, and who could count all the myriads like them? By Ráma's favour their strength is unbounded; they reckon the three spheres of creation as of no more account than a blade of grass. I have heard say, O Rávan, that the monkey chiefs number eighteen thousand billions; and in the whole of the army, my lord, there is not a single monkey who would not conquer you in battle. They are all wringing their hands in excess of passion: Why does not Ráma give us some order to swallow up the ocean with all its fish and serpents, —if we do not fill it up with piles of trees and mighty mountains —and then crush Rávan and lay him low in the dust. This is the language that all the monkeys hold. Utterly devoid of fear, they shout and leap about as if they would make Lanká a mere mouthful.

Dohá 55.

"All the bears and monkeys are born warriors, and moreover, they have the lord Ráma at their head. O Rávan, they could conquer in battle even Death himself, a myriad times over.

Chaupái.

"A hundred thousand Seshnágs would fail to declare all Ráma's glory and power and wisdom. With a single shaft he could burn up a hundred seas, yet so prudent is he that he took advice of your brother and, on hearing his reply, went to the sea and humbly asked the favor of a passage." On hearing this, the ten-headed smiled: "Truly he showed as much sense then as when he took monkeys for his allies. He has put faith in the words of that arrant coward, my brother, and like a spoiled child, begs of ocean what he will never get. Fool, you have been extolling a mere impostor: I have sounded the depth of my enemy's strength and skill. Where in the world could any one achieve the glory of a triumph,

who had such a cowardly counsellor as Vibhíshan." The envoy waxed wrath at the wretch's speech, and thought it a good time to produce the letter. "Ráma's brother gave me this letter: have it read, my lord, and much good may it do you." Rávan smiled and took it with his left hand and told his minister, the wretch, to read it out.

Dohá 56.

"Fool, submit your soul to advice, and do not bring destruction upon all your race; you cannot escape from Ráma's displeasure, even though Vishnu, Brahmá, and Siva be your protectors. Abandon your pride, and, like your younger brother, fly like a bee to the lotus feet of the lord, or like a moth you will be consumed in your wickedness, you and all your family, by Ráma's arrows of fire."

Chaupái.

The ten-headed, as he listened, was terror-stricken at heart, but smiled with his lips and cried aloud for all to hear: "He who stretches out his hands to clutch the sky only falls to the ground; a devotee's idle talk is of small account." Said Suka: "My lord, every word is true; be wise and abandon your natural arrogance. Cease from wrath and hearken to my advice; make an end, Sire, of your feud with Ráma. Raghubír is exceedingly mild in disposition, though he is the sovereign of all the world. The lord will be gracious to you directly you approach him, and will not remember even one of your offences. Restore to him Janak's daughter; this, Sire, is all I ask of you; do it." When he spoke to him of giving up Síta, the wretch spurned him with his foot; but he bowed his head to the ground before him and then went to join the All-merciful Ráma, and after due obeisance told him all that had happened. By Ráma's grace, he recovered his proper rank; for it was by the Rishi Agastya's curse, Bhaváni, that he had become a demon, though still retaining the intelligence of a saint. Now, once more in the form of a saint, after again and again prostrating himself at Ráma's feet, he went his way to his own hermitage.

Dohá 57.

Dullard ocean made no answer to prayer, though three days had been spent; then cried Ráma in a fury, "He will do me no kindness, unless he is frightened.

Chaupái.

"Lakshman bring me my bow and arrows: with my fiery darts I will dry up the deep. To use entreaties to a churl, to lavish affection upon a rogue, to deal liberally with a born miser, to discourse of divine wisdom with a man devoted to self, to speak of detachment from the world to the covetous, to tell of Hari to a man under the influence of passion or love, is all the same as sowing the sand in hope of a harvest." So saying, Ráma strung his bow, a proceeding that pleased Lakshman mightily. The lord let fly the terrible shaft; a burning pain ensued in the bosom of ocean; the crocodiles, serpents, and fish were all sore distrest. When ocean perceived that these creatures were burning, he filled a golden dish with all kinds of jewels and humbly presented himself in the form of a Bráhman.

Dohá 58.

Though you may take infinite trouble in watering it, a plantain will not bear fruit, until it has been well cut; similarly, mark me, Garur, a mean upstart, heeds neither prayers nor compliments, but requires rougher treatment.

Chaupái.

Terrified ocean clasped the lord's feet, "Pardon me, Sire, all my offences. Air, wind, fire, water, and earth are all, my lord, naturally dull and slow to change. They have been produced by the delusive power that you sent forth with a view to creation—so all the scriptures declare—and as each has been fixed by the lord's command, so it must remain, to secure its own happiness. My lord has done well in giving me this lesson; but still it was you who first fixed my bounds. A drum, a clown, a churl, a beast, and a woman are all fit subjects for beating. By my lord's favor, I shall be dried up, the army will cross over, and my glory will be at an end; the scriptures declare the word of the lord to be unchangeable; do then at once what seemeth you good."

Dohá 59.

The lord smiled to hear this exceedingly humble speech, and said, "Tell me, father, some device, how the monkey host may cross over?"

Chaupái.

"My lord, there are two monkey brothers, Níla and Nála, who from childhood have been instructed by a sage. The mightiest mountains touched by them will by your favor float upon the waves. I too, remembering your majesty, will assist to the best of my power. In this manner, my lord, you will bridge the sea and the glorious deed will be sung in earth, heaven, and hell. With this arrow, Sire, slay the dwellers on my northern shore, who are vile criminals." The all-merciful, on hearing ocean's grievance, at once removed it, the valiant Ráma.[1] At the sight of his mighty vigour ocean rejoiced and became easy of mind, and after telling him all that had taken place, bowed at his feet and took his leave.

Chhand 3.

Ocean returned home and Ráma approved his counsel. These his acts, which remove all the impurities of this sinful age, has Tulsi Dás sung to the best of his ability. The excellencies of Raghu-pati are a treasure of delight, a panacea for all doubt, a purge for every sorrow, and they who are wise of heart will abandon all other hope and confidence and be ever singing them or hearing them sung.

Dohá 60.

The virtues of Raghu-náyak are the source of every blessing and those who reverently hear their recital cross the ocean of existence without any need for a boat.

[*Thus endeth the book entitled 'the Beautiful,' composed by Tulsi Dás, being the fifth descent into 'the holy lake of Rama's deeds.'*]

[1] In the Sanskrit Rámáyana this curious incident is related rather more intelligibly. Ocean complains that the Abhíras of the north are such an impure race that he cannot bear to receive into his bosom any stream of which they have drunk. Thereupon, Ráma with his fiery arrow dries up every river in their land, but creates instead a deep chasm in the ground, with a constant supply of water, and blesses the riverless region with exemption from disease.

BOOK VI.

LANKÁ.

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THE RÁMÁYANA
OF
TULSI DÁS.

BOOK VI.

LANKÁ.

Sanskrit Invocation.

I WORSHIP RÁMA; the adored of Love's enemy; the dispeller of all the terrors of existence; the lion to destroy the mad elephant, Death; the lord of ascetics; accessible only by contemplation; the store-house of all good qualities; the invincible; the passionless; the unchangeable; above the influence of Mayá; the sovereign of the gods; the implacable destroyer of the wicked; the one god over Brahma and all his fellows; the god incarnate in the form of an earthly king, lotus-eyed and lustrous as the jasmine.

I glorify the divine SANKARA; as glistening in hue as the conch shell or the moon; the all-beautiful in person, robed in tiger's skin; bedecked with horrible black snakes for ornaments, attended by the Ganges and the moon; the lord of Kási; the subduer of the flood of pollution that distinguishes this sinful age; a tree of Paradise to yield fruits of prosperity; the ever adorable lord of Párvati; the store-house of good qualities; the vanquisher of Love.

May Sambhu, who rewards the saints with eternal beatitude, difficult even for them to obtain, and who punishes the guilty; may that same Sankara grant me prosperity.

Dohá 1.

O my soul, why dost thou not worship Ráma, whose bow is Death and whose arrows are sharp, with whom the merest instant of time counts the same as an age and whose year is a cycle

Soraṭhá 1.

After hearing ocean's speech, the lord Ráma spoke and said to his ministers: "Why now delay? make the bridge, that the army may pass over." Jámbaván clasped his hands and replied: "Hearken, pride of the solar race; your name, my lord, is the bridge, by aid of which men cross the ocean of life.

Chaupái.

"What trouble then can there be about crossing this little stream?" Hearing this, the son of the wind added: "By my lord's favor a fierce subterranean fire had before now dried up the depths of the sea, but it was filled again by the floods of tears shed by the widows of his foes, and that is what makes it salt." On hearing Hanumán's ingenious speech, the monkeys gazed with rapture on Ráma's person. Then Jámbaván spoke to the two brothers Nala and Níla, and explained to them all the circumstances: "Keep your thoughts fixed on Ráma's power and begin building the bridge; you will find no difficulty." Again he addressed himself to the whole monkey host: "Hearken, all of you; I have one request to make; only impress upon your soul Ráma's lotus feet; and then you bears and monkeys will find the task a mere pastime. Away with you, my sturdy monkey troops, and bring hither heaps of trees and rocks." On hearing this, the monkeys and bears set forth hurrahing, 'Glory to Ráma and all his might!'

Dohá 2.

They plucked up and carried off in sport the biggest mountains and trees and brought them to Nala and Níla, who set to work to build the bridge.

Chaupái.

The enormous rocks, which the monkeys brought and gave them, were handled by Nala and Níla like mere pellets. When the all-merciful saw the charming construction of the bridge, he smiled and said: "This is a most exceedingly delightful spot: no words can tell its immeasureable dignity. I will set up here an image of Sambhu: I have a great desire at heart to do so." On

hearing this, the monkey king sent a number of messengers to summon and fetch all the great saints. After moulding a lingam in the prescribed manner and worshipping it, "there is none other," he cried, "so dear to me as Siva. No man, though he call himself a votary of mine, if he offend Siva, can ever dream of really finding me. If he desire to serve me out of opposition to Siva his doom is hell; he is a fool of no understanding.

Dohá 3.

They who either out of attachment to Siva dishonor me, or who serve me, but dishonor Siva, shall have their abode in the deepest hell till the end of the world.

Chaupái.

All who make a pilgrimage to Rámesvar on quitting the body will go direct to my sphere in heaven. Any one who brings and offers Gaages water, will, by the strength of his faith, be absorbed into the divine essence. To all who serve me unselfishly and without guile Siva will grant the boon of faith. Whoever makes a pilgrimage to the bridge that I have built will without any trouble cross the ocean of existence." Ráma's words gladdened the hearts of all, and the saints thereupon returned to their hermitages. This, Párvati, is Ráma's way; he is always gracious to the humble. Níla and Nala built the bridge so cleverly that by Ráma's favour they acquired brilliant renown. The rocks, which naturally sink themselves and cause other things to sink also, were like so many rafts; nor is this to be ascribed to the power of the sea, or the virtue of the stone, or the action of the monkeys;

Dohá 4.

it was by the might of the blessed Ráma that the rocks made a way across the sea. How dull of soul then are they who leave Ráma to worship any other lord.

Chaupái.

When they had completed the bridge and made it thoroughly secure, the All-merciful was glad of heart at the sight. The passage

of the host was beyond all telling, with the clamour of the multitude of warlike monkeys. The gracious Ráma mounted a spot near the bridge and gazed upon the mighty deep. Then all the creatures of the sea showed themselves in their anxiety to behold the lord of compassion; every kind of crocodile, alligator, fish, and serpent, with bodies a hundred leagues in length and of enormous size. After them were others, such that a single one could devour all the first swarm, while they again trembled no less before one of the swarm that followed them. They could not take their eyes off the lord, and in the general gladness of heart all were happy together. You could not see the water, so thickly they covered it, as they gazed in delight on the vision of Hari. At their lord's command the army marched on; who can describe the magnitude of the monkey host?

Dohá 5.

The bridge was thronged with the crowd; then some of the monkeys took to flying through the air, while others crossed over on the backs of sea monsters.

Chaupái.

When the two brothers had gazed a while at the spectacle, the gracious Ráma smilingly advanced and crossed over with the host. The throng of monkey chiefs was more than I can describe. On the opposite shore the lord pitched his tent, and told all the monkeys that they might go and feast on the goodly fruit and roots. On hearing this the bears and monkeys ran off in all directions. To please Ráma every tree was laden with fruit, whether it was in season or out of season, without any regard to the time of year. They devour the sweet fruit, and shake the trees, and hurl masses of rock at the city of Lankâ. If ever they found a straggling demon, they all hemmed him in and led him a pretty dance, and finally bit off his nose and ears with their teeth and so let him go, after making him hear of their lord's great deeds. Those who had lost their nose and ears went and told all to Rávan. When he heard of the bridging of the sea, the Ten-headed started up and cried in consternation:

Dohá 6.

"What! he has bridged the sea, with all the springs and streams[1] that fall therein, the great deep with all its waters! Can it be true that ocean trembles, the lord of rivers, the store-house of the waters, the receptacle of the floods!"

Chaupái.

Then becoming conscious of the agitation he had displayed, he turned with a smile to the palace, full of frantic imaginations. When Mandodari heard that the Lord had arrived, and had made nothing of bridging the sea, she took her spouse by the hand and led him to her own apartment, and besought him in these humble and winning words, bowing her head at his feet and holding up the hem of her mantle[2]. "Be not angry, my beloved, but hearken to my speech. You should fight, my lord, with one whom you may be able to subdue either by wit or strength. But the difference between you and Ráma is like that between a poor little fire-fly and the sun. He who slew the monsters Madhu and Kaitabha, who worsted Diti's valiant son, Hiranyáksha, who put Bali in bonds, and slew Sahasra-báhu, he it is who has now become incarnate to relieve earth of its burdens. O my lord, do not fight against him, in whose hands are Death and fate and our very life.

Dohá 7.

Bow your head at Ráma's lotus feet and give him back Síta; then resign your throne to your son and retire into the woods and there worship Raghunáth.

Chaupái.

He is pitiful to the humble, like a tiger, who will not devour a man who comes to meet him. All that you had to do you have done long ago; you have vanquished gods and demons and all creation. The saints, O Rávan, have laid down this rule, that a king in his old age should retire to the forest. There, O my spouse,

[1] *Vana*,—which ordinarily means 'a forest,' must be taken here in its very unusual signification of a stream.

[2] This with women is a sign of the greatest humility. The corresponding action amongst men is to tie a cloth round their neck.

make your prayers to him, who is the creator, preserver, and destroyer, even Ráma, ever gracious to the humble ; put away your self-love and pride, my lord, and worship him. He for whom the greatest saints perform all their labours, for whom kings leave their throne to become hermits, is this very king of Kosala, this Ráma, who has come here to show mercy upon you. Only submit to my advice, my spouse, and the glory of your renown shall spread through the three spheres."

Dohá 8.

So saying she clasped him by the feet, her eyes full of tears and trembling in every limb. "O my lord, worship Ráma, and your prosperity shall never be shaken."

Chaupái.

Rávan then raised the daughter of Maya from the ground and began, the fool, to boast of his own might. "Hearken, my beloved, you are disturbed by idle fears ; is there any warrior in the world my equal? Varuna, Kuver, the Wind-god, Yama, and Fate, and all the regents of the eight quarters, have been subdued by the might of my arm. Gods, demons, and kinnars are all in my power : what cause can have arisen for these fears of yours?" Having thus said everything that he could to comfort her, he again went and took his seat in the Council. But Mandodari knew at heart that his arrogance was doomed to destroy him. In the council he enquired of his ministers: "In what way shall we fight the enemy?" They replied : "Hearken, demon-king, why question us thus again and again? Consider now and say what there is to be afraid of ; man, monkeys, and bears are our natural food."

Dohá 9.

But Prahasta, after listening to all they said, clasped his hands and cried—"Do not, my lord, act contrary to sound judgment; your counsellors have mighty little sense.

Chaupái.

They have all spoken simply to please their master; but good results do not come in that way. A single monkey leaped the ocean

and came hither; what he did you all know by heart. What! were none of you hungry then, that you did not seize and devour him, when he set fire to the city. Pleasant to hear but fraught with future trouble is the advice which your counsellors have given their lord. Come, sir, tell me now, is he a mere man that we can devour, who has bridged the sea without any trouble, and has crossed over to Suvelá with all his army? What they say is all idle boasting. Hearken, sire, with due respect to my prayer, and do not in your arrogance account me a coward. There are plenty of people in the world who are ready to make or listen to pleasant speeches; but few, my lord, who care either to hear or to give wholesome advice, if it sounds unpleasant. Hearken now to wise counsel; first send an envoy, and when you have restored Síta, do your best to make friends with him.

Dohá 10.

If he withdraws after recovering his wife, there will be no need of any farther dispute; if otherwise, then, sir, face to face in the battle prepare for resolute encounter.

Chaupái.

In either case my lord, if you accept my advice, you will have glory in the world. The Ten-headed answered his son in a fury. "Wretch, who has taught you to give such advice as this?" From this time I have a doubt in my mind; can a bamboo root have produced such a mere reed." On hearing his father's savage and violent speech, he turned home saying these bitter words: "Good advice is as much thrown away upon him as medicine on a man doomed to die." Seeing that it was now evening, Rávan proceeded to the palace, glancing with pride at his twenty arms. On the top of the Lanká rock was a hall with a handsome court-yard, where he went and took his seat. A number of kinnars began to sing to the accompaniment of cymbals, drum and lute, while beauteous nymphs danced before him.

Dohá 11.

The delights that he here enjoyed exceeded a hundred-fold those of Indra: the most powerful enemy might threaten, but no fear nor anxiety could disturb his repose.

Chaupái.

Now the valiant Ráma had crossed over with his army to mount Suvelá. There having noted one specially lofty peak, beautiful and bright above all others, Lakshman with his own hands spread a couch of lovely flowers and fresh twigs, which he covered with a fine soft deer's skin; and here the All-merciful took his seat. The lord's head rested in the lap of the monkey king; to right and left of him were his bow and quiver; with his lotus hands he trimmed his arrows, while the prince of Lanká whispered texts of scripture in his ear. The highly favoured Angad and Hanumán caressed his lotus feet, while behind him Lakshman kept watch as a sentinel, with quiver by his side and bow and arrows in his hands.

Dohá 12.

Thus sat Ráma, a very store-house of benignity, beauty, and all perfection. Blessed are they who with profound devotion ever contemplate him under this form.[1] As he looked towards the east the Lord observed the risen moon and cried to them all: "See the moon, like some dauntless lion,

Chaupái.

that has its dwelling in a cave of the eastern range, pre-eminent in might, majesty, and strength, rends as under the darkness as it were the head of a wild elephant, and paces the plain of heaven, a lion-like moon. The stars scattered about the sky like pearls are the jewels of beauteous night. "But," said the Lord, "tell me, my friends, each one of you, you opinion as to the stains on the moon." Said Sugríva: "Hearken, Ráma, it is only the shadow of the earth that is seen in the moon." Another said: "When Ráhu attacked the moon, its bosom was made thus discoloured. A third suggested: "When Bramma fashioned Rati's face, he stole from the moon a part of its essence, and this is the hole that you see in the moon's surface showing the shadow of the sky." Said the

[1] This scene affords a very favourite subject for Hindu painters, partly no doubt on account of the blessing which Tulsí Dás here promises to those who contemplate it.

Lord: "The moon has a great liking for poison, and has given it a home in its very heart; then darting abroad innumerable empoisoned rays, it tortures parted lovers."

Dohá 13.

But Hanumán cried: "Hear me, my Lord; the moon is your devoted slave, and it is your image enshrined in the moon's bosom that causes the darkness." The All-wise Ráma smiled to hear the speech of the Son of the Wind; then, turning towards the south, the All-merciful spoke again:

Chaupái.

"Look, Vibhíshan, to the southern quarter—to the gathering clouds and the flashes of lightning. A pleasant sound of distant thunder is heard amidst the gloom; there will be some rain, think you, or a storm of hail?" Vibhíshan replied: "Mark me, Sire, there is neither lightning nor gathered cloud. On the top of the Lanká hill there is a palace, where Rávan witnesses the sports of the arena: the royal umbrella held above his head presents the appearance of a mighty mass of cloud: the jewelled ornament in Mandodari's ears emits the flashes, my lord, that you take for lightning; while the incomparable music of the cymbals and drums is the pleasant sound that you hear, O King of the gods." The lord smiled, and perceiving his arrogance strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string.

Dohá 14.

A single shaft struck umbrella, crown, and ear-drop; in the sight of all they fell to the ground, and none could explain the mystery. Having performed this startling feat, Ráma's arrows returned and dropt into the quiver. But Rávan and the whole assembly were much disturbed when they saw this interruption to their revel.

Chaupái.

"There was no earthquake, nor wind to speak of, nor did we see a weapon of any kind," thus they pondered each to himself. "It

is certainly a most alarming ill omen." When Rávan perceived that the assembly had taken fright, he smiled and invented an ingenious answer: "When a man's head falls, it is all up with him: but what is the harm if only his crown falls. Go home all of you and go to sleep." They bowed and took their leave. But anxiety had settled in Mandodari's bosom the moment the jewel had dropt from her ear to the ground. With streaming eyes and hands clasped in prayer, she cried: "O lord of my life, hearken to my petition. O my husband, give over fighting against Ráma, and do not indulge your pride with the idea that he is a mere man.

Dohá 15.

The jewel of the line of Raghu, believe what I say, is the omnipresent God, in whose every limb, as the Vedas declare, is the fabric of a world.

Chaupái.

His feet are the infernal regions, his head the abode of Brahma, and in every limb subsists some separate sphere; the play of his brows is the doom of fate, his eyes are the sun, his hair the dark thunder-cloud, his nostrils are the twin sons of Asvini, and the constant winking of his eyes the cause of day and night. His ears, as the Vedas declare, are the ten quarters of the heaven, his breath is the wind, and his articulate voice the scripture. His lips are greed and his teeth the terrors of death; his smile is Mayá; his arms the regents of the quarters; his face is the element of fire; his tongue, water, and his movements the creation, preservation, and destruction of the universe. The hairs on his body are the trees and bushes that grow on the earth; his bones the mountains, and the net-work of his veins the rivers; his belly the sea, and his hinder parts hell. Everything may be called a manifestation of the omnipresent Lord,

Dohá 16.

who has Siva for his self-consciousness, Brahma for his intelligence, the moon for his mind, and the great First Principle for his soul, who not only indwells in man, but also assumes the form

of any animate or inanimate creature, the Lord God.[1] Hearken, my beloved, ponder upon this and cease to contend against the lord; cherish a devotion to Ráma's feet, and then my happy estate shall never fail."

Chaupái.

He laughed when he heard his wife's speech. "Wonderful, indeed, is the power of infatuation. The poets have truly described woman's nature. There are eight faults from which she is never free at heart: imprudence, falsehood, fickleness, infatuation, timidity, want of judgment, impurity, and illiberality. You have declared all the manifestations of the enemy and told me a most alarming story; but, my dear, I see through it at once and perfectly understand your kindness. I recognize your cleverness, my dear, for in this way you have exalted my power. Your words, fair dame, are obscure; but they are auspicious when understood, though they sound alarming."[2] Then Mandodari perceived that her husband's infatuation was the fated forerunner of his ruin.

[1]The terminology here employed is that of the Sánkhya philosophy, according to which everything is evolved or produced from an original primordial *tattva*, or eternally existing essence, called Prakriti. From it proceed seven productions, which are also producers, and thence sixteen other principles, which are productions only, not producers. Soul, *purusha*, the twenty-fifth essence, is neither a production nor a producer. The first production of Prakriti is *Buddhi*, commonly called intellect or intellectual perception and variously termed *Mahat*, from its being the *Great* source of the two other internal faculties, *Ahankára*, 'self-consciousness,' and *Manas* or 'mind.' Third in order comes this *Ahankára*, the 'I making' faculty, that is, self-consciousness, or the sense of individuality (sometimes conveniently termed ego-ism) which produces the next five principles, called *Tan-mátras*, or subtle elementary particles, out of which the grosser elements (*Mahá-bhúta*) are evolved. These are *ákása*, ether; *vayu*, air; *tejas* or *jyotis*, fire or light; *ápas*, water; and *prithivi* or *bhúmi*, earth. In addition to the five *tan-mátras*, the third producer Ahankára produces also the eleven organs, *viz.*, the five organs of sense, *buddhindriyáni*, the ear, skin, eye, nose and tongue; the five organs of action, *karmendriyáni*, the larynx, hand, foot, and the excretory and generative organs; and an eleventh organ standing between these two sets, called *manas*, 'the mind,' which is an internal organ of perception, volition, and action. Thus, the eight producers, *viz.*, Prakriti, Buddhi, Ahankára, and the five tan-mátras, with the five grosser elements and the eleven organs, constitute the true elements of the phenomenal world; the most important—after the mere unintelligent original germ, *Prakriti*—being *Ahankára*. (*See* Monier Williams' Indian Wisdom). It is tolerably clear that these categories were in the mind of Tulsi Dás at the time of writing, but he has employed them in a loose and popular way. Thus *mahán*, which is strictly a synonym for *Ahankára*, seems in the text to stand rather for *Prakriti*. In Rám Jasan's edition of the text the words are wrongly divided. As is frequently the case with native Sanskrit scholars when commenting on Hindi literature, the editor would seem to have read the passage too exclusively by the light of Sanskrit authorities.

[2]The word *Bhay-mochani* would seem to be here itself used in an obscure sense, as an illustration of the ambiguous language to which the speaker refers. Its ordinary signification would be 'delivering from fear;' but it may also be interpreted as 'letting loose;' that is, 'causing fear,' 'alarming.'

Dohá 17.

In such diverse ways did Rávan amuse himself until the dawn appeared, when the lord of Lanká, fearless by nature and further blinded by pride, entered the council chamber.

Soratha 2.

Though the clouds rain ambrosia upon it, the bamboo neither flowers nor fruits; so the soul of a fool never learns, though he have Brahma and Siva for his teachers.

Chaupái.

Now Ráma woke at break of day and summoned his ministers to take counsel of them. "Quick, tell me what course should be adopted." Jámbaván bowed his head at his feet and said: "Hearken, omniscient observer of all men's hearts, perfection of wisdom, power, majesty, justice and every good quality. I thus advise you to the best of my ability: send the son of Báli as an ambassador." Every one heartily approved this good suggestion, and the All-merciful said to Angad: "Son of Báli, wise, strong and virtuous, go to Lanká, my son, in my service. Why should I give you any lengthy instructions? I am aware of your distinguished ability. Frame your address to the enemy in such a way that he will agree to my requirements."

Soratha 3.

Obedient to his lord's command and bowing at his feet Angad arose, crying: "O Ráma, any one on whom you show favour becomes possessed of every virtue. You have graciously granted me, my lord, your own good fortune for the accomplishment of this task of yours." At this thought the young prince exulted at heart and his whole body quivered with excitement.

Chaupái.

After prostrating himself at his feet and imprinting the image of his majesty on his soul, Angad bowed to the assembly and went forth, dauntless by nature and his heart all aglow with the might of his lord, the delighter in battle, the gallant son of Báli. As he entered the city, he came across Rávan's son, who was

playing there. From words they proceeded to a struggle; both of unequalled strength and in the prime of their youth to boot. He raised his foot to kick Angad, who at once seized him by it and swung him round and dashed him to the ground. All the demons, even the stoutest warriors among them, who saw the deed dispersed hither and thither, but dared not give the alarm; they did not even whisper to one another, but remained silent, when they saw his death. A rumour, however, was noised through the city: "The monkey who set Lanká on fire has come again; what has God in store for us now?" Thus they all pondered in excessive dismay. Without being asked they showed him the road: if he but looked at any one he withered away.

Dohá 18.

Then with his thoughts fixed on Ráma's lotus feet, he entered the Council Hall with the gait of a lion, glancing on this side and that, a bold and stalwart hero.

Chaupái.

One of the demons was immediately despatched to report the news to Rávan. On hearing it, the Ten-headed cried with a laugh: "Go and bring this strange monkey here." On receiving this order, a number of his messengers ran and fetched the monkey-chief. In Angad's eyes the Ten-headed appeared like a mountain of blackness endued with life; his arms like trees, his head a rocky peak, the hair on his body as it were all kinds of creepers, and his mouth, nose, eyes and ears like caves and chasms in the rock. Without the slightest trepidation of heart he entered the Court, the son of Báli; most dauntless of heroes. The assembly rose at the sight of the monkey; but in Rávan's heart was ungovernable fury.

Dohá 19.

As when a lion enters among a herd of mad elephants, so after bowing to the assembly he took his seat, his thoughts ever fixed on Ráma's power.

Chaupái.

Rávan asked: "Monkey, who are you?" "I am an ambassador for Ráma, Rávan. There was friendship between you and my father;

and on that account, brother, I have come to you to do you a service. Of high descent, the grandson of Pulastya, you duly worshipped Siva and Brahma, obtained your prayer of them, accomplished all you undertook and conquered the guardians of the eight quarters and every earthly sovereign. Now under the influence of royal arrogance or some delusion you have carried off Sita, the mother of the world. Yet hearken to my friendly advice and the lord will still pardon you. Put a straw between your teeth and an axe to your throat, and with all your family and your own wife and with Janak's daughter placed respectfully at your head, go all of you in this wise without any alarm,

Dohá 20.

crying, 'O jewel of the race of Raghu, defender of the suppliant, save now me, even me,' and when he hears your piteous cry the lord will set your mind at rest."

Chaupái.

"Ah, you wretched monkey, take care what you are saying. Fool, do you not know that I am the declared enemy of the gods? Tell me your own name and your father's, friend, and through what relation you claim alliance." My name is Angad; I am the son of Báli, with whom you once were on terms of friendship." On hearing Angad's reply, he was confused. "I admit, monkey, that it was so with Báli: but if Angad is that Báli's son, he has been born as a firebrand for the destruction of his race. The womb that bare you, forsooth, was not pregnant for nothing; who with your own mouth confess yourself a hermit's envoy. Tell me now, is all well with Báli?" Angad laughed and replied: "Ten days hence go to Báli and embrace your old friend and ask him yourself of his welfare. He will tell you the kind of welfare that results from fighting against Ráma. Hearken, fool; he is the man divided against himself whose heart is closed to the divine Raghubír.

Dohá 21.

I, forsooth, am the destroyer of my race, while you, Rávan, are the preserver of yours. Who can say that you are blind or deaf while you have twenty eyes and twenty ears?

Chaupái.

What! I disgrace my family by acting as his ambassador, whose feet Siva and Brahma and all the gods and saints desire to serve: your heart should burst asunder for entertaining such an idea." When he heard the monkey's fierce rejoinder, Rávan glared at him and cried: "Wretch, I suffer all your abuse because I understand the maxims of state-craft and religion." Said the monkey: "I have heard of the piety and virtue you showed in stealing away another man's wife; and how you were so good and patient that you did not drown yourself at the sight of your messengers and watchmen, and from pious motives forgave the wrong when you saw your sister with her nose and ears cut off. Your piety and virtue are renowned throughout the world; I am most fortunate in being able to see you."

Dohá 22.

"Prate no more, you stupid brute, but look at my arms, you impudent monkey, very Ráhus as they have proved to eclipse the full-moon-like might of the Lokpáls; while Sambhu and Kailás in the palm of my lotus hand were but as the stately swan in the heavenly lake.

Chaupái.

Hearken, Angad; tell me what champion there is in all your army who is a match for me. Your lord has lost strength through pining for his bride; his younger brother too is all sad and forlorn; you and Sugríva are each the curse of your family; while my brother is an utter coward. Your counsellor, Jámbaván, is so stricken in years that he can no longer enter the field of battle. Nala and Níla are good architects, and there is one monkey, no doubt, of exceptional strength, he who came first and set fire to the city." On hearing this Angad replied: "Tell me the truth now, O demon king; is it a fact that a monkey burnt down your city? A poor little monkey set Rávan's capital on fire! Who, on hearing this said, could believe it true? He, Rávan, whom you extol as so distinguished a champion, is only one of Sugríva's inferior runners. He is a good one to go, but no fighter: we only sent him to get news.

Dohá 23.

Is it true that a monkey set fire to the city without any order from his lord? This is why he did not go back to Sugríva, but kept himself out of sight for fear. All that you have said, Rávan, is quite true, and I am not in the least angry at hearing it: there is not any one in our army who would be a fair match for you. Take your friends and enemies from among your equals is a good sound maxim: if a lion kills a frog, who thinks it a fine deed? Though it is no glory to Ráma to kill you, however great your offence, still, mark me, Rávan, the fury of the Kshatriya clan is hard to withstand." The monkey foe set his heart on fire with the arrows of speech shot forth from the bow of sarcastic eloquence, and it was, so to speak, only with a pair of pincers that the dauntless Rávan could get out a rejoinder. At last he laughed and cried: "A monkey has at all events one good quality; he will do anything to serve the man who feeds him.

Chaupái.

Bravo for a monkey who regardless of shame dances up and down in his master's service; dancing and jumping about to amuse the people, he does his duty by his master right well. All of your race, Angad, are devoted to their lord; it is quite natural for you to speak of your master's good qualities in the way you do. I am very sagacious in appreciating merit, and therefore I pay no attention to your insolent tirade." Said the monkey: "Hanumán gave me a very true account of your generosity. Though he had laid waste your garden, killed your son and set fire to your city, still you would not do him any harm. It was in reliance upon your magnanimity, Rávan, that I have been thus outspoken. Now that I am here, I see that whatever a monkey may say will neither put you to shame nor excite you to anger or resentment." "Your cleverness, monkey, is so great that it might well be the death of your father." So cried the Ten-headed and burst into a laugh. "If I killed my father, it just now occurs to me that I shall next kill you. It is only because I remember Báli's honour and renown that I do not slay you, you wretched braggart. Come, Rávan, tell me how many Rávans there are in the world, or listen while I tell you how many

I have heard of. One went down into hell to conquer Bali, where the children tied him up in the stable and made sport of him and buffeted him, till Bali took pity on him and let him go. Another again was discovered by Sahasra-báhu, who ran and secured him as a curiosity and took him home for a show, till saint Pulastya came and rescued him.

Dohá 24.

Another, as I am ashamed to say, was held tight under Báli's arm. Do not be angry,[1] Rávan, but tell me the truth, which of all these are you?"

Chaupái.

"Hearken, fool; I am that mighty Rávan, the action of whose arms is well-known by Kailás and his valour by Siva; for him I worshipped not with flowers but with my own heads, which I took off with my own lotus hands times innumerable, when I worshipped Tripurári. The guardians of the eight quarters know the might of my arms; in their heart, you fool, is sore distress to-day. The elephants who support the world learnt also the hardness of my chest whenever I closed with them in conflict; their mighty tusks, though never broken before, snapt off like radishes when they struck against my front. As I moved, earth quivered like a small boat when a wild elephant steps into it. I am that glorious and renowned Rávan; have you no ears to hear, you lying chatterer?

Dohá 25.

This is the Rávan of whom you make light, while you exalt a mere man. Ah vile monkey, infamous wretch, are you at last beginning to understand?"

Chaupái.

On hearing this, Angad replied indignantly: "Give over talking, you pitiful boaster. He, whose axe was like a fire to consume Sahasra-báhu's mighty forest of arms; whose sword was like the tide of the salt sea, in which kings innumerable have been drowned time after time; and at the sight of whose majesty every

[1] *Mánkh* here stands for *másh*, which occurs elsewhere in the poem with the sense of 'anger.'

one took to flight, how can he be accounted a man, you wretched Rávan? How can Ráma be a mere man, you arrogant fool? Is Kámadeva an ordinary archer; is the Ganges merely a river; the cow of plenty only a cow; the tree of Paradise only a tree; is charity only so much grain; is ambrosia any liquid; Garúr a mere bird, Sheshnág a serpent, and the philosopher's stone, Rávan, only a stone? Hearken, O dull of understanding; which is the greater prize, a place in Vaikunth or absolute faith in Ráma?

Dohá 26.

Fool, how was it that the monkey Hanumán escaped, after trampling on the pride of you and your army, laying waste your garden, setting fire to your city and slaying your son?

Chaupái.

Hearken, Rávan; have done with conceit and worship Ráma the All-merciful. If you are foolish enough to provoke Ráma, neither Brahma nor Rudra has the power to protect you. Do not puff yourself out with vain delusions; if you fight against Ráma, this will be your fate: smitten by Ráma's arrows, your many heads will fall to the ground, in front of the monkeys, and they and the bears will play polo with them, as if they were so many balls. When Ráma waxes wroth in battle, his arrows fly quick and terrible. Will you then persist in your vain boasting and not rather be wise and adore his clemency?" On hearing these words Rávan flared up afresh, like a blazing fire upon which butter has been cast.

Dohá 27.

"Have you never heard of my brother Kumbha-karan and my renowned son Indrajit and of my own valour, by which I have conquered the whole universe?

Chaupái.

Fool, with the help of his monkey friends he has bridged the sea, but what is that to be proud of? Birds innumerable traverse the ocean, yet they are no heroes. Now mark me, monkey: my arms are like a sea filled with a flood of strength, beneath which many gods, men and heroes have been drowned.

Who is there so strong that he can overcome these twenty unfathomable and boundless oceans? I even made the Dig-páls draw water for me. You have told me, poor wretch, of your king's renown, but if your lord is so valiant in battle as one would judge from the way in which you harp on his achievements, then why does he send an ambassador? Is he not ashamed to make terms with an enemy? Look at my arms, which could treat mount Kailás as a mere churning-stick, and then, foolish monkey, sing, if you will, the praises of your lord.

Dohá 28.

What hero is there equal to Rávan, who, with his own hands, cut off his own heads, and delighted to cast them into the fire, time after time, as Siva is witness.

Chaupái.

When I saw the skull burning, with the letters traced on my forehead by the Creator, and read that my death was to be at the hands of a man, I laughed, for I knew the divine prophecy to be untrue. When I remember this, I have no fear: Brahma must have written when he was old and stupid. Are you not then ashamed, you fool, to keep boasting of any warrior's strength as compared with mine?" Angad replied: "There is no one in the whole world, Rávan, so shamefaced as you. Your modesty is so innate that you never yourself speak of your own merits. You are always thinking of the old story of your heads and the mountain,[1] and that is the reason why you tell it me twenty times over. Bury deep in your heart the remembrance of that strength of arm by which you overcame Sahasra-báhu and Bali and Báli; but hearken, O dull of soul, make the business complete; if a man who cuts off his head is a hero, what a hero a juggler must be, who with his own hands cuts his whole body to pieces.

Dohá 29.

A moth is infatuated enough to burn itself to death, and an ass bears any burden, but they are not called heroes: look, stupid, and understand.

[1] That is to say, of how you cut off your ten heads as a sacrifice to Siva and how you uprooted mount Kailás.

Chaupái.

Boast no more in arrogant speech, but listen modestly to my advice. I have not come, Rávan, as an envoy to propose terms, but Raghubír has sent me from another motive. In his mercy he has said again and again, 'It is no honour for a lion to kill a jackal.' Pondering at heart on my lord's words, I have submitted, wretch, to your injurious speech; otherwise, I would have broken your head and carried off Sita, the fair bride. I know all about your strength, vile enemy of heaven, how in Hari's absence you robbed him of his wife. Your pride, demon king, is great, but I am the messenger of Ráma's servants, and if I were not afraid of displeasing him, I would as soon as look at you make you a perfect spectacle.

Dohá 30.

After dashing you to the ground and routing your army and destroying your city, I would have carried off Sita with all the ladies of your household.

Chaupái.

If I had done so, it would still be no great matter; there is no valour shewn in slaying the slain. Now an outcast, a man mad with lust, a miser, a destitute beggar, a man in disgrace, a man in extreme old age, one who is always ill or always in a passion, a rebel against Vishnu, a hater of religion and the saints, a man who thinks only of his own body, a scandal-monger and a man thoroughly vicious, these twelve even while they live are no better than corpses. On this account, wretch, I do not slay you, but do not provoke me further." On hearing this, the demon king cried in a fury:—"Though small of stature, you have spoken big words. O foolish monkey, he of whose might you vaunt so fiercely, has no might, or sense, or glory at all.

Dohá 31.

Seeing him to be of no worth or dignity, his father banished him, which is a sorrow to him as also is the loss of his wife, and his terror of me oppresses him night and day. Proud as you are

of his might, there are thousands of men like him, whom my demons devour every day and night. Cease your perverseness, fool, and come to your senses."

Chaupái.

When he thus abused Ráma, the monkey prince waxed wroth. Those who open their ears to attacks upon Hari and Hara are guilty as if they had killed a cow. The huge monkey gnashed his teeth and taking him in his two arms hurled him furiously to the ground. The earth shook, the assembly quaked and took to flight as if driven by a hurricane of terror. Rávan raised himself from his fall and sat up, but his magnificent diadems had fallen to the ground; part he took and re-arranged on his heads, part Angad despatched to his lord. When the monkeys saw the crowns coming, they ran away, crying—"Good God, here are stars falling in the day time, or Rávan in his fury has sent forth four thunderbolts that come with rushing speed." The lord smiled and said—"Fear not at heart; here is no star, nor sword, nor either Ketu or Ráhu; those are Rávan's crowns, which come as despatched by the son of Báli."

Dohá 32.

The son of the wind sprang forward and caught them in his hand and brought and laid them at his lord's feet; the bears and monkeys gazed in astonishment at the sight, for their brilliancy was like that of the sun. On the other hand, Rávan in his wrath cried furiously to one and all—"seize the monkey, seize him and kill him." Angad heard and smiled.

Chaupái.

"In like manner sally forth in haste, all ye mighty men, and devour every bear and monkey wherever ye find one. Go and leave not a single monkey in the whole world, but take alive the two hermit brothers." The prince replied indignantly:—"Are you not ashamed to bluster like this. Cut your throat and die, you reckless destroyer of your own family; does not your heart crack at the sight of his power. Ah! villainous woman-stealer, compound of all that is mean and impure, sensual dullard, though at death's door, you still babble abuse; Fate has you in his toils, wretched

cannibal. Hereafter you shall reap the fruit of this, when the bears and monkeys belabour you, but when you thus speak of Ráma as a man, I wonder your proud tongue does not drop off, and beyond a doubt it will drop off to the ground, head and all, in the battle.

Soraṭhá 4.

How can he be a mere man, Rávan, who slew Báli with a single arrow? you are blind with all your twenty eyes; a curse on your birth, you base-born fool. Ráma's arrows are all athirst to drink your blood; for fear of him I spare you, insolent boaster, contemptible demon.

Chaupái

I am quite able to smash your jaws, but Ráma has given me no order, otherwise I am so enraged that I would cleave asunder your ten heads and take up Lanká and drop it in the sea. Your Lanká is like a fig on a gúlar tree, and you the unsuspecting insect that lives in it. I, like a monkey, would lose no time in eating the fruit, but the gracious Ráma has given me no order." On hearing this simile, Rávan smiled:—"Fool, where did you learn to tell such lies? Báli never blustered like this; intercourse with the hermits has made you such a boaster." "If I do not tear out your ten tongues, Twenty-arms, of a truth, I am a mere boaster." "As he thought on Ráma's power, the monkey waxed wroth; he planted his foot firm and offered the assembly this wager:—"If you can stir my foot, you wretch, Ráma will return home, and I shall lose Síta." "Hearken, champions all," cried Rávan, "seize this monkey by the leg and throw him to the ground." Indrajit and the other men of valour in their different ranks all rose with joy, but though they fell upon him with their full strength and with many a trick, his foot did not stir, and they bowed their head and sat down again. At last the scourge of heaven rose to the contest; but the monkey's foot moved no more, Garur, than the standard of selfishness planted in the soul of a hypocrite, which there is no shaking.

Dohá 33.

Millions of warriors, Meghnád's peers, arose with joy and essayed the wrestle; but the monkey's foot did not stir, and they bowed

the head and sat down again. The pride of the enemy was broken, when they saw that the monkey's foot was moved from the ground as little as the soul of a saint abandons the maxims of morality, though assailed by a thousand difficulties.

Chaupái.

When they saw the monkey's strength, they were all discomforted at heart, till he himself arose to try the test. On his grasping his foot, Báli's son cried:—"There is no safety in clinging to my feet; why, fool, do you not go and clasp Ráma's feet?" On hearing this, he turned away full sorry at heart, robbed of all his dignity, and his majesty clean gone from him, as when the moon shows faintly in the day-time. With bowed head he took his seat on his throne, like one despoiled of all his possessions. How can there be any rest for an enemy of Ráma, the soul of the world, the lord of life? O Umá, the play of Ráma's eye-brows now creates a universe and now again destroys it. He makes a blade of grass into a thunderbolt and again a thunderbolt into a blade of grass; how could his messenger fail in his challenge? Again the monkey urged upon him sound advice in every possible way; but he would not listen; his time had drawn near. After thus trampling on the pride of the enemy and exalting his master's fame, the son of king Báli left with this taunt:—"Shall I not slay you on the field after making a mock of you, why then should I now honour you?" When Rávan heard that the monkey on his first arrival had killed his son, he was sore distrest at heart; the demons, too, who had witnessed Angad's challenge, were all greatly disturbed.

Dohá 34.

Having crushed the power of the enemy, the mighty monkey, the son of Báli, his body quivering with emotion, and his eyes full of tears, clasped in delight Ráma's lotus feet. Finding it was evening, Rávan returned sadly to the palace, where Mandodari again spoke and advised him.

Chaupái.

"Reflect, my husband, and abandon ill counsel; it is not well for you to fight against Ráma. His younger brother drew a little

line,[1] which you could not cross; such is your strength? My beloved, you will never conquer him in battle, whose simple messenger has done such great acts. Having lightly leaped across the sea, the monkey like a dauntless lion entered your Lankâ, killed your watchmen, laid waste your garden, slew Achchha as soon as he looked at him, and then set fire to the whole of the city and reduced it to ashes. What place is now left you for pride of power? Cease, my spouse, from idle vaunts and take my words a little to heart. Do not suppose that Râma is a mere earthly king, but recognize in him the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, of infinite power. Márícha felt the force of his arrows; but you, poor wretch, will not listen to his proposals. Janak's court was crowded with kings, you too were there in all your might, but *he* broke the bow and wedded Sîta; why did you not conquer him in battle then? The son of Indra felt his strength a little, whose life he spared after putting out one of his eyes, and you have certainly seen Surpanakha's condition; yet still your heart continues absolutely uncowed?

Dohá 35.

Know, Rávan, that this is he, who slew Virádha and Khara and Dúshan, and with the greatest ease killed Kabandh and disposed of Bâli with a single arrow.

Chaupái.

He bridged the ocean as a mere pastime and with all his army crossed over to Suvela. But the glory of the solar race is full of compassion, and out of regard to you despatched an envoy, who in the midst of your court trampled on your power, like a lion let loose upon a herd of elephants. Seeing that Angad and Hanumán are his servants, such brave and lusty leaders of the fray, how can you, my spouse, persist in calling him a man; you are bewildered by the intoxication of pride and self-conceit. O my husband, when the quarrel is against Râma, fate prevents reason from working in the soul. It is not with uplifted club that fate strikes, but by

[1] This line was drawn round Sîta, as a barrier against the demons. The circumstance is told in the Sanskrit Rámáyana, and Tulsi Dás, who refers to it here, forgets that he had omitted to mention it in his own poem.

robbing a man of his religion, his strength, and his faculty of reason. Whenever, Sir, a man's fate is near at hand he becomes infatuated like you.

Dohá 36.

He has slain your two sons and set your city on fire; to-day, O my husband, let him have your answer. O my lord, adore the mercy of Ráma and thus win for yourself the highest renown."

Chaupái.

He heard his wife's speech though it pierced like an arrow, and then arose and went into the council-chamber, for it was now dawn. As he took his seat on his throne, he swelled with excess of pride; all his terror was forgotten. On the other side, Ráma summoned Angad, who came and bowed his head at his lotus feet, but he, with the utmost courtesy, seated him by his side and then said, with a smile, the gracious Kharári:—"O son of Báli, I am full of curiosity, answer truly, my son, to what I ask you. Rávan is the chief of all the demon race, and the unbounded might of his arm is famous throughout the world—how then did you send me four of his crowns? Tell me, my son, by what device you secured them?" "Hearken, All-wise protector of the humble, they were not crowns, but the four prerogatives of a king—conciliation, concession, subjugation, and division, which, as the Vedas say, abide in a king's soul. Having recognized the gracious feet of kingly polity and religion, they came of themselves to their lord.

Dohá 37.

Leaving the impious Rávan, the rebel against his lord, the death-doomed, his kingly prerogatives—mark me, monarch of Kosala—have come to you." On hearing this most ingenious fancy, the gracious Ráma smiled, and the son of Báli then proceeded to give him all the news from the fort.

Chaupái.

When Ráma had heard his report of the enemy, he called all his ministers to him. "Take counsel as to how we should attack the four great gates of Lanká.' Then the king of the monkeys and the king of the bears and Vibhíshan, mindful at heart of the glory of the solar race, took counsel and settled a plan, and divided

the monkey army into four companies. After exalting their lord's power, they issued their orders; and the monkeys no sooner heard them than they rushed forward, roaring like lions. First, they bowed their head with joy at Ráma's feet and then the heroes sallied forth, with the peaks of mountains in their hands, roaring and leaping, bears and monkeys alike, and shouting 'Glory to Raghubír, the sovereign of Kosala!' Though they knew that Lanká was a most formidable stronghold, they went on undismayed, in the strength of their lord, spreading like a cloud over the whole horizon, and with trumpets at their mouth making loud music.

Dohá 38.

'Glory to Ráma, glory to Lakhsman, glory to the monkey chief, Sugríva!' such was the lion roar of the great and valiant monkeys and bears.

Chaupái.

Lanká was full of the utmost confusion; but Rávan heard the news with his wonted arrogance. "See the impudence of these monkeys," he said with a smile and summoned his demon host. "These monkeys have come by the decree of fate; my demons wanted a meal"—so saying the wretch burst into a loud laugh—"and God has provided them with one without their going abroad to seek it. Sally forth in every direction, my warriors all, and seize these bears and monkeys and devour them." O Umá, Rávan's conceit was as great as that of the sandpiper, when it goes to sleep with its legs in the air.[1] On receiving their orders, the demons sallied forth, armed with slings and mighty javelins, clubs, maces, and trenchant axes, pikes, swords, bludgeons, and masses of rock. Like foul carnivorous birds that swoop down upon a heap of rubies which they have espied, and after breaking their beaks upon them find out their mistake, so these man-eating monsters rushed forth in their folly.

Dohá 39.

Taking bow and arrows and weapons of every description, myriads upon myriads of the stoutest and most valiant demons climbed up to the battlements of the fort.

[1] And thinks that they help to support the sky.

Chaupái.

The battlements of the fort looked like the peaks of Meru amidst dense clouds. Drums and other instruments of music sounded for the fray, and the soul of the warriors was stirred by their crash. The trumpets and clarions brayed so fiercely that even a coward on hearing them would forget his fear. The throng of monkeys could not be seen for the mighty stature of the warrior bears. They rush on, making no account of the most precipitous passes, but tearing down the rocks and so clearing a way for themselves. Grinding their teeth and biting their lips in their excess of fury, myriads of warriors shout aloud, there calling upon Rávan and here upon Ráma, 'Glory and victory, the battle has begun.' If the demons cast down any mountain crag, the monkeys with a bound would seize it and hurl it back.

Chhand 1.

The furious monkeys and bears lay hold of the mountain crags and hurl them against the fort. They join in closer struggle, seizing an antagonist by one leg and dashing him to the ground, and if he takes to flight challenging him again to the combat. With a bold dash and a vigorous spring they bound up the heights of the fort; and every palace, into which the bears and monkeys penetrated, resounds with songs in Ráma's praise.

Dohá 40.

Again, taking each a demon in his clutch, the monkeys ran off and then dropt to the ground so as to crush their prey beneath them.

Chaupái.

Strong in the power of Ráma, the monkey host overcame the throng of demon warriors, and having climbed the fort, made it ring all over with shouts of glory to Raghubír, the sun of majesty! The demons fled headlong, like thunder-clouds driven by a strong wind. There was a grievous wailing throughout the city, children crying and women in dire distress. All agreed in abusing Rávan the king, who had thus invited ruin. When he heard that his forces had been routed, the lord of Lanká indignantly rallied his

captains: "If I hear of any one turning his back in battle, I will slay him myself with my terrible sword. After devouring all my substance and feasting as you pleased, you now on the field of battle think of nothing but your own safety." On hearing these stern words, the chiefs were all frightened and ashamed. Working themselves into a fury they sallied forth again crying: 'It is the glory of a warrior to die with his face to the foe,' and all desire to live entirely left them.

Dohá 41.

Arming themselves with weapons of every description, the gallant chiefs pressed forward to the fray, challenging the enemy one after the other, and so wielding mace and javelin that they sorely discomfited the bears and monkeys.

Chaupái.

Overcome with terror, the monkeys began to fly, although, Umá, they had already won the victory. Said one: "Where are Angad and Hanumán? where Nala and Níla and the stalwart Dwivid?" Hanumán heard that his troops were in distress, but the hero was kept at the western gate. There Meghnád led the defence, nor was it possible to force the gate, so great was its strength. Then the son of the wind waxed exceeding wrath of soul; with a terrible roar, as though the end of the world had come, the hero made a bound and sprang upon the top of Lanká, then seizing a rock he rushed upon Meghnád, shattered his chariot, hurled its driver to the ground, and struck the prince himself with his foot in the chest. Another charioteer, seeing him senseless, threw him on to his car and brought him home with speed.

Dohá 42.

When Angad heard that Hanumán had made his way into the fort alone, he too, the adventurous warrior, bounded forward to join in his monkey sports.

Chaupái.

Maddened by the battle and full of fury, the two monkeys, mindful at heart of Ráma's glory, rushed upon Rávan's palace,

and shouting 'The king of Kosala to the rescue!' overthrew the whole building, so that not a pinnacle was left standing. When the demon chief saw this, he was dismayed; while the women all struck their breasts crying, 'Now two of these pestilent monkeys have come.' After terrifying them with their monkey tricks, and proclaiming the praises of Rámchandra, they grasped each a golden pillar in their hand and cried, 'Let us now make a beginning of destruction.' With a roar, they rushed into the midst of the enemy's army, and began laying them low with mighty strength of arm, here a kick and there a blow; crying 'Worship Ráma or take the consequences.'

Dohá 43.

Overthrowing one after another they strike off their heads and hurl them away, so that they fall at Rávan's feet smashed in pieces like so many earthen pots.

Chaupái.

Whenever they caught any great chief, they seized him by the leg and threw him to their lord. Vibhíshan mentioned their names and Ráma assigned them his own sphere in heaven. Thus, man-eating monsters, who had devoured even the flesh of a Bráhman, obtained a translation such as even devptees desire. O Umá, Ráma is tender-hearted and full of compassion, and bestowed salvation upon them for this reason, that the demons had taken his name albeit in a spirit of enmity. Tell me, Bhaváni, who else would be so merciful. Dull of heart indeed and utterly wretched are the men who, on hearing of such a lord, do not abandon their errors and worship him. Angad and Hanumán—thus cried the lord of Avadh—have forced their way into the fort and Lanká with the two monkeys makes a sight like the sea churned by two Mount Merus.

Dohá 44.

After crushing the host of the enemy with the might of their arm, they perceived that it was now the close of day, and forgetting all their fatigue they both came bounding into the presence of their lord.

Chaupái.

They bowed the head at their lord's lotus feet, and he was glad at heart to see his champions again. Graciously he looked upon them both, and at once their fatigue passed away, and they were completely refreshed. On learning that Angad and Hanumán had gone, many warriors among the bears and monkeys turned from the field; while the demons, recovering their strength at night-fall, made a fresh onset, crying 'Rávan to the rescue!' At the sight of the demon army, the monkeys turned again; there was everywhere gnashing of teeth as the heroes closed in the fray. In both gallant armies, the leaders impatiently challenged the foe, and fought as those who will not hear of defeat. The valiant demons were all black of hue; the huge monkeys of many different colours. Both armies were equal in strength, with equally matched champions, the passion with which they fought was a sight to see; as when in the rains, or the autumn, masses of cloud are driven against one another by the force of the wind. When the line began to break, the chiefs Akampan and Atikáya had recourse to jugglery, and all in a minute it became pitch dark, and there was a shower of blood, stones, and dust.

Dohá 45.

Seeing the dense darkness all around, the monkey host became perplexed; it was impossible to see one another; there was everywhere a great shouting.

Chaupái.

Ráma understood the secret of it all and called to Angad and Hanumán and explained to them what was going on. The mighty monkeys had no sooner heard than they rushed forth in a fury; but the all-merciful with a smile drew his bow and at once let fly a fiery arrow. Light shone forth, and there was no darkness anywhere, as when at the dawn of intelligence all doubts disappear. Having recovered the light, the bears and monkeys forgot all their fatigue and alarm and pressed on exultingly. Hanumán and Angad thundered aloud on the field of battle, and at the sound of their roaring the demons fled; but the bears and monkeys, seizing them in their flight, dashed them to the ground, performing prodigies of

valour, or catching them by the leg hurled them into the sea, where alligators, serpents, and fish snapped them up and devoured them.

Dohá 46.

Some were killed outright, some were wounded, some fled back to the fort; the bears and monkeys shouted for joy over the rout of the enemy's strong force.

Chaupai.

Seeing that it was now night, the four divisions of the monkey host returned to the lord of Kosala. As soon as Ráma cast his gracious glance upon them, all their fatigue was at once forgotten. On the other hand, Rávan summoned his ministers and told them all how his champions had been killed: "the monkeys have destroyed half my army; tell me at once what counsel should be adopted." Thereupon Mályaván, a very aged demon, who had been the sagacious adviser of Rávan's father and mother, delivered himself of a speech of the soundest policy: "Hearken, my son, to a few words of instruction from me. Ever since you carried off Síta and brought her here, there have been omens of ill, more than I can tell. No advantage can be gained by opposing him, whose glory is the theme both of Veda and Purána.

Dohá 47.

He is the incarnation of the compassionate Lord God, who slew Hiranyáksha, with his brother, Hiranya-kasipu, and Madhu and the monster Kaitabha. Who can fight against him, whom Siva and Brahma adore, full of all grace and wisdom, but like the angel of death, a very fire to consume the forest of wickedness.

Chaupái.

Have done with quarrelling; give back Síta and worship the All-merciful with loving devotion." His words stung like arrows: "Away, wretch, with your abominable suggestions; if it were not for your age, I would have killed you; but do not appear in my sight again." He thought within himself 'He wishes to be killed by the All-merciful,' and so rose and departed, uttering words of

reproof. Then Meghnád cried in a fury: "see what a sight I will show you to-morrow; though I do not say much, I do a great deal." On hearing his son's speech, Rávan's confidence returned and he took him lovingly into his lap. While they were still consulting, the day broke, the monkeys again assailed the four gates and fiercely encompassed the precipitous citadel. There was a confused noise in every part of the town, as the demons snatched up their weapons of every description and hurried forward and began hurling down masses of rock from the ramparts.

Chhand 2.

Thousands of them hurl down masses of rock; missiles of every kind are sent flying; the shock is as when a bolt falls from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of the clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys join in close combat; their bodies are hacked in pieces, but though mangled they faint not; they seize the rocks and hurl them against the fort wherever the demons are.

Dohá 48.

When Meghnád heard that they had again come and seized the fort, he gallantly left his stronghold and sallied forth with beat of drum to meet the enemy face to face.

Chaupái.

"Where are the two brother princes of Kosala, those archers so famous throughout the universe? Where are Nala and Níla, Dwivid and Sugríva, Angad and Hanumán, most powerful of all? Where is Vibhíshan, his brother's curse, that I may slay the wretch at once, this very day." So saying, he made ready his terrible arrows, and in a vehemence of passion drew the string to his ear. The multitudinous shafts that he left fly sped forth like so many winged serpents. Everywhere you might see monkeys falling to the ground; at that time there was not one that dared to face him. Everywhere bears and monkeys were taking to flight, and every wish to fight was clean forgotten. Not a bear or a monkey was to be seen on the field but those who had left their life there.

Dohá 49.

At each flight he sent forth ten arrows; the warriors all bit the dust: with the roar as of a lion, Meghnád shouted aloud in the strength of his might.

Chaupái.

When Hanumán saw the distress of the army, he rushed forth terrible as death, and quickly tearing up an enormous rock, hurled it at Meghnád with the utmost fury. Seeing it come, he mounted up into the air; chariot, driver, and horses were all lost to sight. Again and again Hanumán defied him to combat; but he would not come near, and he then understood the mystery. Meghnád had approached Ráma, and after assailing him with every kind of abuse, aimed at him weapons and missiles of every description; but the Lord with the utmost ease snapped them asunder and stopt them. On seeing this display of power, the fool was sore vexed and began to put in practice all kinds of magic; as if a poor little snakeling would mock Garúr and frighten him by snapping at him:

Dohá 50.

The demon in the foolishness of his soul displayed his supernatural powers before him, whose mighty magic subdues Siva and Bralima, and all both great and small.

Chaupái.

Mounting up into the air, he rained down a shower of firebrands, while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of diverse form danced with uproarious shouts of 'kill him, tear him in pieces.' Now a shower of excrement, pus, blood, hair, and bones, and now an overwhelming downfall of stones and ashes. The dust storm made it so dark that if you held out your own hand you could not see it. The monkeys were dismayed at the sight of these apparitions and thought 'at this rate we must all of us perish.' But Ráma smiled at the idle show; seeing however that all the monkeys were alarmed, he with a single arrow cleft asunder the delusion, as when the sun disperses the thick darkness. With a glance of compassion, he looked upon the bears and monkeys; at once they waxed so strong that there was no holding them back from the field of battle.

Dohá 51.

Having obtained Ráma's permission, Lakshman, taking with him Angad and the other monkeys, marched forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand—

Chaupái.

with blood-shot eyes[1] and mighty chest and arms and his body of reddish hue like Mount Himálaya. On the other side Rávan sent out his champions, who took up their armour and their weapons[2] and hastened forth. With mountains and huge trees for missiles, the monkeys rushed to meet them, shouting 'victory to Ráma'. They all closed in the fray, equally matched one with another, and both equally sanguine of success. After hurling the rocks and mountains at the foe, the monkeys next fell upon them with blows of the fist and kicks and rendings of the teeth; 'seize, seize, seize, kill, kill, kill, strike off his head, rend off his arm,' such were the cries which filled the nine continents of the world, while headless bodies still full of fury kept running to and fro. From the heaven above, the gods beheld the spectacle, now in dismay and now in rapture.

Dohá 52.

Every hollow in the ground was filled full of blood, and with the dust that rose in clouds over head, it seemed as when the smoke of a burning corpse spreads over some funeral pile:

Chaupái.

While the wounded heroes resembled so many *dhák* trees in flower, the two champions Lákshman and Meghnád grappled with one another in excess of fury. Neither could singly conquer the other; the demon by force and by feint showing himself so wicked. At last the incarnation of Seshnág became mad with rage, and with one blow he crushed both the chariot and its driver. He so smote him in various ways that the demon was left

[1] In Rám Jasan's edition, the one I habitually use, the reading is *chhataja-nayan*, which may be translated 'with blood-shot eyes,' an epithet which appears appropriate to the context. In other editions is substituted the more common expression *jalaja-nayan* 'with lotus eyes.'

[2] Here the reading that I translate is *giri-sila*, 'the rocks and mountains' mentioned above as the monkeys' missiles. Rám Jasan reads *jaya-sila*, which would mean 'triumphant.'

barely alive. Then the son of Rávan thought within himself—'I am in a strait, he will take even my life,' and he let fly his spear, the destroyer of heroes, which struck Lakshman in the breast with full force. So great was the shock that he swooned away. Then he went and drew near, no longer afraid.

Dohá 53.

A hundred myriad warriors like Meghnád essayed to lift him; but how could Seshnág the supporter of the world be thus lifted? they retired in dudgeon.

Chaupái.

Hearken, Bhaváni; who can conquer him in battle, the fire of whose wrath would consume in a moment the fourteen spheres of creation, whom gods and men and all things animate and inanimate adore? Only he can understand this mystery, on whom rests the favor of Ráma. As it was now evening, both armies left the field and began to muster their several forces. The All-merciful, the ubiquitous Supreme Spirit, the invincible lord of the universe, asked 'Where is Lakshman?' Hanumán then brought him forward. When the Lord saw his younger brother, he was much distrest. Jámbaván said: "The physician Sushena is at Lanká, send some one to fetch him." Hanumán at once assumed a diminutive form and went and brought him, house and all.

Dohá 54.

Sushena came and bowed his head at Ráma's lotus feet and told Hanumán to go and bring herbs from a certain mountain that he mentioned.

Chaupái.

With Ráma's lotus feet impressed upon his heart, the son of the wind started in confident assurance. On the other side, a spy gave information. So Rávan went to the house of Kála-nemi and told him. When he had heard the news, Kála-nemi beat his head again and again, crying: "Who can stop his path who burnt your city before your very eyes. Have some regard for your own welfare and worship Ráma and desist, sire, from henceforth from

these vain endeavours. Cherish in your heart the delight of all eyes, whose body is dark and beautiful as the blue lotus. Have done with pride, conceit, and arrogance, and rouse yourself from this slumber in a night of delusion. Is it possible that any one should even dream of conquering him for whom the serpent, Time, is mere food to devour ?".

Dohá 55.

When the Ten-headed heard this, he was exceedingly wrath and Kála-nemi reasoned to himself: "It will be better for me to die at the hands of Ráma's messenger, and not for this wretch to kill me."

Chaupái.

So saying he went and by the power of magic constructed on the way side a lake, temple, and fine garden. Hanumán espied the charming spot and thought to himself, 'after asking the holy man's leave, I will drink of the water and rest.' For the demon showed himself in false attire, and sought to delude the messenger even of the king of delusion. So the son of the wind went and bowed the head before him; and he began to recite Ráma's praises, saying—"A great battle is raging between Rávan and Ráma, but Ráma will win the day; of this there is no doubt. Though I have not moved from here, I have seen it all, my friend; my intelligence is remarkably clear-sighted." On his asking for water, he gave him some in a cup; the monkey said—"That is not enough to satisfy me." "Go then and bathe in the tank and quickly come back, and I will then bestow upon you a gift, by which you may attain to understanding."

Dohá 56.

As he stepped into the tank, a fish seized the monkey by the foot. In his alarm he killed it. Whereupon it assumed a divine form, and mounting a chariot ascended into the heaven.

Chaupái.

"By the sight of you, O monkey, I have become freed from guilt, and the curse of the great saint has been removed. This is no hermit but a fierce demon; doubt not the truth of my words."

So saying, the heavenly nymph went her way, and the monkey at once returned to the demon. Said the monkey—"Holy Sir, first receive my offering and after that tell me the charm." He then twisted his tail round his head and threw him down. At the moment of his death he appeared in his proper form, and with a cry of 'Ráma, Ráma!' breathed his last. On hearing this Hanumán went on his way, glad of heart. He found the mountain, but could not recognize the herbs; so without any hesitation he tore up the hill by the root and went off with it. As he rushed through the night air with the mountain in his grasp, he passed over the city of Ayadh.

Dohá 57.

Bharat saw him, and taking him to be some most monstrous demon, drew his bow to his ear and shot him with a headless arrow.

Chaupái.

Struck by the dart he fell in a swoon to the earth, crying 'O Ráma, Ráma, prince of Raghu's line!' On hearing this grateful sound, Bharat started up and ran, and in the utmost haste drew nigh to the monkey. Seeing him wounded, he clasped him to his bosom and tried in every way to revive him, but without success. With a disconsolate face and sore grief at heart, he made this prayer, while his eyes streamed with tears: "God, who made me Ráma's enemy, has now caused me this additional distress. If in thought, word and deed, I have a sincere affection for Ráma's lotus feet, and if Ráma is kindly disposed to me, may your pain and fatigue, O monkey, all pass away." At the sound of these words, the monkey chief arose and sat up, crying "Glory, glory to the king of Kosala!'

Sorathá 5.

With quivering limbs and eyes full of tears, he took and clasped the monkey to his bosom, invoking Ráma, the crown of the line of Raghu, in a transport of affection, which was more than his soul could contain.

Chaupái.

"Tell me, friend, is all well with the Fountain of Joy and with his brother and the revered Jánaki." The monkey told him in

brief all that had taken place. He became sad of heart and began to lament: "Alas, my fate, why was I born into the world, if in nothing I can help my lord." But seeing the unfitness of the time he mastered his feelings, the gallant prince, and again addressed the monkey: "Sir, you will be delayed in your journey and your task will come to nought, for the day is now breaking. Mount my arrow, mountain and all, and I will send you straight into the presence of the All-merciful." On hearing this, the monkey's pride was aroused: "How can his arrow fly with my weight?" But again reflecting on Ráma's power, he bowed at his feet and cried with clasped hands:

Dohá 58.

"O my lord, I have only to cherish the thought of your majesty in my soul in order to travel quickly." So saying, Hanumán took leave and after bowing at his feet set forth. As he went, the son of the wind again and again extolled to himself the mighty arm and the amiable disposition of Bharat and his boundless devotion to his lord's feet.

Chaupái.

Meanwhile, Ráma was watching Lakshman and using language after the fashion of a man. When half the night was spent, and still the monkey had not returned, Ráma raised his brother and clasped him to his heart: "O my brother, once you could not endure to see me in sorrow, your disposition was ever so affectionate. On my account, you left father and mother and exposed yourself to the forest, the cold, the heat, and the wind. But where is now your old love, my brother, that you do not stir in response to my distress. If I had known that exile involved the loss of my brother, I would never have obeyed my father's commands. Sons, riches, wives, house, and kinsfolk come again time after time in a life, but a real brother is not so to be had; remember this, brother, and awake to life. As a bird is utterly wretched without wings, a serpent without its head-jewel, or an elephant without its trunk, so is my life without you, my brother. If cruel fate preserves me alive, with what face can I show myself at Avadh, after sacrificing a dear brother for the sake of a woman. I would rather have endured the social disgrace; for, after all, the loss of a wife is no

such great matter, and my heart is so hard and unfeeling that it can bear the sight even of this your anguish. Your mother's only son, my brother, you are the sole support of her life, but she took you by the hand and entrusted you to me, knowing what a comfort and what a friend I should find you. What answer can I go and give her? Why do you not rise and advise me, brother?" Thus grievously sorrowed the healer of sorrow and his lotus eyes streamed with tears; but Umá, Ráma is one and unchangeable, and it was only in compassion to his worshippers that he exhibited the manners of a man.

Soratha 6.

All the monkeys were in distress on hearing their lord's lamentation, till Hanumán arrived, like an heroic strain in the midst of an elegy.

Chaupái.

Ráma received him with exceeding joy, for the lord is most grateful and supremely wise. Then quickly the physician concocted his remedies, and Lakshman gaily arose and sat up. The lord affectionately clasped his brother to his heart and all the bears and monkeys were rejoiced. The physician was then conveyed home again in the same manner as he had been brought away. When Rávan heard of these proceedings, he was greatly disturbed and began beating himself on the head. In his agitation, he went to Kumbha-karan and with much trouble succeeded in waking him. When the monster was roused, he showed like Death itself in visible form. He asked, "Tell me, brother, why is your face so sad." He told him the whole history of how in his pride he had carried off Síta. "Brother, the monkeys have killed all the demons and routed my stoutest warriors, Durmukha and the man-devouring Sura-ripu; Atikaya and Akampan, those mighty champions, together with Mahodara and other valiant heroes, who have fallen on the field of battle."

Dohá 59.

On hearing Rávan's report, Kumbh-karan cried out: "Wretch, you have carried off the mother of the universe and yet expect to prosper!

Chaupái.

You have done ill, O demon king; and now why have you come and awakened me? At once, brother, abandon your pride and worship Ráma; so shall you prosper. How, Ten-heads, can Ráma be a man, when he has such a servant as Hanumán. Alas, brother, you have acted foolishly; why did you not come and wake me before? You have rebelled against the god who is adored by Siva and Brahma and every other divinity. The knowledge which the sage Nárad imparted to me, I now declare to you; for the time has come: Embrace me, my brother, for I go to rejoice my eyes with the sight of the dark-hued, the lotus-eyed, the healer of every sorrow."

Dohá 60.

As he contemplated Ráma's beauty and perfection, he was for a moment unconscious, then demanded of Rávan a million jars of wine and a number of buffaloes.

Chaupái.

After he had eaten the buffaloes and drank the wine, he roared aloud with a voice of thunder and sallied forth from the fort without any escort, maddened with drink, the war-loving Kumbha-karan. Vibhíshan, on seeing him, came forward and fell at his feet and said who he was. He raised his brother and took him to his heart, delighted to find him a worshipper of Ráma. "Brother, that wretch Rávan struck me with his foot for giving him the best possible advice. Resenting such treatment, I came to Ráma, and the lord was glad at heart to see me his servant." "Mark me, brother, Rávan is under the influence of fate and will listen to no advice, however good. Thrice blessed are you, Vibhíshan, the glory of all the demon race; you have shed a lustre on all your kinsfolk by your worship of Ráma, that ocean of beauty and felicity.

Dohá 61.

You have guilelessly worshipped the heroic Ráma in thought, word and deed. But go, I cannot distinguish here between friend and foe." The warrior's death was doomed.

Chaupái.

On hearing his brother's words, Vibhíshan turned and presented himself before the Glory of the three spheres. "My lord, Kumbha-karan approaches, a warrior huge of stature as a mountain." The monkeys waited to hear no more, but ran off jabbering, the stoutest of them, and plucked up trees and rocks, which they hurled against him, gnashing their teeth the while. Millions upon millions of mountain peaks did the bears and monkeys cast upon him one after another; but neither did his courage fail, nor did he stir from his position; like an elephant pelted with flower-seeds. At last the son of the wind struck him with his fist; he fell to the ground and beat his head in dismay. Rising again, he gave Hanumán such a blow that he spun round and fell at once to the earth. Next he overthrew upon the plain Nala and Níla and dashed down the chiefs, hurling them this side and that. The monkey host scattered and fled in an utter panic, nor were there any to rally.

Dohá 62.

Having rendered insensible Angad and the other monkeys and Sugríva as well, he clapped the king of the monkeys under his arm and went off, in his illimitable might.

Chaupái.

O Umá, when Ráma plays the part of a man, it is like Garúr sporting in company with snakes. If he but knit his brows, he annihilates Death himself; how then can he condescend to such a combat as this? The answer is that the fame of it, when spread abroad, tends to the redemption of the world, and mortals, who make it their song, emerge safely from the ocean of existence. When his swoon had passed off, the son of the wind awoke and began at once to look for Sugríva. But he, on recovering from his swoon, slipped out of Kumbh-karan's clutches, who had taken him for dead. Having bitten off his nose and ears, he with a shout ascended into the air; but the giant saw him and caught him by the foot and dashed him to the ground. With wonderful agility he rose and struck him back and then betook himself—the hero—

to the presence of his lord, crying, 'Glory, glory, glory to the Fountain of Mercy.' But he, when he became sensible of his mutilated nose and ears; turned in a fury and with sore distress of soul. The monkey host were horror-stricken, when they saw the terrible warrior thus earless and noseless.

Dohá 63.

Raising a shout of 'victory to Ráma,' the monkeys rushed forward, and all at once hurled upon him a volley of rocks and trees.

Chaupái.

Maddened with the rage of battle, Kumbha-karan advanced, awful as Death, and seized and devoured myriads of the monkeys, like locusts swallowed up in a mountain cave; myriads of others he crushed, with his body, and myriads he ground to powder between his hands. But many of the bears and monkeys escaped, by the passage of his mouth, or nostrils, or ears. Drunk with the madness of battle, the demon was as boastful as though the whole universe had been made over to him to ravage. Every champion took to flight, and there was no turning them back; they could neither see with their eyes nor hear any cry. When they learnt that Kumbha-karan had routed the monkey host the demons all rallied. But Ráma saw his army in distress, and the forces of the enemy coming on in full array.

Dohá 64.

"Hearken, Sugríva, Vibhíshan and you my brother, collect your troops and let me test the might of these miscreants:" thus cried the lotus-eyed.

Chaupái.

With bow in hand and quiver fitted to his side, Raghunáth went forth to scatter the ranks of the enemy. The lord gave his bow a preliminary twang; the hosts of the foe were deafened by the din. Then he let fly a million of arrows, he, the god ever faithful to his promise; the winged shafts sped like serpents of death. The terrible bolts flew in all directions; the mighty demon warriors were cut to pieces. Feet, trunk, head, and arms were shorn

away; many a hero was cut into a hundred pieces. The wounded reel and fall to the ground, but gallantly recover themselves, and rise again to renew the fight. The arrows as they strike give a thud like thunder; many fled when they saw how terrible they were. Headless bodies rush madly on; the cry resounds, 'seize, seize, kill, kill.'

Dohá 65.

In a moment the lord Raghubír's arrows cut to pieces the terrible demons; and then his shafts all came back into the quiver.

Chaupái.

When Kumbha-karan saw and perceived that the demon host had been routed in a minute, the mighty warrior waxed exceeding wrath and roared aloud with the voice of a lion. In his fury, he tore up mountains by the root and hurled them upon the throng of monkey chiefs. The Lord saw the monstrous rocks coming and with his arrows shattered them into dust. Again Raghunáyak indignantly strung his bow and let fly a volley of his terrible shafts. As they entered and passed through his body, they seemed like flashes of lightning stored in a dense thunder-cloud. The streams of blood on his black frame resembled rivers of red ochre on a mountain of soot. Perceiving his distress, the bears and monkeys rushed forward; he laughed when he saw them draw near.

Dohá 66.

Roaring aloud with a terrible voice, he seized myriads and myriads of the monkeys, and dashed them to ground like a lion, invoking the name of Rávan.

Chaupái.

The bears and monkeys all fled, like a flock of sheep at the sight of a wolf; and in their flight, Bhaváni, they cried aloud in their distress with a piteous voice; "This demon is for the monkey race like a sore famine that threatens to devastate a whole country. O Ráma, Kharári, rain-cloud of mercy, ever ready to relieve the distress of the suppliant, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us." When the Lord God heard their piteous cry, he

took his bow and arrows and went forth. His army he checked in the rear and went forth in all his might, full of indignation. He drew his bow and fitted a hundred arrows to the string; they flew forth and entered into his body. At their stroke he rushed forth in a fury—the mountains reeled, the earth staggered—and tore up a rock, but Ráma shot away his arm. Again he rushed on, with a rock in his left hand; but that arm too Ráma cut off, and it fell to the ground. The monster thus robbed of his arms resembled Mount Mandara without its wings. With savage eyes he glared upon the Lord, as though ready to devour the whole universe.

Dohá 67.

With a most terrible shriek he rushed forward with open mouth. The saints and gods above cried out in their terror, 'alas, alas, alas.'

Chaupái.

When the All-merciful saw the alarm of the gods, he drew his bow with its string to his ear. The flight of arrows filled the demon's mouth, yet he was so strong that he did not fall to the ground. With his mouth full of arrows he still rushed upon the foe, like a living quiver of death. Then the Lord in his wrath took his sharpest arrow, and struck his head right off his body. The head fell at the feet of Rávan, who was as dismayed at the sight as a snake that has dropt its crest jewel. The ground sunk beneath the weight of the trunk, as it still ran madly on; till the Lord cut it in two. Then it fell to the earth like a mountain from the sky, crushing beneath it monkeys, bears, and demons. His soul entered the Lord's mouth, to the astonishment of gods, saints, and all. The gods in their delight sound the kettle-drum and hymn his praise, and rain down flowers in abundance. After paying homage, all the gods went their way. At that time came also the divine sage Nárad, and extolled above the heaven Hari's infinite perfection. The Lord's soul was pleased by his stirring heroic strain. 'Make haste to destroy these miscreants' were the saint's words as he left. Ráma remained in his glory on the field of battle.

Chhand 3.

All-glorious shone forth Raghupati on the field of battle, in his immeasurable might and manifold beauty, with the drops of toil on his lotus face, with his lovely eyes and his body specked with blood, while in both hands he brandished his bow and arrows, with the bears and monkeys grouped all around him. Not Sheshnág with his many tongues could tell all his beauty, so says Tulsi Dás.

Dohá 68.

Though the demons were so vile and very mines of impurity, he translated them to his own sphere. O Umá, how dull of understanding are the men who do not worship the divine Ráma.

Chaupái.

At the close of the day both armies retired; the battle had thoroughly exhausted the stoutest warriors. But by Ráma's favour the monkey host gathered fresh strength, like as a fire blazes up when fed with straw; while the demons wasted away day and night, like the merit of a man's good deeds when he tells them himself. Rávan made great lamentation, again and again taking his brother's head in his lap. His wives also wept and beat their breast with their hands, while they told of his pre-eminent majesty and strength. At this juncture Meghnád arrived and with many words consoled his father: "Be witness to-morrow of my prowess; what need now of boastful speeches. I have received from my patron divinity a chariot of strength, the virtue of which I have never yet shown you, father." While they were thus talking, the day broke and swarms of monkey assailed the four gates. On the one side were the bears and monkeys terrible as death; on the other the demons, fiercest of warriors. Valiantly they fight, each thirsting for victory; the battle, Garúr, baffles all description.

Dohá 69.

Meghnád mounted his magic car and ascended into the air with a laugh like the roar of thunder, which struck the monkey army with terror.

Chaupái.

Spears, lances, swords, and scymetars were plied, with weapons and missiles of every description, axes, hatchets, clubs, and stones, and then a shower of innumerable arrows. The heaven was as dark all round with arrows as when the constellation Magha[1] pours down its torrents. 'Seize, seize, kill, kill,' were the cries that sounded in their ears, but none could tell who it was that struck them. Snatching up rocks and trees, the monkeys sprang into the air; but they could not see him and returned disappointed. Ravines, gorges, roads, and mountain-caves were turned by his magic power into arrowy cages. The monkeys were confounded and knew not where to turn, and fell to the ground like the mountains fallen in bondage to Indra.[2] Hanumán, Angad, Nala, Níla, and every other warrior he sorely distressed; then he assailed with his shafts Lakshman, Sugríva, and Vibhíshan, piercing their bodies through and through again. Lastly he joined in combat with Ráma himself and let fly his arrows, which as they struck turned to snakes. Kharári was rendered powerless by the serpents' coils, he the great free agent, the everlasting, the one unchangeable, who like a juggler performs all sorts of delusive actions, but is ever his own master, Ráma, our Lord. It was only to enhance the glory of the battle that he allowed himself to be bound by the serpents' coils; but the gods were in a panic.

Dohá 76.

O Umá, is it possible for him to be brought into bondage, by whose name when repeated in prayer the saints free themselves from the bonds of existence; who is the omnipresent centre of the universe.

Chaupái.

O Bhaváni, the actions of the incarnate Ráma are beyond the range of thought, or human strength, or speech. This is the reason why the wisest ascetics discard theological speculations and simply

[1] Magha is reckoned as the tenth of the Nakshatrás and is in the ascendant in the month of Bhádon, at the height of the rains. Hence the saying *mátá ke parose aur Magha ke barase.*

[2] Indra, the wielder of the thunderbolt, is represented as the mountains' master, or jailor. The word *bandi* here is not the participle of the verb 'to reverence' but the noun meaning 'a captive' or 'slave.'

adore. Having thus thrown the army into confusion, Meghnád at last manifested himself with words of reviling. Jámbaván shouted: 'Wretch, keep your place.' On hearing this, his fury waxed still greater. 'Fool, I only spared you on account of your age. I think scorn of your challenge.' So saying, he let fly his terrible trident; Jámbaván caught it in his hand and then rushed on and gave Meghnád such a blow on the chest that he, the scourge of heaven, fell swooning to the ground. Then in his wrath he caught him by the foot and swung him round and dashed him on the earth as a display of his strength. But he by virtue of the divine boon died not for all his killing; so he took him by the foot and tossed him into Lanká, while the gods and saints sent Garúr, who came in haste to Ráma,

Dohá 71.

and seized and devoured the whole swarm of false serpents. The delusion was dispelled, and all the monkey host rejoiced again. Tearing up with their claws the trees and rocks of the mountain, they rushed forward, while the demons fled in utter confusion and climbed up into the fort.

Chaupái.

When Meghnád recovered from his swoon, he was greatly ashamed to look his father in the face, and arose and went in haste to a cave in the mountain, intending to perform a sacrifice that would ensure victory. But Vibhíshan gave the caution: "Hearken, O king of unbounded might and generosity, Meghnád is preparing an unholy sacrifice—wretched sorcerer and scourge of heaven as he is—and if he bring it to completion, Sire, it will not be easy to conquer him." On hearing this, Raghupati was highly pleased and said to Angad and the other monkeys. "Go, my brothers, you and Lakshman, and put a stop to his sacrifice. It is for you, Lakshman, to fight and slay him; I am distressed to see the terror of the gods. Kill him, either by open force or by stratagem; one way or another—mark me, brother—the demon must be got rid of. But you three Jámbaván, Sugríva, and Vibhíshan remain with the army." When Raghubír had finished his commands, the hero girt his quiver by his side and took his bow, and with the glory of

his lord impressed upon his heart cried aloud with a mighty voice as of thunder: "*If* I return to-day without slaying him, may I be no longer called Ráma's servant; though a hundred Sivas give him help, I will slay him yet, in the name of Ráma."

Dohá 72.

After bowing his head at Ráma's feet, the incarnation of Seshnág went forth at once and with him Angad, Níla, Mayanda, Nala, and the valiant Hanumán.

Chaupái.

When the monkeys arrived, they found him making an oblation of blood and buffalo's flesh. They all tried to interrupt the ceremony, but he would not stir; they then took to praising him.[1] When still he did not rise, they went and pulled him by the hair, upon which he kicked out so fiercely that they ran away. He pursued them with his trident as they fled, till they joined Lakshman. He came on in the wildest fury striking out and shouting again and again with a terrible roar. Hanumán and Angad rushed fiercely forward, but he struck them on the breast with his trident and beat them to the ground. Then he shot forth his mighty spear against the lord, but he warded it off and broke it in two. Meanwhile the son of the wind and the prince had risen again and smote him furiously; but his wounds had no effect upon him. The heroes fell upon him once more, but their enemy was not to be killed; again he came on with a terrible shriek. Then Lakshman made up his mind: 'I have played with this miscreant long enough,' and seeing him advance, furious as hell, he let fly his terrible shaft. When he saw the arrow coming on like a thunderbolt, the wretch at once disappeared from sight and continued fighting under various disguises, now visible and now invisible. The monkeys thought him invincible and trembled. Then the incarnation of the serpent-king became exceeding wrath, and directing his intention to the glory of the lord of Kosala fitted an arrow to the string and with all his might let it fly. It struck him full in the breast. In the moment of death he abandoned all falsehood,

[1] That is, they enlarged upon his strength and courage and wondered why he should turn from fighting to sacrifice.

Dohá 73.

and invoking the names of Lakshman and Ráma drew his last breath. 'Blessed indeed is thy mother' cried Angad and Hanumán.[1]

Chaupái.

Without an effort Hanumán took up his body and put it at the gate of the city and returned. When they heard of his death, the gods and Gandharvas mounted their chariots and came thronging the heaven, showering down flowers and beating drums and hymning the spotless renown of the divine Raghubír. 'Glory to Seshnág, glory to the world-supporter; You, O Lord, are the Saviour of all the gods.' Having thus hymned his praises, the gods and saints withdrew, while Lakshman went and presented himself before the All-merciful. When the Ten-headed heard of his son's death, he swooned away and fell to the ground; Mandodari made grievous lamentation, beating her breast and ever calling upon his name; the citizens too were all sorrowful and dismayed and with one consent reviled Rávan.

Dohá 74.

Then the Ten-headed set to comforting his wives in every way he could: "See and consider at heart how transitory is everything in this world."

Chaupái.

Rávan gave them sound advice; though a dullard himself, his counsel was good and wholesome. There are many men who excel in giving advice, but the people who put it in practice are not very plentiful. When the night had passed and the day broke, the bears and monkeys again beset the four gates. Rávan summoned his captains and thus addressed them: "If any one's heart fail him in facing the battle, he had better withdraw now and not incur disgrace by running away in the midst of the engagement. Relying on the strength of my own arm, I have continued the struggle, and can give an answer to any enemy who may challenge me." So saying he made ready his chariot, swift as the wind, while

[1] For giving birth to such a gallant warrior and one who showed such faith in the hour of death.

every instrument of music sounded forth a strain of deadly combat. His champions marched on in their peerless might, like the march of a whirlwind of blackness. At that time occurred numberless omens of ill, but he heeded them not, in the overweening pride of the strength of his arm.

Chhand 4.

In his overweening pride he took no heed of omens, good or bad: weapons dropt from the hand; warriors fell from their cars; horses, frightened by the trumpeting of the elephants, ran out of the line; jackals, vultures, and huge packs of dogs made a frightful clamour, and owls, like messengers of death, uttered their most lugubrious notes.

Dohá 75.

How was it possible for him to have prosperous omens of good fortune, or even to dream of peace of mind, when he was so infatuated that he desired the ruin of the whole world, and was set upon opposing Ráma.

Chaupái.

The demon host marched on in countless numbers; elephants and chariots, foot and horse, line after line; equipages of every description, wagons and cars, with banners and standards of diverse colour; innumerable troops of infuriated elephants like autumn clouds when driven by the wind; battalions of savage demons of different colour, inspired with all the phrenzy of martial heroes; an army magnificent in every respect, like the mustered array of the gallant god of spring. As the host marched, the elephants of the eight quarters reeled, the ocean was stirred from its depths, the mountains shook. The dust rose in clouds that obscured the sun, the wind failed, and the earth was troubled. Drums and other instruments of music made an awful din, like a crash of thunder-clouds on the last day. Clarions, trumpets, and hautboys sounded the martial strain that gladdens the souls of heroes. With one accord they shouted as with the voice of a lion, each extolling his own strength and manhood. Rávan cried: "Hearken, my warriors; do you attack the common herd of bears and monkeys; I myself

will slay the two brother princes." So saying, he ordered the army to advance to the front. When the monkeys all heard this news, they rushed on crying 'Ráma to the rescue.'

Chhand 5.

The gigantic and terrible bears and monkeys rushed on like death: flying through the air like so many winged mountains of diverse colours. With talons and teeth and rocks and enormous trees for weapons they all feel no fear, singing the glory of Ráma, the lion-like vanquisher of the wild elephant Rávan.

Dohá 76.

With a shout of 'victory, victory,' raised from both sides, the heroes selected each his match and closed in combat, these calling on Ráma and those on Rávan.

Chaupái.

When Vibhíshan observed that Rávan was in a chariot and Ráma on foot he became anxious; his extreme affection made him doubtful of mind, and falling at his feet he cried tenderly: "My lord, you have neither a chariot nor shoes to your feet, how can you conquer so powerful a warrior?" "Hearken, friend," replied the All-merciful, "a conqueror has a different kind of chariot. Manliness and courage are his chariot wheels; unflinching truthfulness and morality his banners and standards; strength, discretion, self-control, and benevolence his horses, with grace, mercy, and equanimity for their harness; prayer to Mahádeva his unerring charioteer; continence his shield, contentment his sword, alms-giving his axe, knowledge his mighty spear, and perfect science his stout bow. His pure and constant soul stands for a quiver, his pious practices of devotion for a sheaf of arrows, and the reverence he pays to Bráhmans and his guru is his impenetrable coat of mail. There is no equipment for victory that can be compared to this, nor is there any enemy, my friend, who can conquer the man who takes his stand on the chariot of religion.

Dohá 77.

He is the warrior who can overcome his great and terrible enemy, the world. Who has such a powerful chariot as this?

hearken friend and fear not." When he had heard his lord's exhortation, Vibhíshan clasped his feet in his joy and cried—"O Ráma, full of mercy and kindness, you have used this parable to give me a lesson." On the one side Rávan's rabble, on the other Angad and Hanumán, the demons against the bears and monkeys, had joined in battle, each swearing by his own lord.

Chaupái.

Brahma and the other gods with all the saints and sages mounted their chariots to watch the fray, from the heaven above. I too, Umá, was with them, beholding Ráma's exploits on the field of battle. On both sides the leaders were maddened with martial phrenzy, but the monkeys were triumphant through the might of Ráma. With shouts of defiance they close in single combat, each mauling his foe and beating him to the ground. They strike, they bite, they clutch, they fell; they tear off heads and use them for weapons; they rip up bodies, wrench off arms, and seizing by the leg dash to the ground. The bears bury the demon warriors in the earth and pile over them heaps of sand; the sturdy monkeys raging in the fight were like so many monstrous images of ravening death to look upon.

Chhand 6.

The monkeys, their bodies all streaming with gore, stood forth like multiplied images of the god of death, crushing the mightiest warriors of the demon host and roaring with a voice of thunder. They strike, they buffet, they tear with the teeth, they crush beneath the feet, uttering fierce cries, both bears and monkeys, and employing strength and stratagem alike, by which to reduce the wretches. They seize and tear open their cheeks, they rip up the belly and take the entrails and hang them round their own necks, as though the lord of Prahlád (Narsinh) had assumed a multiplicity of forms, and were disporting himself on the field of battle. 'Seize, strike, tear, overthrow' were the savage cries, with which earth and heaven resounded. Glory to Ráma, who can make a straw a thunderbolt and again reduce a thunderbolt to a straw.

Dohá 78.

When Rávan saw his troops in confusion, he mounted his chariot, with his twenty arms and ten bows, and essayed to rally them crying 'turn, turn.'

Chaupái.

The Ten-headed rushed forth in wild fury, and the monkeys with a whoop advanced to meet him. Taking in their hands trees, crags, and mountains, together they all hurled them upon him. The masses of stone no sooner struck on his adamantine frame than they were at once shattered in pieces, while he flinched not, but stood firm as a rock and stayed his chariot, he, Rávan, maddened with the battle and terrible in his fury. This side and that he scattered and battered the monkey chiefs in the fierceness of his wrath. Bears and monkeys all took to flight, crying, "help, help, Angad, Hanumán; save, save, O lord Raghubír; this monster, as sure as death, will devour us all." When he saw the monkeys in flight, he fitted an arrow to each of his ten bows.

Chhand 7.

He strung his bow and let fly a volley of arrows; they flew and lodged like serpents; the heaven and the earth were full of arrows; the monkeys fled in all directions. There was a terrible uproar, the monkey host and the bears were panic-stricken and cried in dismay—"O Raghubír, fountain of mercy; O Hari, friend of the forlorn, saviour of mankind."

Dohá 79.

Seeing the distress of his troops, Lakshman slung his quiver by his side, took his bow in his hand, and sallied forth in a fury, after bowing his head at Ráma's feet.

Chaupái.

"Ah! vile wretch, you kill bears and monkeys; but now look at me, I am your death." "I have been searching for you, you murderer of my son, and to-day I will gladden my soul by your destruction." Thus he cried and let fly a storm of arrows; but Lakshman shivered them all into a hundred pieces. Then Rávan hurled

upon him myriads of missiles, but he warded them off as though they had been tiny sesamum seeds, and in turn assailed him with his own shafts, smashing his chariot and killing his charioteer. Each of his ten heads he transfixed with a hundred arrows, which seemed like serpents boring their way into the peaks of a mountain. With a hundred arrows more he struck him full in the breast: he fell senseless to the ground. When the swoon had passed off, he rose again in his strength and let fly the bolt given him by Brahma.

Chhand 8.

The mighty bolt, the gift of Brahma, smote the incarnate Seshnág full in the breast; the hero fell fainting; the Ten-headed essayed to lift his body, but his immeasurable bulk stirred not. In his folly Rávan thought to carry him off, not knowing him to be the lord of the three spheres, who supports on one of his heads the whole created universe, as though it were a mere grain of sand.

Dohá 80.

When the son of the wind saw this, he rushed forward with a furious cry; but as the monkey came on, he struck him a violent blow with his fist.

Chaupái.

The monkey dropt on one knee but did not fall to the ground, and, on recovering himself, arose full of exceeding wrath, and smote him one blow: he fell like a mountain struck by a thunderbolt. When he recovered from the swoon, he marvelled greatly at the monkey's mighty strength. "Shame on my manhood, shame on myself, if you remain alive, you plague of heaven." So cried the monkey, as he carried Lakshman away. At this sight Rávan was sore amazed. Said Raghubír, on finding his brother still alive: "You are indeed the destroyer of death and the saviour of the gods." On hearing these words, the benignant arose and sat up, and the terrible bolt vanished into the heaven. Then again they took bow and arrows and rushed forward with the utmost impetuosity to meet the enemy.

Chhand 9.

Again, by their impetuous attack, they put him to confusion, smashing his chariot and slaying his charioteer. Rávan fell

fainting to the ground, his heart transfixed by a hundred arrows. Another charioteer threw him on his car and carried him to Lankú, while Lakshman in all his glory prostrated himself at Ráma's feet.

Dohá 81.

On the one hand Rávan, on recovering, began to make preparations for a sacrifice; fool, to oppose Ráma and yet hope to prosper; obstinate and ignorant indeed!

Chaupái.

On the other hand, Vibhíshan, on learning the news, went at once and told Raghupati:—"My Lord, Rávan is engaged in a sacrifice; if he completes it, the wretch will never die. Despatch your valiant monkeys, sire, in all speed, to cut short his life." As soon as it was day, the Lord sent out his warriors. Hanumán, Angad, and all started forth. Bounding with glee, the monkeys climbed Lankú and boldly entered Rávan's palace. Finding him engaged in the sacrifice, they all became furious:—"You run away home without shame from the battle and on getting here practise this hypocrisy!"[1] So saying, Angad gave him a kick, but the wretch took no notice, so absorbed was he in his own purpose.

Chhand 10.

As he took no notice, the monkeys in a fury tore him with their teeth and kicked him with their feet; his wives, too, they seized by the hair and dragged them out of doors, till the poor wretches screamed again. Then at last he rose, terrible as death, and caught a monkey by the leg and hurled him away: but seeing that the monkeys had thus succeeded in interrupting the sacrifice, his heart failed him.

Dohá 82.

Rejoicing at having spoilt his sacrifice, the monkeys returned to Raghupati; while the demon went off in a fury, abandoning all hope of life.

[1] *Vak-dhyán*, literally, 'the contemplation of a crane,' *i.e.*, the affectation of being absorbed in divine contemplation, while really thinking only of worldly interests; like the crane, which seems lost in abstraction, but is only waiting for a fish to pounce upon.

Chaupái.

Fearful omens of ill met him as he went, for vultures flew and settled on his heads. Fated to die, he paid no heed, but gave the order to sound the onset. There seemed no end to the demon host as it marched on, with its many elephants, chariots, foot and horses. The miscreants hastened to confront the Lord, like a swarm of gnats when they fly into the fire. On the other hand, the gods raised songs of praise :—"He has caused us grievous trouble; play with him no longer, O Ráma, for Síta is in sore distress." On hearing the prayer of the gods, Ráma smiled[1] and rose and trimmed his arrows. His hair was tightly bound in a knot on his forehead, beautiful with the flowers that had here and there been caught (as they fell upon him from heaven). With his bright eyes and his body dark of hue as a rain-cloud, rejoicing the sight of every created sphere, he girded on his quiver with its belt about his loins and took in his hand his mighty bow, the bow of Vishnu.

Chhand 11.

With his bow Saranga in his hand and his beautiful quiver full of arrows slung by his side, with his muscular arms and fine broad chest, adorned with the print of the Bráhman's foot, when the Lord—says Tulsi Dás—began to handle his bow and arrows, the elephants that support the world, the tortoise, the serpent, and the earth itself, with its mountains and seas, all reeled.

Dohá 83.

The gods rejoiced at the sight of his splendour and rained down flowers in abundance, singing 'Glory, Glory, Glory to the All-merciful, the storehouse of beauty, strength, and perfection.'

Chaupái.

Meanwhile the demon hosts came rolling on in infinite number. The monkey warriors at the sight advanced to meet them, like the thunder clouds gathered at the last day. Spears, lances, and swords flashed again like gleams of lightning from every quarter of the heaven. The awful din of elephants, chariots and horses was like

[1] Knowing that the gods were anxious on their own account, though they professed to be only thinking about Síta.

the thundering of a frightful tempest. The monkeys' huge tails as they spread over the sky were like the uprising of a splendid rainbow. The dust was borne aloft like a cloud, and the arrows fell like a copious shower. The mountains hurled from either side were like the crash of repeated thunderbolts. When Ráma in his wrath poured forth his arrows, the demon crew were sore smitten. At the smart of his shafts the warriors screamed with pain, and everywhere reeled and fell to the ground. The rocks stream as it were with cascades in a river of blood, the terror of cowards.

Chhand 12.

A most loathsome river of blood, striking cowards with terror, rolled on between the two armies for its banks, with chariots for sand and wheels for eddies—a frightful flood; with elephants, foot soldiers, and horses for its aquatic birds, and vehicles of every kind, more than one could count, for its reeds and grasses; with arrows, spears, and lances for its snakes, bows for its waves, and shields for its shoals of tortoises.

Dohá 84.

The fallen heroes are the trees on its bank, the marrow of their bones its scum. Cowards tremble at the sight, but the gallant are dauntless of soul.

Chaupái.

Those who bathe in it are imps, demons, and goblins, monstrous ghouls and horrible vampires. Crows and vultures fly off with human arms, which they tear from one another and seize and devour. Says one 'at such a time of plenty, you wretch, is your hunger still unsatisfied?'[1] Wounded warriors, fallen on the edge of the field, utter groans like the dying left half in and half out of the water.[2] Vultures sit on the bank and tear the entrails of the dead, like fishermen intent on their rods. Many bodies float down with birds upon them, as if they were boating in a river. Witches draw water in skulls; other female demons and goblins dance in

[1] That you must come and steal from me instead of foraging for yourself.

[2] By *arddha-jal*, 'half in the water' is meant a dying man who has been taken by his friends and laid on the very edge of the river, so that he may breathe his last in the sacred stream.

the air, clashing the skulls of warriors for cymbals, while the infernal goddesses sing song after song. Herds of jackals snarl and growl and scamper about devouring till they are gorged. Thousands of headless bodies roam the plain, while the heads fallen to the ground still shout 'victory, victory.'

Chhand 13.

The heads cry 'victory, victory,' while the headless trunks rush wildly about. Swords and skulls are inextricably involved, hero against hero, fighting and overthrowing. The monkeys crushed the demon crew and triumphed through the power of Ráma. Smitten by Ráma's arrows the leaders are conspicuous on the field of battle.

Dohá 85.

Rávan thought within himself—"The demons are routed; I am alone, the bears and monkeys are many; I must put forth all my magic power."

Chaupái.

When the gods saw that the Lord was on foot, they were exceedingly disturbed in mind, and Indra at once despatched his own chariot. Mátali brought it gladly, a spendid chariot, divine, incomparable; the king of Kosala rejoiced as he mounted it. Its four beautiful and high mettled steeds, deathless and ever young, flew swift as thought. When they saw Raghunáth mounted on a car, the monkeys rushed forward with renewed vigour. Their onset was irresistible. Then Rávan exerted his magic power. Raghubír knew it to be a mere delusion, but Lakshman and the monkeys took it for real. They saw among the demon host many Rámas and as many Lakshmans.

Chhand 14.

Seeing these multiplied Rámas and Lakshmans, the monkeys and bears were greatly dismayed; wherever they looked, they saw him standing as in a picture, and Lakshman with him. The lord of Kosala smiled to see the perplexity of his troops: Hari made ready his bow and in a moment scattered the delusion: the monkey host rejoiced again.

Dohá 86.

Then Ráma looked round about him and cried with a mighty voice:—"Watch now the combat between us two, for my captains are all a-wearied."

Chaupái.

So saying, Raghunáth urged forward his chariot, after bowing his head at the Bráhmans' lotus feet. Then was the king of Lanká full of fury and rushed to meet him, challenging him with a voice of thunder:—"The warriors you have defeated in battle, mark me, hermit, I am not like them. The glory of Rávan's name is known throughout the world, and how he cast into prison the regents of the spheres. You forsooth have slain Khara and Dúshan and Virádha and killed poor Báli, lying in ambush for him like a huntsman. You have routed the leaders of the demon host, and put to death Kumbha-karan and Meghnád. But to-day I will make an end of all this fighting, unless, indeed, you save yourself by flight from the field. To-day, wretch, I will give you in charge to Death; you have now to deal with the mighty Rávan." On hearing this abusive speech, the All-merciful, knowing him to be death-doomed, smiled and answered:—"True, true, I have heard all about your greatness; but no more boasting words, let me see your strength.

Chhand 15.

Do not destroy your reputation by boasting, but pardon me if I give you a lesson. In this world there are three kinds of men resembling the dhák, the mangó, and the bread-fruit tree. The one has flowers, the second flowers and fruit, and the third fruit only. The one talks; the second talks and does; the third does, but says not a word."

Dohá 87.

On hearing Ráma's speech, he laughed and said:—"Now you would teach me wisdom. You did not fear to challenge me, but at last you begin to hold your life dear."

Chaupái.

Having uttered this taunt, Rávan in a fury began to let fly his arrows like so many thunderbolts. The shafts sped forth, of

many shapes, and on all sides around the heaven and earth were filled with the cloud of them. Raghubír discharged an arrow of fire, and in a moment the demon's bolts were all consumed. He ground his teeth and hurled forth his mighty spear; the lord turned it with an arrow and sent it back. Then he cast against him thousands of discs and tridents; but the lord without an effort snapped and turned them aside. Rávan's artillery was as unavailing as are always the schemes of the wicked. Then with a hundred arrows at once he struck the charioteer, who fell to the ground, crying 'victory to Ráma.' So the lord had compassion upon him and raised him up again: but a terrible fury then possessed him.

Chhand 16.

Full of fury and raging in the battle, Raghupati's very arrows were ready to jump out of his quiver. At the sound of the awful twang of his bow all creation was seized with terror. Mandodari's heart quaked: the sea, the great tortoise, the earth and its supporter trembled; the elephants of the eight quarters squealed and grasped the world tight in their jaws, while the gods laughed to see the sport.

Dohá 88.

He drew the bowstring to his ear and let fly his terrible darts; they cleft the sky, quivering like so many serpents.

Chaupái.

The arrows sped forth like winged serpents and at once laid low the charioteer and his horses, breaking the car and snapping the flagstaff. Though inwardly his courage failed him, he roared aloud and quickly mounted another car, and grinding his teeth let fly weapons and missiles of every description. But all his efforts had as little reward as those of a man bent only on injuring others. Then Rávan hurled forth ten spears, which struck the four horses and brought them to the ground. Ráma was furious: he raised the horses and then drew his bow and let fly his arrows. The edge of Rághubír's shafts swept off Rávan's heads as though they had been lotuses. He smote each of his ten heads with ten arrows: the blood gushed forth in torrents. Streaming with gore, he rushed on

in his strength; but the lord again fitted arrows to his bow and let fly thirty shafts; his heads and arms all fell to the ground. Again Ráma smote away his arms and heads, for they had grown afresh after being cut off. Time after time the lord struck off his arms and heads, but they were no sooner smitten off than they were again renewed. Again and again the lord shred off his heads and arms. The king of Kosala mightily diverted himself. The whole heaven was full of heads and arms, like an infinite number of Ketus and Ráhus;[1]

Chhand 17.

As though a multitude of Ráhus and Ketus streaming with gore were rushing through the air; for Rághubír's arrows had such force, that after hitting their mark they could not fall to the ground. Each arrow transfixing a set of heads seemed, as it flew through the sky, like a ray of the angry sun strung all over with moon-troublers.[2]

Dohá 89.

As quickly as the lord struck off his heads, they were renewed again without end; like the passions of a man devoted to the world, which increase ever more and more.

Chaupái.

When Rávan saw this multiplication of his heads, he thought no more of death and waxed still more furious. He thundered aloud in his insane pride, and rushed forward with his ten bows all strung at once; raging wildly on the field of battle, and overwhelmed Ráma's chariot with such a shower of arrows that for a moment it was quite lost to sight, as when the sun is obscured by a mist. The gods cried 'alack, alack'; but the lord wrathfully grasped his bow and parrying the arrows smote off his enemy's heads, which flew in all directions, covering heaven and earth.

[1] The demon Ráhu, having disguised himself as one of the gods, succeeded in securing a draught of the nectar, which they had churned out of the ocean. The sun and moon, who had detected the impostor, gave information to Vishnu, who thereupon cut off the monster's head and two of his four arms. As he could not rob him of the immortality that the nectar had conferred, the severed head and tail were metamorphosed into heavenly bodies, under the names of Ráhu and Ketu, or the ascending and descending node: of which the former still wreaks vengeance on the sun and moon by now and again swallowing them.

[2] *Vidhun-tuda*,—literally 'the moon-troubler,' is another name for Ráhu.

Severed as they were, they flew through the sky, uttering hideous cries of "victory, victory! where is Lakshman, where Sugríva and Angad; where Ráma the prince of Kosala?

Chhand 18.

Where now is Ráma?" cried the heads as they sped through the air. The monkeys saw and turned to flight; but the Jewel of the race of Raghu with a smile made ready his bow and with his arrows shot the heads through and through; as though the goddess Káli, with a rosary of skulls in her hand, and accompanied by all her attendants, had bathed in the river Blood and come to worship at the shrine of Battle.

Dohá 90.

Again Rávan in his fury hurled forth his mightiest spear: like the bolt of death it flew straight for Vibhíshan.

Chaupái.

When he saw the awful spear coming, he cried 'my trust is in him who ever relieves the distress of the destitute,' and Ráma at once put Vibhíshan behind him and exposed himself to the full force of the missile. When it struck, the lord swooned for a while, a mimicry which filled the gods with dismay. When Vibhíshan saw his lord fainting, he seized his club in his hand and rushed on in a fury:—"Ah, ill-starred wretch, fool, dull of understanding, enemy alike of gods, men, saints, and nágas; inasmuch as you devoutly offered your head to Siva, you have received a thousand for one in return. This is the only reason why as yet you have escaped; but now death is dancing on your pate. Fool, to oppose Ráma and yet hope to triumph." So saying he struck him on the chest with his club.

Chhand 19.

At the terrible stroke of the mighty club on his chest he fell to the ground; but, his ten heads all streaming with blood, he again picked himself up and came on full of fury. The two closed with all their might in savage wrestle, each mauling the other; but Vibhíshan was inspired with the strength of Ráma, and fell upon him as though he were of no account whatever.

Dohá 91.

O Umá, Vibhíshan would not have dared of himself to look Rávan in the face ; but now in the might of Ráma he closed with him like very death.

Chaupái.

But Hanúmán saw that Vibhíshan was sorely exhausted and rushed forward with a rock in his hand, with which he crushed chariot, horses, and driver, and gave the demon himself a kick in the ribs. He stood erect but trembled all over, and Vibhíshan escaped into the presence of the Saviour of the world. Then Rávan fell upon the monkey, who spread his tail and flew into the air. He laid hold of the tail and so was borne aloft with the monkey, the mighty Hanumán, who again turned and closed with him. The well-matched pair continued fighting overhead, each furiously bruising the other, and putting forth all his strength and skill; as though mounts Anjan and Sumeru had come into collision in the heaven. The demon was so astute that there was no throwing him, till the lord came to the support of the son of the wind.

Chhand 20.

Supported by Raghubír, the valiant monkey struck Rávan a violent blow. He fell to the ground, but rose again to fight, so that the gods shouted 'victory' to both. Seeing Hanumán in such a strait, the monkeys and bears advanced in furious passion ; but Rávan, battle-mad, crushed all their stoutest champions with the might of his terrible arm.

Dohá 92.

Rallied by Raghubír, the bold monkeys came on again. Seeing them to be so strong, he had recourse to magic.

Chaupái.

In a moment he became invisible and then again showed himself in a multitude of forms. Every bear and monkey in Ráma's army saw a separate Rávan confronting him. At the sight of such an infinity of Rávans, the bears and monkeys fled in all directions. Not one of them had the courage to stay, but all fled

crying 'Help, Lakshmán; help, Raghubír.' Myriads of Rávans pursued them on every side, thundering aloud with hoarse and terrible cries. The gods were all panic-stricken and betook themselves to flight, saying:—"Now, brother, abandon all hope of victory. A single Rávan subdued the whole heavenly host, and now there are many of them—make for the caves in the mountain." Only Brahma and Sambhu, and the wisest of the saints stood fast, who had some understanding of their lord's might.

Chhand 21.

They who understood his power remained fearless; but the monkeys took the apparitions for real enemies and fled, monkeys and bears alike, crying in their terror 'Help, god of mercy.' Only Hanumán, Angad, Nila, and Nala, the leaders of the host, fought bravely on and crushed thousands upon thousands of Rávans, the delusive growth of earth-born heroes.

Dohá 93.

The king of Kosala smiled to see the panic of the gods and monkeys, and stringing his bow dispersed with a single arrow the whole host of Rávans.

Chaupái.

In a moment the lord dispersed the whole phantom scene, as when the darkness is scattered at the rising of the sun. Seeing only one Rávan, the gods turned again with joy and showered down many flowers upon the Lord. Ráma then raised his arms aloft and rallied the monkeys, who turned again, each shouting to his neighbour. Inspired by the might of their lord, the bears and monkeys went forth, and with renewed vigour re-entered the arena. When Rávan saw the gods exulting, he muttered:—"They think I am now reduced to one; fools, you have ever been my prey." So saying, he made a savage spring into the air, and as the gods fled screaming, he cried—'Wretches, whither can you go from my presence?' Seeing their dismay, Angad rushed forward and with a bound seized him by the foot and threw him to the ground.

Chhand 22.

Having seized and hurled him to the ground, the son of Báli gave him a kick and then rejoined his lord. The Ten-headed, on

recovering himself, rose again and shouted terribly with a voice of thunder. Proudly he strung his bow, and fitting ten arrows to the string, he let fly many volleys, wounding all his enemies: at the sight of their confusion he gloried in his might.

Dohá 94.

Then Raghupáti cut off Rávan's heads and arms, his arrows also and his bow; but they all sprouted again, like sins committed at a holy place.

Chaupái.

Seeing the multiplication of their enemy's heads and arms, the bears and monkeys were mightily indignant and rushed on in a fury, crying—'Will the wretch never die, with hi heads and arms all cut off?' The son of Báli, with Hanumán, Nala, and Níla, the monkey king Sugríva, and the valiant Dwivid, hurled upon him trees and mountains; but he caught each mountain and tree and threw them back upon the monkeys. One tore the enemy's body with his claws, another would run past and kick him. But Nala and Níla clambered up on to his heads and set to tearing his face with their talons. When he saw the blood, he was sore troubled in soul and put up his arms to catch them; but they were not to be caught and sprang about over his hands, like two bees over a bed of lotuses. At last with a savage bound he clutched them both and dashed them to the ground, twisting and breaking their arms. Then in his fury he took his ten bows in his hands and with his arrows smote and wounded the monkeys, so that Hanumán and all were rendered senseless. The approach of night had gladdened him. Seeing all the monkey chiefs in a swoon, the valiant Jámbaván rushed forward, and with him the bears, armed with mountains and trees, which they began hurling upon him. The mighty Rávan was enraged, and many of the heroes he seized by the leg and dashed to the ground. Their king was wrath to see such havoc among his troops and gave him a savage kick on the breast.

Chhand 23.

The blow smote him so heavily on the breast that he fell fainting from his chariot to the ground, grasping a bear in each of his

twenty hands, like bees hiding by night in the folds of the lotus. Seeing him senseless, the king of the bears again struck him with his foot and then rejoined the Lord. As night had now come, the charioteer lifted Rávan on to the car and made off as best he could.

Dohá 95.

On recovering from their swoon, the bears and monkeys all appeared before Ráma; while all the demons crowded round Rávan in the utmost consternation.

Chaupái.

During the night Trijatá went to Síta and told her the whole story. When Síta heard of the multiplication of the enemy's heads and arms, she was sorely dismayed and thus addressed Trijatá, with downcast face and much anxiety of soul:—"Why do you not tell me, mother, what is to be done, and how this plague of the universe can be put to death? He will not die, even though Raghupati's arrows have shorn off his heads; of a truth, God is making everything turn out perversely. It must be my ill-luck which gives him life; for I too survive, though separated from Ráma's lotus feet. The same fate that created the false phantom of the golden deer is still cruel to me. The god that enables me to support such insupportable anguish; which made me speak crossly to Lakshman; which keeps me alive under such pain, pierced through and through as I am with the poisoned arrows of Ráma's loss, arrows with which Love has smitten me: it is this god, I swear, that keeps him alive." With many such words did Jánaki make piteous lamentation, as she recalled to mind the All-merciful. Trijatá replied:—"Hearken, royal maid, the enemy of the gods will die if an arrow strike him in the breast. But the Lord will not smite him there, because the image of Síta is imprinted on his heart.

Chhand 24.

Jánaki dwells in his heart and in Jánaki's heart is my home; in my heart are all the spheres of creation; if an arrow lodge there all will be undone." On hearing this explanation, she was

somewhat comforted; but seeing her still uneasy in mind, Trijatá continued:—"Now this is the way the monster will be killed; hearken, fair lady, and cease to be so greatly disquieted.

Dohá 96.

In the pain of having his heads cut off your image will be forgotten and the sagacious Ráma will then smite him in the heart."

Chaupái.

With such words having done all she could to comfort her, Trijatá returned home again. But Síta, reflecting on Ráma's amiability, was a prey to all the anguish of bereavement, and broke out into reproaches of the night and the moon:—"The night will never be spent, though it has seemed already an age long." In her heart of hearts she made sore lamentation, sorrowing for Ráma's loss. When the pangs of bereavement were at their very height, her left eye and arm throbbed. Considering this to be a good omen, she took courage:—'I shall now see again the gracious Raghubír.' Meanwhile Rávan had woke at midnight and began abusing his charioteer:—"Fool, to bring me away from the field of battle; a curse on you for a vile dullard." He laid hold of his feet and deprecated his wrath; and he, as soon as it was dawn, mounted his chariot and sallied forth again. When they heard of Rávan's approach, the monkey army was greatly excited, and tearing up mountains and trees on every side the terrible warriors rushed to the onset, gnashing their teeth.

Chhand 25.

The huge monkeys and terrible bears rushed on, with mountains in their hands, which they hurled forth with the utmost fury; the demons turned and fled. When they had thus scattered the ranks, the valiant monkeys next closed around Rávan, buffeting him on every side and tearing him with their claws, so that his whole body was mangled.

Dohá 97.

Seeing the monkeys so powerful, Rávan took thought, and in a moment became invisible and created a magic illusion.

Chhand Tomara.

By the magic that he wrought terrible beings were manifested; imps, demons, and goblins, with bows and arrows in their hands, witches clutching swords and in one hand a human skull, from which they quaff draughts of blood, dancing and singing many a song. Their horrible cries of 'seize and kill' echo all around, while dogs with open mouth[1] run to and fro. Then began the monkeys to flee; but wherever they turn in flight, they see a blazing fire. Monkeys and bears were both in dismay. Then there fell upon them a shower of sand. They were routed on all sides and the Ten-headed roared again. Lakshman, the monkey-king and all the chiefs were at their wits' end. The bravest of them wrung their hands, crying 'alas, Ráma; alas Raghunáth.' After crushing all their might in this fashion, he next practised another kind of magic. A host of Hanumáns were manifested, who rushed forward with rocks in their hands and encircled Ráma in a dense mass on every side. With gnashing teeth and up-turned tail, they shouted 'kill, hold fast, never let him go;' their tails making a complete circle all round with the king of Kosala in the midst.

Chhand 27-28.

In their midst the dark-hued king of Kosala shone forth as resplendent in beauty as a lofty *tamál* tree encircled by a hedge of gleaming rainbows. As they gazed upon the Lord, the heart of the gods was moved with mingled joy and grief, while they raised the cry of 'victory, victory.' In a moment and with a single arrow Raghubír indignantly dispelled the delusion. As the phantoms vanished, the monkeys and bears rejoiced and all turned again, with trees and rocks in their hands. Ráma shot forth a flight of arrows and Rávan's heads and arms again fell to the ground. Though a hundred Sesh-págs, Sáradás, and Vedic bards were to spend many ages in singing the various achievements of Ráma in his battle with Rávan, they would never come to the end of them.

[1] For *mukh báya*, 'with open mouth,' some books read *makh báya*, which would mean 'having scattered the sacrifice.' As no sacrifice has been mentioned, the former seems preferable; though the latter may also be understood as a general image of horror.

Dohá 98.

Tulsi Dás, poor clown, who would tell even the least part of his glory, is like a gnat who thinks himself strong enough to fly up into heaven. Though his heads and arms were cut off again and again, the mighty king of Lanká was not killed. Sages, saints, and gods were confounded by the agonizing sight, the pastime of their lord.

Chaupái.

No sooner were his heads cut off than a fresh crop grew, like covetousness increased by gain.[1] For all his toil the monster died not and Ráma then turned and looked at Vibhíshan. O Umá, the Lord, whom fate and death obey, thus tested the devotion of one of his creatures. "Hearken, omniscient sovereign of all things animate and inanimate, defender of the suppliant, delight of gods and saints, it is only, sire, by virtue of the nectar that abides in the depth of his navel that Rávan lives." On hearing Vibhíshan's speech the All-merciful was pleased and took his terrible arrows in his hand. Many omens of ill then began to present themselves: asses, jackals, and packs of dogs set up a howling; birds screamed over the distress of the world and comets appeared in every quarter of the heaven; fierce flames broke out on every side, and though there was no new moon, the sun was eclipsed. Mandodarí's heart beat wildly and statues flowed with tears from their eyes.

Chhand 29.

Statues wept, thunder crashed in the air, a mighty wind blew, the earth quaked, the clouds dropt blood, hair and dust: who could recount all the portents? At the sight of such unspeakable confusion the gods of heaven in dismay uttered prayers for victory. Perceiving their distress, the merciful Raghupáti set arrows to his bow;

Dohá 99.

And drawing the string to his ear he let fly at once thirty-one shafts. The bolts of Raghu-náyak flew forth like the serpents of death.

[1] In a covetous man no sooner is one desire cut off or satisfied than other desires spring up to take its place.

Chaupái.

One arrow dried up the depth of his navel, the others struck off his heads and arms, and with such violence that they carried head and arms away with them. The headless and armless trunk still danced upon the plain. The earth sunk beneath the weight of the body as it rushed wildly on, till the lord with his arrows smote it in twain. At the moment of death he thundered aloud with a fierce and terrible yell: 'Where is Ráma, that I may challenge and slay him?' The earth reeled as Rávan fell; the sea, the rivers, the elephants of the eight quarters and the mountains were all shaken. The two halves lay full length upon the ground, thronged by a crowd of bears and monkeys. But the arrows deposited the heads and arms before Mandodari and then returned to the lord of the universe and dropt again into the quiver. Seeing this, the gods sounded the kettle-drums. His soul entered the lord's mouth; Siva and Brahma rejoiced to see the sight. The whole universe resounded with cries of "victory, victory, glory to Raghubír, the mighty of arm; glory to the All-merciful: glory to Mukunda;" while throngs of gods and saints rained down flowers.

Chhand 30-31.

"Glory to Mukunda, the fountain of mercy, the subduer of rebellion, our refuge, our health-giving lord; the scatterer of the ranks of the impious, the great First Cause, the compassionate, the ever Supreme." All the gods in their joy showered down flowers and the kettle-drums sounded aloud, while on the field of battle Ráma's every limb displayed the beauty of a myriad Loves. The crown on his coil of hair all besprinkled with blossoms shone forth in exquisite splendour like flashes of lightning gleaming amidst the star-lit peaks of a dark mountain. With the bow and arrows that he brandished in his arms, his body, spangled with specks of blood, seemed like some spotted amadavad that had perched on a tamál tree in a rapture of delight.

Dohá 100.

With a shower of gracious glances the lord dispelled the fears of all the gods; and bears and monkeys shouted in their joy 'glory to Mukunda, the abode of bliss.'

Chaupái.

When Mandodari saw her lord's heads, she fainted in her grief and fell to the ground. Her bevy of weeping maidens sprang up in haste and supported her and brought her to Rávan's body. When she saw the state in which her lord was, she set up a shriek, her hair flew loose, and there was no strength left in her body. Wildly beating her bosom and weeping, she recounted all his glory:—"At your might, my lord, the earth ever trembled; fire, moon, and sun were bereft of splendour. The great serpent and tortoise could not bear the weight of your body, which now lies on the ground, a mere heap of ashes. Varuna, Kuver, Indra, and the god of the wind had never the courage to face you in battle. By the might of your arm, O my lord, you conquered death and fate; and to-day you have fallen like the poorest creature. Your magnificence was renowned throughout the world; while the strength of your son and your kinsmen surpassed description. You opposed Ráma and this is now your condition; not one of your stock is left even to make lamentation. The whole sphere of creation was in your power, my lord, and the frighted regents of the eight quarters ever bowed their heads before you; but now jackals devour your heads and arms, and rightly so, seeing that you opposed Ráma. Death-doomed, my lord, you heeded not my words, and took the sovereign of all things animate and inanimate for a mere man.

Chhand 32.

"You took for a man Hari, the self-existent, that fire to consume the forest of devildom; and you worshipped not, O my spouse, the All-merciful, to whom Siva and Brahma and all the gods do reverence. From your birth you have delighted to injure others, and this your body has been a very sink of sin, and yet Ráma has now raised you to his own abode: I bow before the blameless God.

Dohá 101.

"Ah, my lord, there is none other so gracious as Raghunáth, the great God, who has given you a rank, to which the company of saints can with difficulty attain."

Chaupái.

When they heard Mandodari's speech, gods, saints, and sages were all enraptured. Brahma, Siva, Nárad, Sanat-kumára, and all the great seers who have preached the way of salvation, gazed upon Raghupáti with eyes full of tears and were overwhelmed with devotion. Seeing all the women making lamentation, Vibhíshan went to the spot, his heart heavy with grief, and was sorely pained to see his brother's condition. Then the Lord gave an order to Lakshman, who did all that he could to console him. At last Vibhíshan betook himself to the lord, who looked upon him with an eye of compassion and said 'make an end of sorrow and perform the funeral rites.' In obedience to his command he celebrated his obsequies, wisely bearing in mind the circumstances of time and place.

Dohá 102.

Mandodari and the others presented the dead with the handfuls of sesamum seed and the queen then returned to the palace, recounting to herself all Raghupáti's excellencies.

Chaupái.

Again Vibhíshan came and bowed his head. Then the All-merciful called his younger brother and said, "Do you and the monkey prince and Angad and Nala and Níla, with Jámbaván and the sagacious son of the wind, go all together in company with Vibhíshan and make the arrangements for his coronation;" thus cried Raghunáth; "I by reason of my father's commands may not enter the city, but I send the monkey and my younger brother to take my place." The monkey started at once, on receiving his lord's order, and went and made ready for the installation. With due reverence they seated him on the throne, and after marking his forehead with the royal sign, they sang a hymn of praise, and with clasped hands all bowed the head before him. Then with Vibhíshan they returned to the Lord, and Raghubír addressed the monkeys with such gracious words as made them all glad.

Chhand 33.

He made them glad with words that were sweet as nectar:—"It is by your might that the enemy has been defeated, and that

Vibhíshan has acquired the kingdom; your glory will live for ever throughout the universe. Whoever with sincere devotion shall sing your glorious deeds in connection with me shall cross without an effort the boundless ocean of existence."

Dohá 103.

The monkey host would never have been tired of listening to their lord's words; again and again they all bowed the head and clasped his lotus feet.

Chaupái.

The Lord next addressed Hanumán: "Go to Lankâ," said the god, "and tell Jánaki the news and bring me back word of her welfare." Hanumán then entered the city. The demons and demonesses no sooner heard than they ran to meet him, and shewed him every possible honor and pointed out Sítâ to him. From afar off the monkey prostrated himself. She recognized Ráma's messenger. "Tell me, friend, of my gracious lord, and of his brother; is he well, and all the monkey host?" "All is well, madam, with the king of Kosala; he has conquered Rávan in battle; Vibhíshan has been placed in secure possession of the throne." On hearing the monkey's reply, joy was diffused over her soul.

Chhand 34.

Sita's soul was overjoyed, her body thrilled, and her eyes streamed with tears, as again and again she cried:—"What can I give you, monkey? there is nothing in the three spheres of creation to be compared to your tidings." "Hearken, madam; to-day of a truth I have already obtained the undisputed sovereignty of the world, when I see and adore Ráma with his brother triumphing over the ranks of the enemy."

Dohá 104.

"Hearken, my son Hanumán; every virtue finds a home in your heart: may you live and prosper for ever in the service of Kosala's king.

Chaupái.

But now friend, devise some plan by which I may see with my own eyes his dark but comely form." Hanumán then returned to

Ráma and told him of Sita's welfare. When the Glory of the Solar race heard her message, he said to prince Vibhíshan :—"Go you with Hanumán and respectfully escort Sita here." They all went at once to the place where Sita was. The demon ladies humbly do her service and being sharply ordered by Vibhíshan attend her to the bath with all formality and adorn her with ornaments of every description. Then they make ready and bring up a handsome palanquin, which she mounted with joy, thinking ever of Ráma with the deepest affection. On all four sides were guards, with staves in their hands, who marched with the greatest gladness of soul. The bears and monkeys all came to look, but the guards in a fury rushed to keep them back. Said Raghubír—"Attend to what I say; bring Sítá on foot, friend; let the monkeys see her as they would their own mother." Thus said the great Raghunáth and smiled. The bears and monkeys were delighted to hear his commands, and from heaven the gods rained down a profusion of flowers. To begin with, he placed Sita in the fire, for he wished the internal witness to be revealed.[1]

Doha 105.

For this reason the All-merciful spoke with seeming harshness. All the demonesses, when they heard it, began to make lamentation.

Chaupai.

But Sita bowed to her lord's command—pure as she was in thought, word and deed—and said "Lakshman, be you the celebrant of this rite; show me the fire and be quick." When Lakshman heard Sita's words, so full of detachment, discretion, and piety, his eyes filled with tears and he clasped his hands in prayer, but could not speak a word to his lord. Seeing that Ráma was displeased, he ran and kindled a fire with a quantity of wood that he had brought. Sita beheld the fierceness of the flame, but was glad of heart without a particle of fear. "If neither in thought, word or

[1]The meaning of the words *Antara Sákhi*, the internal witness, or witness of the soul, would not be very obvious without a reference to the Sanskrit text, in which Sita makes her prayer to the Fire-god, addressing him thus: "Thou O Fire, knowest the secrets of the hearts (*sarírantara gocharah*) of all living creatures; be thou my witness (*sákshi*) assume a visible form and save me, O best of gods."

deed I have ever abandoned Ráma or cherished any other, may the fire, which tests all men's actions, become as cooling as sandal-wood."

Chhand 35.

The flame was cool as sandal-wood, as Síta entered it, meditating on her lord :—"Glory to the king of Kosala, for whose feet, ever worshipped by Siva, I cherish the purest devotion." Her shadow and the stain of social disgrace were alone consumed in the blazing fire. Such an action on the part of the Lord had never been seen before: gods, saints, and sages all stood at gaze. The Fire assumed a bodily form and took her by the hand and led and presented her to Ráma, the very Lakshmi celebrated alike in the Vedas and the world, who erst arose as Indirá from the sea of milk. Resplendent with exquisite beauty she shines forth as the left side of Ráma's body, like the blossom of a golden lily beside a fresh blue lotus.

Dohá 106.

The gods in their delight rain down flowers and make music in the air, while the Kinnaras sing and the nymphs of heaven dance, all mounted on their chariots. The beauty of Janak's daughter reunited to her lord was beyond all measure and bound; the bears and monkeys, in their rapture at the sight, shouted 'glory to Ráma the beneficent.'

Chaupái.

Then came Mátali, having obtained Ráma's permission, and bowed his head at his feet. The gods, too, selfish as ever, came and made this seemingly pious prayer :—"Friend of the destitute, gracious Raghurái, a god yourself, you have shown mercy to the gods. This sensual wretch, who delighted to harass the whole world, has perished by his own wickedness in his sinful course. You are the supreme spirit, one and everlasting, ever unchangeable and unaffected by circumstances, without parts or qualities, uncreated, sinless, all perfect, invincible, unerring, full of power and compassion; incarnate as the fish, the tortoise, the boar, the lion-man, and the dwarf; as Parasu-ram also and now as Ráma; whenever,

O Lord, the gods have been in trouble, you have taken birth in various forms to put an end to it: but this impure wretch, the persistent plague of heaven, given up to sensuality, greed, pride and passion, this monster of monsters, has been promoted to your sphere and thereat we marvel greatly. We gods are high masters, but in our selfishness we have forgotten the worship of our lord, and thus we are ever involved in the flood of wordly passions; but now, O Lord, have mercy upon us, for we come to you for refuge."

Dohá 107.

With clasped hands the gods and saints stood all round about him, thus making supplication; and—his whole body quivering with excess of devotion—Brahma at last broke out into this hymn of praise.

Chhand 36.

"Glory to the immortal Ráma, the blissful Hari, the prince of Raghu's line, with his bow and arrows; the lion-like lord to rend in pieces the elephant of earthly existence; the ocean of perfection, the all-wise, the all-pervading; in whose body is concentrated the incomparable beauty of a myriad Loves; whose virtues are sung by bards, saints, and sages. Hero of spotless renown, who in thy wrath didst seize Rávan, as Garúr might seize some monstrous serpent; delight of mankind; destroyer of grief and fear; ever unmoved by passion; lord of supreme intelligence; beneficent incarnation of illimitable perfection; loosener of earth's burdens; very wisdom; everlasting, all-pervading, ever one, without beginning, I rapturously adore thee, O Ráma, fountain of mercy. Glory of the line of Raghu, slaying Dúshan and making a king of the ever faithful Vibhíshan; storehouse of virtue and wisdom; incomprehensible and from everlasting, I constantly adore thee, O Ráma, the passionless, the supreme. Mighty of arm, strong in renown, exterminator of the hordes of the sinful; pre-eminent in auspiciousness; friend and protector even of the undeserving suppliant; I worship the perfection of beauty, the spouse of Lakshmi. Deliverer from the burden of mortality, extern to cause and effect, soul-created destroyer of hideous sin; wielder of the arrows and bow and lovely quiver; lotus-eyed paragon of kings; temple of bliss, Lakshmi's

beautiful consort; subduer of pride, lust, lying, and [selfishness]; irreproachable, imperishable; perceptive and percept; all forms alike and yet no determinate form; like the light of the sun—thus the Vedas have declared,[1] it is no mere quibble of speech—which is separate from it and yet not separate. How fortunate, my lord, are all these monkeys who reverently gaze upon thy face. A curse, Hari, on the life we gods enjoy; without devotion to you we have all gone astray in the world. Now, as thou art compassionate to the suppliant, have compassion upon me; a lion to destroy the elephant-like inconstancy of my purpose; may I practise the reverse of my former way and live happy, esteeming that a happiness which was before a pain. Mercy, destroyer of the wicked, beautiful jewel, whose lotus feet are cherished by Sambhu and Umá. O king of kings, grant me this boon, the blessing of a constant devotion to thy lotus feet."

Dohá 108.

As Brahma made this prayer, his whole body quivered with excess of devotion, and his eyes beholding the ocean of beauty refused to be satisfied.

Chaupái.

Then too came Dasarath, and, when he beheld his son, his eyes were flooded with tears. The Lord and his brother made obeisance before him and their father gave them his blessing. "It is all due, sire, to your religious merit that the invincible demon king has been conquered." On hearing his son's words, his affection increased still more; his eyes streamed and every hair on his body stood erect. Seeing his father thus overcome by love, Raghupati, after first taking thought, bestowed upon him absolute wisdom. He did not receive the boon of deliverance from existence, Umá, for this reason, that Dasarath had grasped the mystery of faith. Worshippers of the incarnate are not rewarded with annihilation, but Ráma gives them devotion to himself. Having again and again prostrated himself before the lord, Dasarath proceeded with joy to his abode in heaven.

[1] *Nadanti* may be taken as the third person plural of the present tense of the verb *nad*, 'to declare,' like *vadanti* from *vad*; and Ram Jasan from the way that he has divided the words in the text, evidently so regarded it. But perhaps it is better to divide thus, *nadanti-kathá*, instead of *nadanti kathá*; 'danti-katha being a common colloquial expression for a verbal quibble, or an argument unsupported by authority.

Dohá 109.

The Lord, the king of Kosala, rejoiced together with his brother and Jánaki. At the charming sight the king of the gods in his delight chanted this hymn of praise.

Chhand Tomar[1] 37.

"Glory to Ráma, the home of beauty, the merciful, the refuge of the suppliant; equipt with quiver and bow and arrows, triumphing in his mighty strength of arm. Glory to the foe of Dúshan, the foe of Khara, the destroyer of the demon host; when my lord slew this last monster, all the gods were happy again. Glory to the remover of earth's burdens, whose greatness is indeed vast and unbounded. Glory to Ráyan's merciful foe, the discomforter of the demons. Outrageous was the pride of the king of Lanká, who had reduced to subjection gods and gandharvas; who relentlessly pursued saints and sages, men, birds, and serpents; a malignant and implacable monster; but who now—the wretch—has obtained his reward. Hearken now, protector of the suppliant, with the large lotus eyes; my pride was inordinate, there was no one to equal me. Now after seeing thy lotus feet, the arrogance that caused me so much misery has passed away. Let others adore the unembodied supreme, the primary existence, whom the Vedas hymn; but my desire is the king of Kosala, the divine Ráma, visible and material. Together with Sita and Lakshman, make my heart thy abode. O spouse of Lakshmi, recognize me as thy servant, and grant me faith."

Chhand 38.

"Grant me faith, O spouse of Lakshmi, soother of terror, consoler of the suppliant. Thee I adore, O blissful Ráma, prince of the house of Raghu, beautiful as a myriad loves. Delight of the hosts of heaven, queller of strife; in form as a man of incomparable strength; object of the adoration of Brahma, Sankara, and all the gods, I worship thee, O Ráma, the gracious, the benign.

[1] In the Tomar metre each line of the quatrain should consist of an anapœst followed by two amphibrachs; but many licenses are allowed.

Dohá 110.

Now in thy mercy, O most merciful, look upon me and direct me what to do." On hearing this tender appeal the protector of the poor made answer :—

Chaupái.

"Hearken, king of the gods; my bears and monkeys who lie on the ground slain by the demons, have lost their life on my account: restore them all to life, wise king of heaven." Hearken, Garúr, this request of the lord's is a mystery that only the greatest sages can comprehend. The Lord could himself destroy and re-create the three spheres of creation; only he wished to do Indra honour. With a shower of ambrosia he restored the bears and monkeys to life. They arose with joy and all betook them to the Lord. The shower of ambrosia fell on both armies; but the bears and monkeys came to life, not the demons. The image of Ráma was imprest upon the demons' soul; thus they were loosed from the fetters of existence, and became absorbed in the divinity. The bears and monkeys were partial incarnations of the gods, and were really all alive; but it was the will of Raghupati. Who is there so kind to the destitute as Ráma, who granted final deliverance even to the host of demons, while that filthy and sensual monster Rávan obtained translation to the same sphere as the holiest of saints.

Dohá 111.

After showering down flowers, the gods mounted their splendid chariots and withdrew. Then seeing his opportunity the sagacious Sambhu drew near to Ráma. Most lovingly, with clasped hands, his lotus eyes full of tears and his body quivering all over, Tripurári uttered this prayer with choking voice :—

Chhand 39.

"Save me, O prince of the house of Raghu, equipt with thy strong bow and graceful arrows in thy hand; dispeller of the murky clouds of delusion; fire to consume the forest of doubt; delight of the gods; unembodied yet embodied; glorious shrine of perfection; sun of vehement splendour to disperse the darkness of error; a very lion to attack the elephantine monsters, lust, anger,

and pride, take up thy abode for ever, as in some forest, in the heart of thy servant. Stern frost for the lotus growth of sensual desires; gracious beyond all conception; a mount Meru to churn up the ocean of life; dweller of the highest sphere; avert from me the stormy waves of the world or transport me across them. O king Ráma, dark-hued and lotus-eyed, protector of the poor, soother of the sorrows of the distrest, dwell for ever in my heart with Lakshman and Jánaki, delight of the saints, glory of the terrestrial sphere, uprooter of every terror, Tulsi Dás's own lord.

Dohá 112.

"When your coronation, O my lord, takes place at Kosala, I will come to see the glorious ceremony, O greatly compassionate."

Chaupái.

When Sambhu had finished his prayer and gone away, then Vibhíshan approached the lord. Bowing his head at his feet he cried in pleading tones:—"Hearken to my prayer, O lord, with bow in hand. You have slain Rávan with all his kindred and all his army and made your unsullied glory known throughout the three spheres. On me, your vile servant, without either sense or breeding, you have in every way shown compassion; now, sire, honour your servant's house and bathe and refresh yourself after the toil of the battle. Inspect my treasure, my palace, and my wealth, and by this condescension make all the monkeys happy. Consider, my lord, everything that I have as your own, and moreover take me with you to Avadh." When the All-merciful heard this affecting speech, both his great eyes filled with tears.

Dohá 113.

"Hearken, brother; all you say is true; your house and treasure are as my own; but thinking of Bharat's condition every minute seems to me an age. In penitential attire, with emaciated body, he is ever repeating my name in prayer. I entreat you friend, to make an effort so that I may soon be able to see him again. If at the end of my time I go and find him no longer alive"—at the remembrance of his brother's affection, the lord's

body quivered all over—"but may you reign for ages, your soul ever mindful of me, and at the last enter into my sphere, where all the good go."

Chaupái.

When Vibhíshan heard Ráma's words, he was overjoyed and clasped the feet of the All-merciful. All the bears and monkeys with equal joy clasped the lord's feet and recited his glorious merits. Then Vibhíshan proceeded to the palace and loaded the chariot with jewels and attire. When he had brought the car Pushpaka and set it before the lord, the All-merciful smiled and said:—"Hearken, friend Vibhíshan; step into the car, and when you have risen high in the air, throw down the dresses and jewels." Accordingly Vibhíshan mounted aloft into the heaven and scrambled the raiment and jewels among them all. The monkeys picked up anything they fancied, cramming the precious thing into their mouths, while Ráma and his wife and brother laughed; so full of playfulness is the All-merciful.

Dohá 114.

He, to whom the saints cannot attain by contemplation, whom the Veda itself fails to fathom, even he in his infinite compassion made merry with the monkeys. O Umá, abstraction, prayer, charity, penance, the different forms of fasting, sacrifice, and vows,—all move Ráma's compassion less than simple love.

Chaupái.

After securing the dresses and ornaments, the bears and monkeys clothed themselves with them and appeared before Ráma. The king of Kosala laughed again and again to see the monkeys in their motley attire. As he looked upon them all, he was moved with pity, and said in gracious phrase:—"It is by your assistance that I have killed Rávan and thus secured the throne for Vibhíshan. Now return all of you to your several homes; remember me and fear no one." On hearing these words the monkeys were overcome with affection, and all with clasped hands thus reverently addressed him:—"What you say, my lord, is all to your honour; but we are confused on hearing such words. Knowing the low estate

of us monkeys, you gave us a leader; you, O Raghunáth, are the sovereign of the universe. When we hear our lord's words we die of shame: is it possible for a gnat to assist the mighty Garúr?" The monkeys were so charmed as they gazed on Ráma's face that in the depth of their devotion they had no desire for their own homes.

Dohá 115.

When the lord had dismissed them, the bears and monkeys all went their way, cherishing Ráma's image in their heart, exulting with joy and making frequent prayer. The monkey-king, Níla, the king of the bears, Angad, Nala, Hanumán, Vibhíshan also, and all the other valiant monkey chiefs were so overcome by their feelings that they could not speak a word, while their eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed upon Ráma's person so intently that they had no time to wink.

Chaupái.

When Ráma perceived the strength of their affection, he took them all up into his chariot, and after mentally bowing his head at the Bráhmans' feet he directed the car towards the north. A tumultuous noise accompanied the car on its way, all shouting 'glory to Raghubír!' The throne on which the lord and his consort were seated was very lofty and magnificent; there Ráma and his bride shone resplendent, like a dark cloud on the peak of Sumeru with attendant lightning. The beauteous car sped swiftly on its way, while the gods in their joy rained down showers of flowers. A delightful breeze breathed soft, cool, and fragrant; the water of the sea and the Ganges was without a speck; omens of good fortune occurred on every side; the heart was glad and all the expanse[1] of ether clear. Said Rághubír:—"See, Síta, the field of battle; here Lakshman slew Megh-nád; here the huge demons that strew the plain were slaughtered by Angad and Hanumán; here fell the two brothers Kumbha-karan and Rávan, that plague of gods and saints.

Dohá 116.

Here the bridge was built and the symbol of the blessed Mahádeva adored:" the All-merciful and Síta here both made obeisance

[1] *Ás* here is not the common word *ása*, hope (from *à-sans*), but is derived from the root *as* and has the meaning of 'space, region, expanse.'

to Sambhu. Every place in the forest wherever the gracious god had taken up his abode or rested, he pointed out to Jánaki and told her the names of them all.

Chaupái.

Forthwith the chariot arrived at the charming Dandaka forest, and Ráma visited the hermitage both of Agastya and all the other great saints. After receiving the blessing of all the holy men, the lord of the world came to Chitra-kút. After gratifying the hermits there, the chariot again sped swiftly on. Ráma next pointed out to Síta the noble Jamuná, that washes away all the impurities of this sinful age. After this he espied the holy Ganges and said, "Síta, do it homage. See also the queen of all holy places, Prayág, the sight of which puts away all the sins committed in a thousand births. See again the most holy Tribeni, the antidote of sorrow, the ladder of heaven. See also the sacred city of Avadh, which heals all the three kinds of pain and every disease in life."

Dohá 117.

The gracious god and Síta both did reverence to Avadh. With streaming eyes and quivering limbs Ráma's joy was unbounded. Then came the lord and with much delight bathed at Tribeni and bestowed gifts of all kinds on the Bráhmans and on the monkeys also.

Chaupái.

The lord spoke and enjoined Hanúmán:—"Take the form of a young Bráhman and go into the city. Tell Bharat of my welfare, and come back here yourself with the news." The son of the wind was off at once. Then the lord visited Bharadvája. The saint received him with all possible honour, and after hymning his praises gave him his blessing. The lord prostrated himself at his feet, with his hands clasped in prayer, and then mounted his chariot and went on again. When the Nishád heard that the lord had come, he cried 'a boat, a boat,' and summoned his people. The chariot crossed the sacred stream and then stopt on the bank, obedient to the lord's command. Then Síta worshipped the divine Ganges, and again and again threw herself at its feet. In gladness of soul the Ganges gave

her this blessing:—"Fair lady, may your happiness be without a break." On hearing the news, Guha ran in a transport of love and drew near, bewildered with excess of joy. At the sight of Sita and the lord, he fell flat upon the ground quite out of his senses. When Ráma perceived the vehemence of his love, he was glad and raised him up and took him to his bosom.

Chhand 6.

The All-merciful and All-wise Ráma, the spouse of Lakshmi, took and clasped him to his heart and seated him close by his side and asked of his welfare. He was all humility:—"Now is all well with me, for I have seen thy lotus feet, the adoration of Brahma and Sankara: O Ráma, abode of bliss, fulfiller of desire, thee, thee only do I worship." Though he was only a poor low Nishád, Hari clasped him to his bosom, as though he were Bharat himself. Dull of soul, says Tulsi Dás, is he who is so infatuated as to forget such a lord. Gods, saints and sages sing with delight these achievements of Rávan's foe, for they have a sanctifying effect, ever inspire devotion to Ráma's feet, destroy lust and other evil passions and inculcate true wisdom.

Dohá 118.

The wise, who listen to the achievements of Ráma and his victory in the battle, God rewards for ever with victory, wisdom and renown. This sinful age is the very home of impurity; think well on it and understand that if you abandon the blessed name of Ráma, there is no other saviour.

[*Thus endeth the book entitled* LANKÁ, *the bestower of pure wisdom; being the sixth descent into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world.*]

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